Aug. 12, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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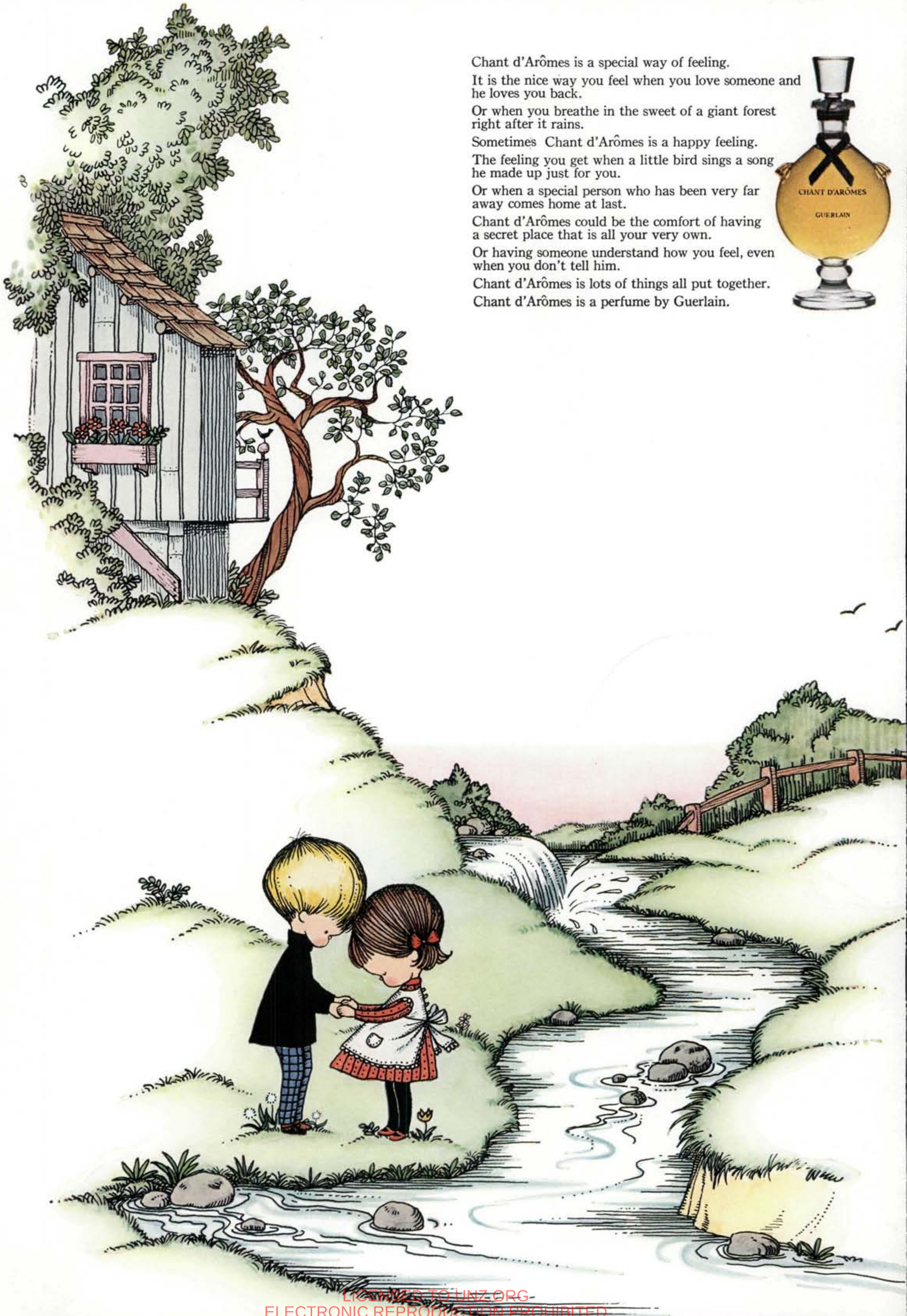

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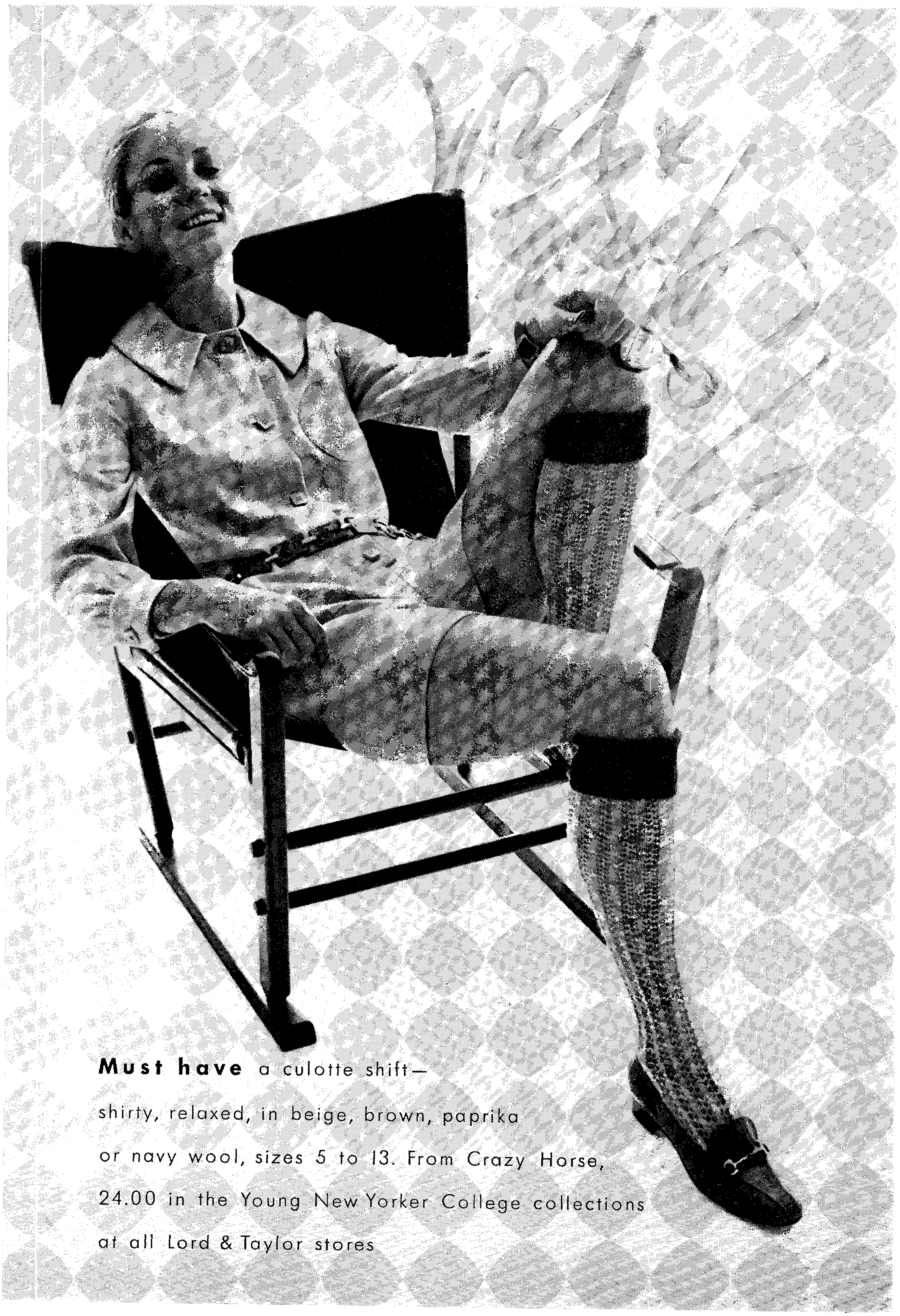

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BLACK COMEDY—A comical invention of Peter Shaffer, in which dark is turned into light by means too involved to go into. Mr. Shaffer claims he has been inspired by the classical Chinese theatre, but what he gives us here is old-fashioned, free-swinging vaudeville. The cast, under the direction of John Dexter, is admirable, which is more than can be said for a curtain-raiser called "White Lies." (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DON'T DRINK THE WATER—Woody Allen exhibits much verbal dexterity in his farce about a Jewish family from Newark that is forced to take refuge in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini are happily engaged in this one. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE HOMECOMING—Harold Pinter's Happening about a North London family who find themselves unexpectedly host to a scion of the house and his wife, both lately come from America. Mr. Pinter is not without wit, but he doesn't seem to put his characters to any significant dramatic purpose. However, the cast is laudable, and Peter Hall, the director, deserves salutations. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING—Alan Schneider's direction and the performances of Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon make a good thing of this quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, in which our old friend sex prevails. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

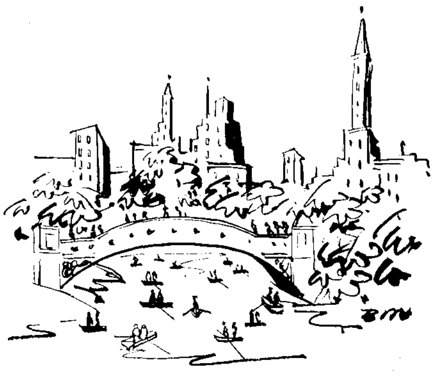
LONG RUNS—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

CABARET—A formidable production that serves to show how things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can with the music, lyrics, and book. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HALLELUJAH, BABY!—An account of the adventures of a Negro lass and her lad as they try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment. The book, by Arthur Laurents, isn't very substantial, but the music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are lively. Leslie Uggams is fine in the leading role, and is aptly aided by Allen Case, Billy Dee Williams, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I DO! I DO!—Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter" in a rather saccharine adaptation by Tom Jones, which is buoyed up tremendously by Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. The play has music and lyrics by Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones, and some imaginative sets by Oliver Smith. The direction, by Gower Champion, is eminently satisfactory. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

ILLYA DARLING—Melina Mercouri as a jolly trollop in Piraeus is a fine figure of a woman in this variation on the film called "Never on Sunday," but the musical is a rather weak vehicle despite some sprightly tunes and a spate of virile dancing. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**THE APPLE TREE:** A triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Barbara Harris, Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Anne Bracegirdle. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. Starting Monday, Aug. 14, Celeste Holm will fill in for Miss Lansbury for two weeks. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

MUSIC THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ABSOLUTELY FREEE—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention, an all-male group. The music is exciting, but the question of decibel tolerance does arise, for some of the electronic monkeyshines are deafening. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

AMERICA HURRAH—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ARMS AND THE MAN—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—Close cover before striking match. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE MAD SHOW—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER AND HIS WIFE—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. Those of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, and of Bob Dishy, as a redundant German, are especially good. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fri-

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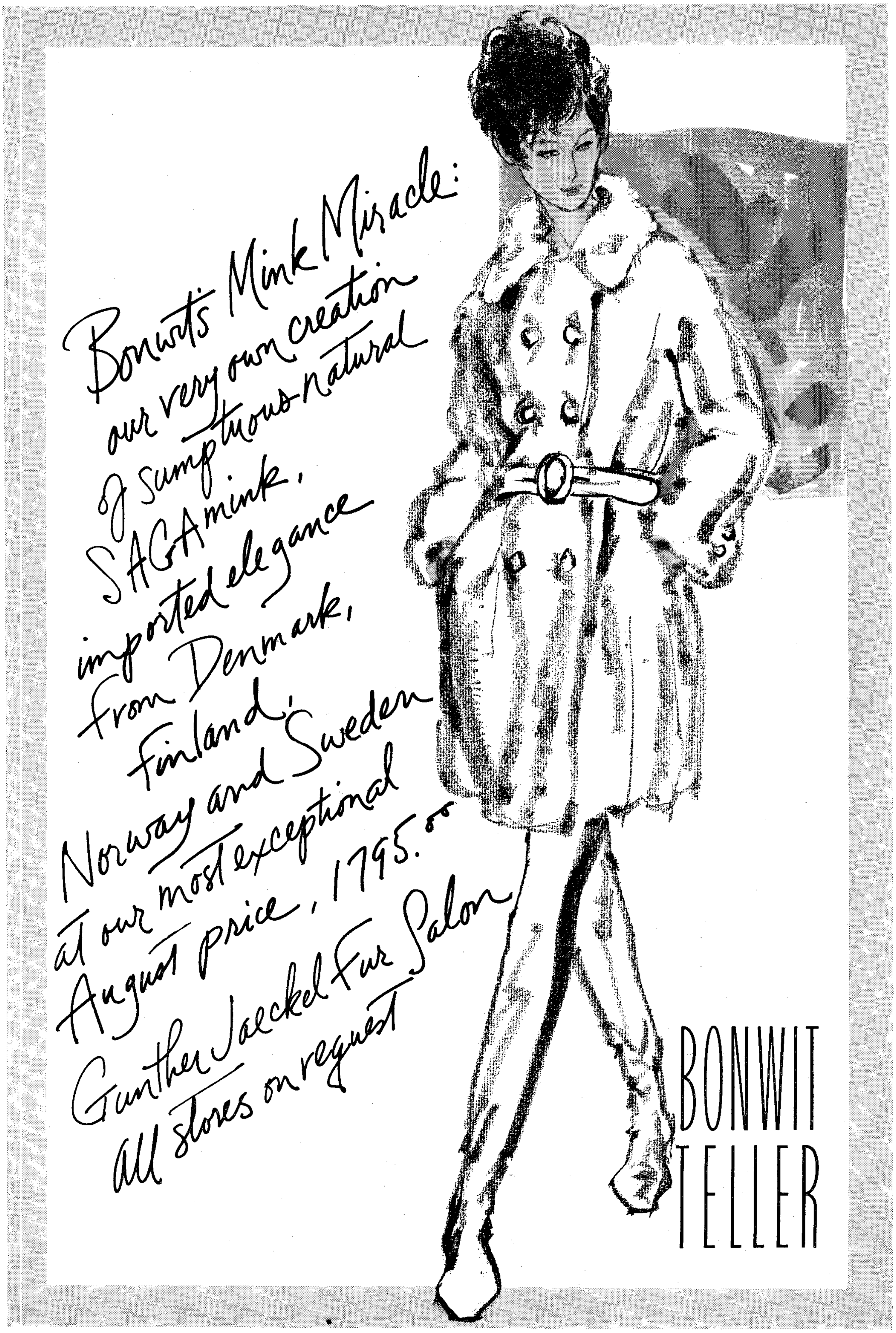
KENNETH PAUL BLOCK



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BONWIT
TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Judy Garland—With John W. Bubbles and Jackie Vernon in a variety program. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Weeknights at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 26.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Olympia Dukakis and Jack Hollander. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Guy Lombardo's ARABIAN NIGHTS, a musical with a book by George Marion, Jr., and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes Linda Bennett, James Hurst, Norman Atkins, and a huge mechanical whale. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 3. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Front and center in the Royal Box at dinner and supper are Dick Capri, a young man who goes counter to the precepts of standup comedy by being clever about it, and Al Martino, a singer who may have strayed too far from his native habitat—Atlantic City's Steel Pier. The enterprise will be closed Sunday and Monday, Aug. 13-14. On Tuesday, Aug. 15, a change of scene: Kaye Stevens, who paints her ballads and banter in very broad strokes, but often strokes of genius, too. The house orchestra, which is in the knowing hands of Lee Evans, will stand pat.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The constitutional right of peaceful assembly is vigorously defended in the mild-mannered restaurant, wherein a wee Cliff Hall staff puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Nothing funereal about the lilies here; they all have a gilt complex. So that they may dance, Lester Lanin and a set of followers, plus George Anaya's Latin band, keep up a steady fire hour after hour. Closed Sundays. The summer holidays may begin after curfew on Saturday, Aug. 12.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The curriculum of the well-brought-up Café Pierre specializes in the social sciences, such as dining and dancing, the latter of these to the sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue. They do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar fill in the intervals between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner during the week, and at supper, too, on Fridays and Saturdays, the Persian Room is given over to Michele Lee, a dashing mutation minx, whose mutation inclines her toward songs and ways of dealing with them that need scarcely any improvement. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte are on hand more frequently, ready to proceed at a brisk, bountiful, and blithe pace. On Wednesday, Aug. 16, Miss Lee will be succeeded by Susan Barrett, an oriole new to these premises. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine Mondays through Thursdays in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits. He stays home every Sunday.

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Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Manna from our sixty-five-story heaven; namely, Duke Ellington, Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, Paul Gonsalves, Cat Anderson, and Harry Carney. The sound, shading from the fieriest reds to the deepest blues, commences at nine, but a threesome begins work as early as seven. All-clear is at 2 A.M. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The band run by Carmen Cavallaro, who is not unfamiliar with the Romance languages, is in charge. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Summertime, when the living is easy, looks its best in the famous old palace and architectural museum. The palace guard is George Cort's pepperpot orchestra and Marco Rizo's little band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W., at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—City dwellers who have never seen an outdoors will find a reasonable replica on the terrace, which affords eating, drinking, and being merry to the tunes called by Phil Wayne's city-bred quintet and a troupe of Latinos. The music carries on from around seven until around one. The games are all indoor ones on wet evenings.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A land grant issued on behalf of archeologists who wish to preserve the older form of folk dance—the two-step, the fox trot, et al. Business before pleasure is the order of the décor, but the bands and the floor are big, and the air is cool. The dining is minimal. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

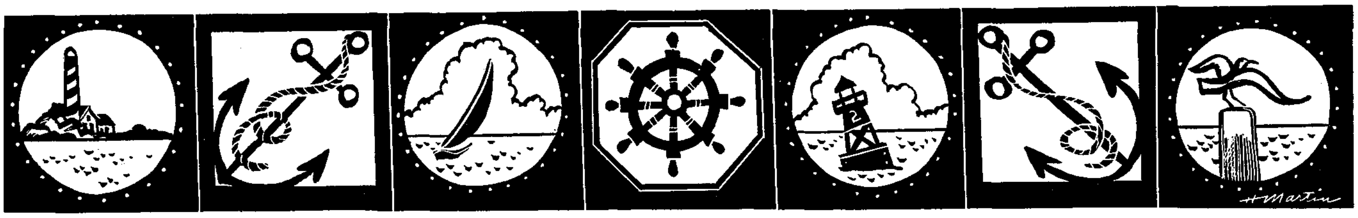
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There are times when the cast of customers makes it look like a Broadway theatre. Louis Golson Hawkins, the *padrone* and lead piano, is around a good part of the time; Wayne Sanders, with whom he serves up midnight tandem piano, and Sam Hamilton are the other keyboard men. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Innocence abroad, so young is the cast of customers, who all have something junior to do with the graphic arts. The audible arts are handled by the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port, listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **Tamburlaine,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The landscaping is Early Tibet; early to rise (healthy, wealthy, and wise) is the triad of Billy Rubenstein, which reports Mondays at eight-thirty; other times, other threesomes, of lesser note and notes. On Monday, Aug. 14, Allan Haig's commendable solo piano will again be available. His hours are six to eight, his week's work is Monday through Friday. Closed Sundays. . . . **Kippys,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one (done in the new manner of the musical-comedy ancestral drawing room) has an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday. . . . **New York Hilton,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Roman Pub, an opulent sort of pergola, goes in for modest dancing Tuesday through Saturday every week, from nine until two. The comely means to this end is a threesome paced by the cheering piano of Joan St. James. The menu is nearly invisible.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter is providing the proper perspective on whatever composition runs the course of his keyboard, and every perspective pleases. He is on duty from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to Allan Haig. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the regent of the late King's castle, returns to action, fiddle at the ready, on Monday, Aug. 14, when the incumbent understudy will withdraw. No sound on Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The language spoken by the guitar of Rogelio Reguera is the purest Castilian, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): One segment of early New York that has learned how to grow old gracefully. In the bar of this genuine antique, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays. . . . **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and, from nine-thirty to one, music room, too. The best of the music is the effervescent guitar of Enzio Lembo, whose off nights are Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgather for talkative dining



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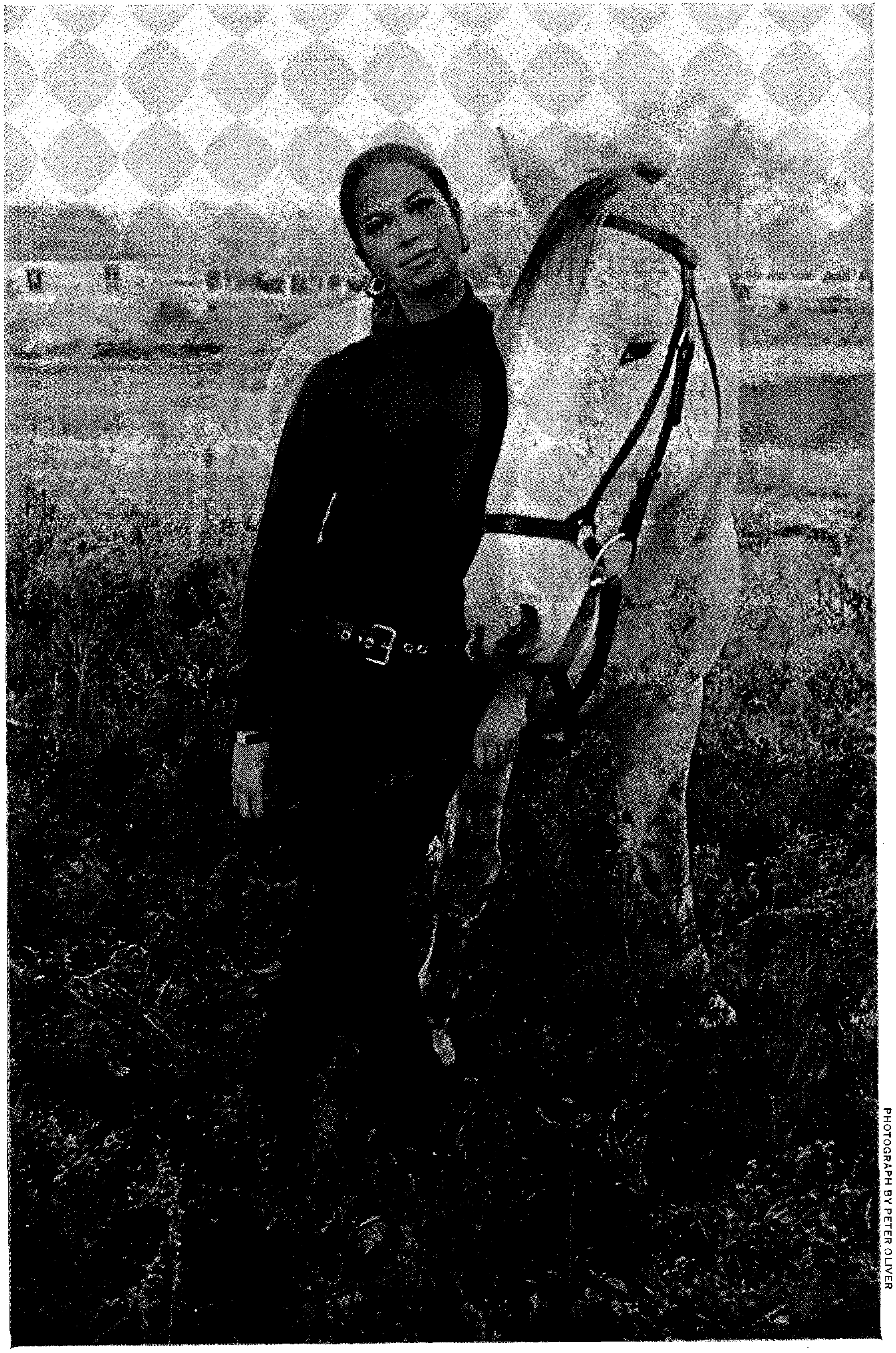
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while self-propelled musicians (the worldly Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of violinists) play on, play on. Summer vacation after Saturday, Aug. 12.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The Arthurian legend is still all true—entrance into this dynasty of din is just about by written permission only, and the irrational orbits of the patrons on their solo flights seem never to intersect at any point. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them presumably human (Georgie Porgie and the Crybabies). Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Behind the closely guarded wicket of this blithe Underground is a world of make-believe wherein seemly young people in make-believe costumery indulge in make-believe folk dancing. Amusing and bemusing—that's the ticket. Nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The sack of Troy, the delending of Carthage, done as an off-the-cuff mélange by a cast of thousands, all of them volunteer and most of them miniskirted. No quarter is asked or given by the bands alongside the dance floor. They begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are supplemented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No kitchen privileges, and no drinking ones, either. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS,** 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): Whom the Mods would destroy they first drive mad. The sound and light and stunts they use to induce madness cannot do anything but amuse the rest of us onlookers and/or participants. Eight-thirty until three, or four, is the nightly rule; bring dancing shoes and picnic lunches. Alcohol is off limits. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as is usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): James Bond should have a cameo role in this particular instance of dizzy life-after-dusk, but he doesn't. Instead, the inmates are offered the hard-driving, hard-jiving Temptations, four young men by fury possessed. Along with their songs go the Copa ballerinas, who are very female but elementary, my dear Watson. Twice a night, world without end. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Many a Miss America, and a Miss France or two, all displaying their assembled talents (song, dance, and an occasional spoken word) and their neat new bathing suits. In among them weaves Dick Shawn, a spokesman for the worldlings who never stray far from midtown Manhattan. His final night is Tuesday, Aug. 15. Next night, who else but Hildegarde? Twice a night, and every night, is the house rule. Dancing.

CABARETS

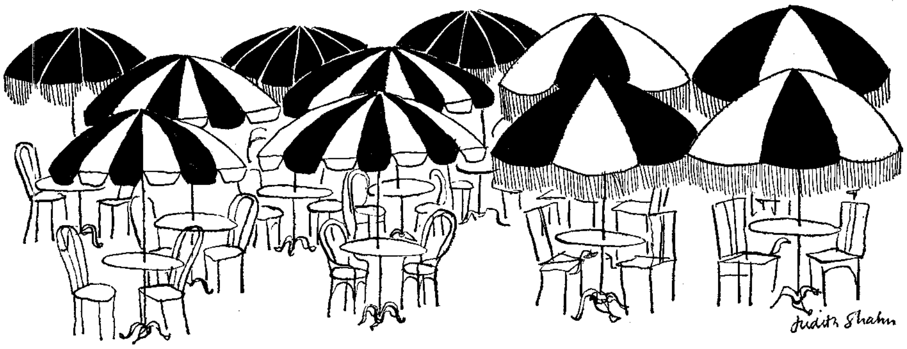
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk's recherché urbane-renewal project. Within it dwell Nic Ullett and Tony Hendra, a precious pair of Cantabrigian caperers whose editorial eye is swift, severe, and succinct, plus Bobo Lewis, dour comedienne lately rescued from the Western television factories. There is further song (often mock madrigal) by a merry trio known as the One Plus Two. Starting time is at nine-thirty, when the brisk double pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston set to. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's most notable standing, singing army, is leading from strength, and doing it with grace and glee. They're old enough now to go with girls, and three lithe ballerinas have been assigned them. Dinner and supper is their schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Another of this enterprise's minute revues, "The Playoffs of Mixed Doubles," offers—along with a batch of mixed-doubles entendres—some very good words and music. The cast of five is doughty, diligent, and (in the instance of Judy Graubart) delightful. Nine-thirty and midnight is the usual program. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is both piano and other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): John Handy, winder of horns and a number of other wind instruments, withdraws his worthy quintet on Sunday, Aug. 13. Next evening will be assigned to the uproarious detail owned and operated by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis; from Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 15-19, the piano of Bill Evans, ever submerged in the deepest of thought, will ornament a threesome, and Roland Kirk, the great mouthpiece, will try to blow through a dozen brass weapons at once. He has a quartet in tow. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Wealth (and by no means untolled) is the reward for entering these premises. The Top of the Gate offers, after the dinner hour, serenades by Johnny Lytle's trio, a heavy investor in the electronics industry. The lower floor offers Thelonious Monk's forthright, diamond-cut-diamond quartet and the foursome of Ornette Coleman, who is brilliant as can be even when his crew essays an occasional ballad of the Marat/Sade café. On Tuesday, Aug. 15, the quintet of Miles Davis, lonely end, replaces the Monks. Mondays, the only activity of interest anywhere is on this floor—Symphony Sid and his swinging, scintillating Latin bandsmen. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Sunday, Aug. 13, will be the last time that the bright young men who cloak themselves under the cognomen of Jazz Interactions have a go here. Their matinée will run from five until nine. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The pedal is soft during dinner, and not much harder afterward. The practitioners are Roy Meri-



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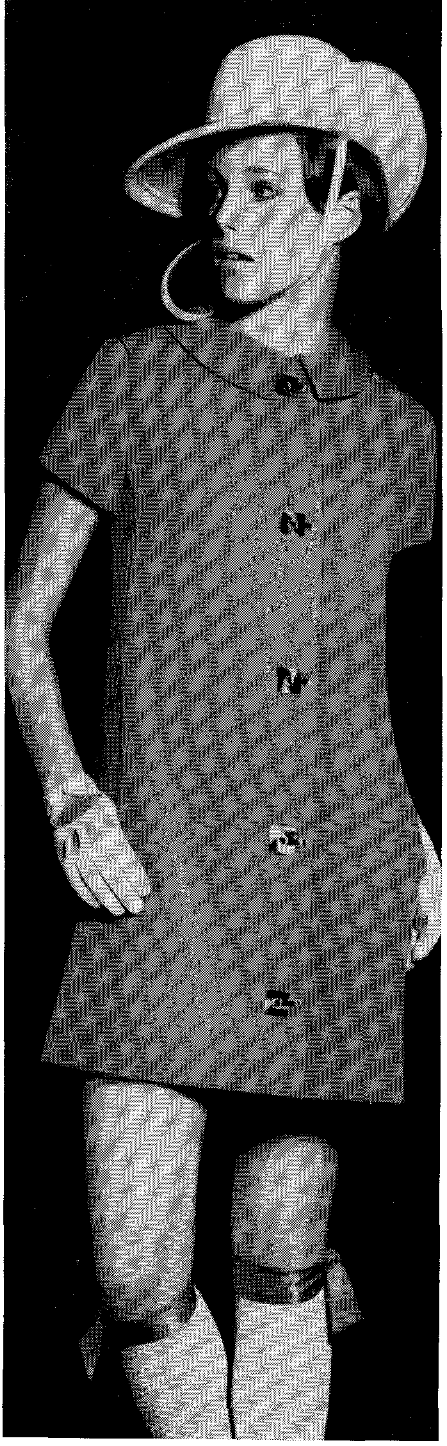

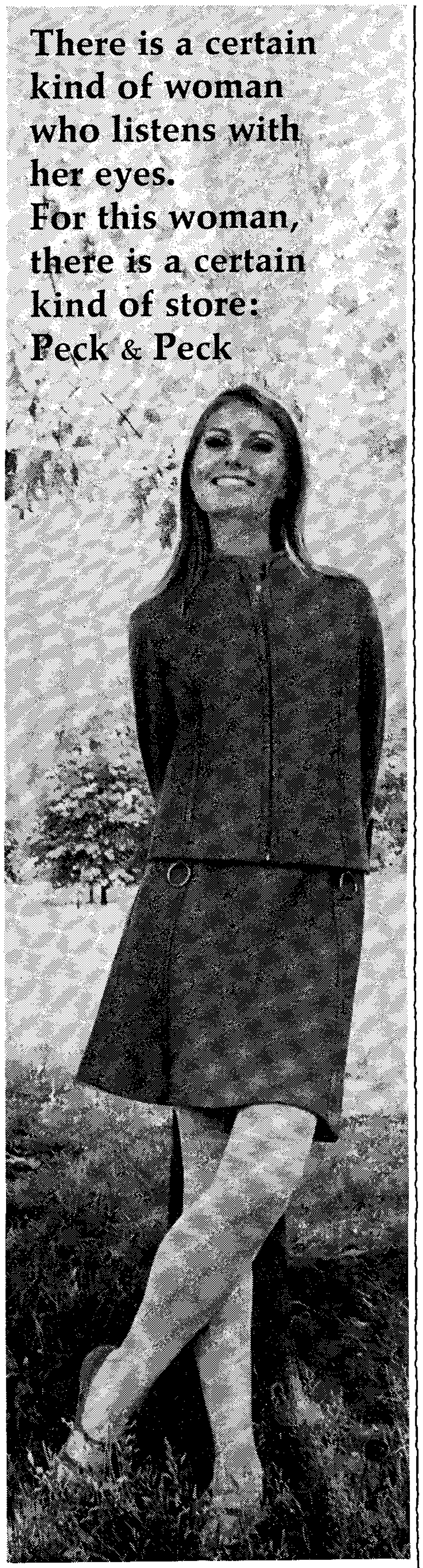

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wether (new man in town) and his two sidemen. They are available every night but Monday, and so is solo piano by Fran Thompson. Nine-fifteen is starting time. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A landing place where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to their not yet existent past. Nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): The battle for the minds of the young is fierce, being compounded of washboard, tuba, banjo, and such. It runs from nine until two or three during the week, and from four-thirty on Sundays. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently being done by the ensemble of Cecil Taylor, the ruthless ivory hunter, who descends upon a piano like the well-known Assyrian. Monday, Aug 14, Sun Ra's mystic Oriental ragtimers will take over; Tuesday, Aug. 15, Freddie Hubbard's fivesome moves in. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The centerpiece of the local quintet is Elvin Jones, who can cook up a fire storm with no more than a couple of drumsticks. The Jones boys stay home Mondays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Friday through Sunday, Aug. 11-13, reveille for a seventeen-strong band will be blown by Howard McGhee's trumpet. The other activity occurs every Monday, when visiting firepower drops in. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 4-7804): The Village's most reliable coffee bar and ice-cream parlor. Jake Holmes, who looks fondly on folk music, is the vocal coach; the wit, sometimes splintered, is supplied by the Pickle Brothers; and song in the groove of shock-and-roll is supplied by a pied piper named Neil Diamond. The Pickles depart on Monday, Aug. 14. Tuesdays are assigned to itinerant graduates and undergraduates.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Jo Davidson (1883-1952)—Portraits in bronze, terra cotta, and plaster by this sculptor of famous men; through Aug. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

The Italian Heritage (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptures—Pieces by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Thirty-four watercolors from the I.B.M. collection, including works by Homer, Demuth, Marin, Burchfield, LaFarge, Shinn, and Wyeth; through Sept. 1. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, William Thon, and Robert Vickrey; through Sept. 10.

Europeans; Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by present-day artists make up the opening show of the first Yugoslav art gallery here; through Aug. 31. (Adria Art Gallery, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

Israelis; Group Show—Paintings by leading artists, among them Mordecai Ardon and Yaacov Agam, on loan from private collections; through Aug. 31. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St.)

Japanese; Group Show—Woodcuts, silk screens, lithographs, and copper prints by about ninety members of the Japan Print Association; through Sept. 1. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and thirteen paintings, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the present (Manet, Degas, Renoir, and Monet are included) and borrowed from New York collectors; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century prints representing views of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and environs, and the social life of the times; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Abstract art of the sixties, including color-field, hard-edge, and optical paintings, primary constructions, and motion and light compositions; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Twenty-four drawings and watercolors and one painting by Lyonel Feininger, all depicting a ruined fourteenth-century Gothic church on the Baltic coast; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen post-scripts; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Twenty-five collages and drawings by Jim Dine interpreting "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"American Art of the Twentieth Century," over three hundred works ranging from the realists of the early nineteen-hundreds to the advanced styles of today; through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Twenty-two oils, pastels, watercolors, and prints by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans and Europeans (including Soutine, Rousseau, Delacroix, and Glackens) from the bequest of Mrs. Albert C. Barnes; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show illustrating the art of traditional Chinese medicine, including instruments, anatomical figures and charts, a model of a Chinese pharmacy, sculptures, and paintings; through Aug. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Over twenty mural-size canvases and two monumental painted-steel sculptures by, among others, Norman Bluhm, Giorgio Cavallon, Al Held, Alex Katz, and Fairfield Porter; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Illustrations of the Dance Before Our Time" in prints, librettos, and

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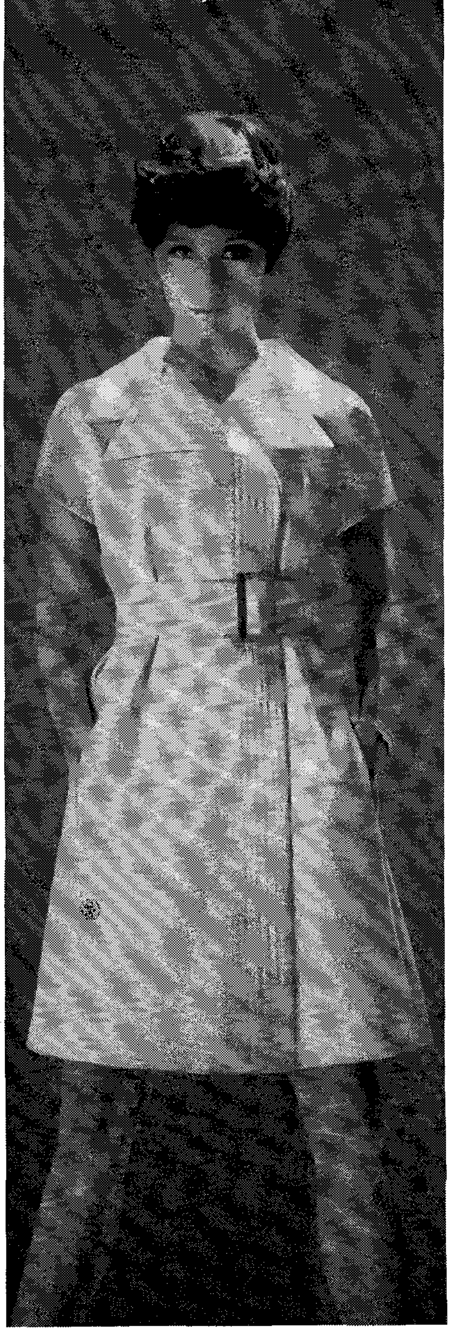

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

books, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions, comprising about a hundred works from Africa, the Pacific Islands, and the pre-Columbian Americas; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through Sept. 24.... ¶ While you're there, you might glance at the "Dime Novels, Shilling Shockers, and Penny Dreadfuls" that enthralled readers a few generations ago; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

Mozart Festival—A five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs—Thursday, Aug. 10: The Guarneri String Quartet, with Peter Serkin, piano.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 11-12: Boris Goldovsky conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra in a program of excerpts from a dozen operas, wtih Carole Bogard, Jeannine Crader, and Benita Valente, sopranos; Nancy Williams, mezzo-soprano; Allen Cathcart and Jon Humphrey, tenors; Thomas Palmer and Julian Patrick, baritones; and Kenneth Thompson, bass.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 14: Brian Priestman conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Serkin, and David Glazer, clarinet.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 15: A chamber-music program by the New York Chamber Ensemble.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 16: Brian Priestman conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Lee Luvisi, piano, and vocal soloists.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17: Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, piano.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist. Also with Patricia Brooks, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:30. Through Thursday, Aug. 31.)

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: Alfred Wallenstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in the last in this summer's series of park concerts, with Lorne Munroe, cello. (Thursday, Aug. 10, at 8:30.)... **CENTRAL PARK MALL:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the last three in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 10, and Sunday, Aug. 13, at 8:30, and on Friday, Aug. 11, at 7, for picnickers.)... **WOLLMAN RINK:** Pop, rock, jazz, folk singers and musicians, and Lord knows what else, brewed and bottled by the Rheingold people and presented Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Some concerts start at 6, some at 8, and some are repeated at 10:30. (For information about times and tickets, call 249-8870.) During the next week, keep an eye out for Theodore Bikel, the Ramsey Lewis Trio, Morgana King, Dionne Warwick, and Louis Armstrong.... **CARL SCHURZ PARK:** George Seuffert conducting the Seuffert Band. (Thursday, Aug. 10, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Jazz—**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART GARDEN:** Thursday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: The Lee Konitz-Marshall Brown quartet.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: The Sonny Criss quartet. (11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)... **RANDALLS ISLAND:** Saturday, Aug. 12, at 7: Ray Charles and his orchestra, Aretha Franklin, Arthur Prysock, Sonny Stitt, Billy Taylor's trio, and others. ... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 6: Lou Rawls, Gloria Lynne, Jimmy Smith's trio, Horace Silver's quintet, Les McCann's trio, Sonny Stitt, and others. (Downing Stadium. For tickets, call LT 1-0933 between noon and 7.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 11, at 7: A recital by John Browning, piano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 11, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Itzhak Perlman, violin.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8: William Steinberg conducting; no soloists.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Mr. Browning.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17, at 2:15: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 7:30) by the Boston Symphony and Berkshire Music Center orchestras, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, with Mr. Perlman. A benefit for the Music Center.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and Phyllis Curtin, soprano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 9: Gunther Schuller conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; Michele Molese, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; the Tanglewood Choir; and the Berkshire Chorus.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Wagner program, with Marilyn Horne, soprano, and Mr. Flagello. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Thursday, Aug. 10: Lorin Maazel conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra; no soloists.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 11: Eugene Ormandy conducting the orchestra, with Szymon Goldberg, violin.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12: Lorin Maazel conducting; no soloists.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Gershwin program, with Jorge Bolet, piano.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 15: Hal Holbrook in "Mark Twain Tonight!," his impersonation of the Missouri humorist.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra; no soloists.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 18: Seiji Ozawa conducting the orchestra; no soloists.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19: Julius Rudel conducting, with Beverly Sills, soprano. ... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 27. For tickets, call PL 7-8268, in New York, Mondays through Fridays.)

Metropolitan Opera at Newport—The first three in a series of seven Verdi operas in concert form—Thursday, Aug. 17 (rain date, Aug. 20): Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducting "Macbeth," with Grace Bumbry, mezzo-soprano; Kostas Paskalis, baritone; George Shirley, tenor; and Bonaldo Giaiotti, bass.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 18 (rain date, Aug. 20): George Schick conducting "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, soprano; Peter Glossop, baritone; and John Alexander, tenor.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19 (rain date, Aug. 20): George Schick conducting "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, soprano; Mr. Shirley; and William Walker, baritone. (Festival Field. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Final concerts of the season—Saturday, Aug. 12, at 3:30: Theodore Bikel.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: The Grass Roots.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 3:30: Leon Bibb. (Lenox, Mass.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 12: Patricia McBride and Edward Villella, Carmen de Lavallade, and Yass Hakoshima.... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 15-19: Nadia Nerina and Thor Sutowski, Edith McKinzie, and Ruth Mata and Eugene Hari. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

American Dance Festival—Final performances—Friday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Ruth Currier and her company, and Paul Draper.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: The Paul Taylor Dance Company.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 3: The Paul Taylor Dance Company, and Pauline Koner.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: Martha Graham and her company.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: José Limón and his company.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 3: Martha Graham and José Limón and their companies. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 10-11, at 8; Sat-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, Aug. 12, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 13, at 1:05 (doubleheader)....**YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 14-16, at 8, and Thursday, Aug. 17, at 2....¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, Aug. 18, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 19, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings or so involving Joe DiMaggio, Bob Feller, Charlie Keller, and other major-league players noted for their famous achievements in the post-Second World War era).

BOXING—Carlos Ortiz vs. Ismael Laguna, 15 rounds, for the World Lightweight Championship. (Shea Stadium. Wednesday, Aug. 16. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase....**BETHPAGE POLO FIELD**, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 12; the Saratoga Special, Wednesday, Aug. 16; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 19....**ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Oct. 12. (Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

SOCCER—National Professional Soccer League: Generals vs. Oakland Clippers. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, Aug. 19, at 10.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Through Sunday, Aug. 13.)...¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 14-20.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturdays at 6:45.)...**SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

YACHTING—America's Cup final trials. (Newport, R.I. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 15.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Aug. 10 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1961), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda....¶ Aug. 11 at 2 and 5:30, and Aug. 12 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The Sound of Trumpets" (1963), in Italian, directed by Ermanno Olmi....¶ Aug. 13-14, showings at 2 and 5:30: "The Fiancés" (1964), in Italian, directed by Ermanno Olmi....¶ Aug. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Torment" (1947), in Swedish, directed by Alf Sjöberg....¶ Aug. 16 at 2 and 5:30: "The Covered Wagon" (1923)....**GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Five programs in a series called "A Tribute to Arthur Freed." Aug. 10: "Brigadoon" (1954), with Gene Kelly and Van Johnson....¶ Aug. 11: "It's Always Fair Weather" (1955), with Gene Kelly and Dan Dailey....¶ Aug. 12-13: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), with Gene Kelly and Debbie Reynolds....¶ Aug. 15: "Silk Stockings" (1957), with Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse....¶ Aug. 16: "Light in the Piazza" (1962), with Olivia de Havilland and Rossano Brazzi. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.)...**NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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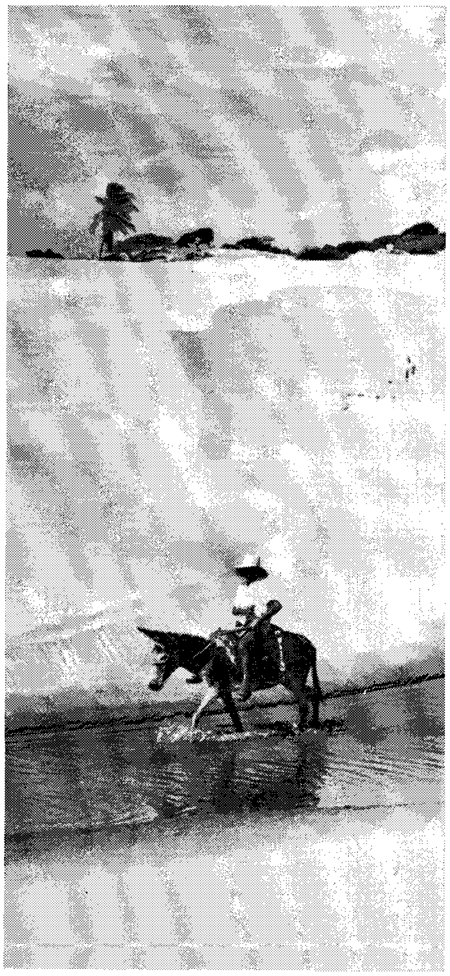
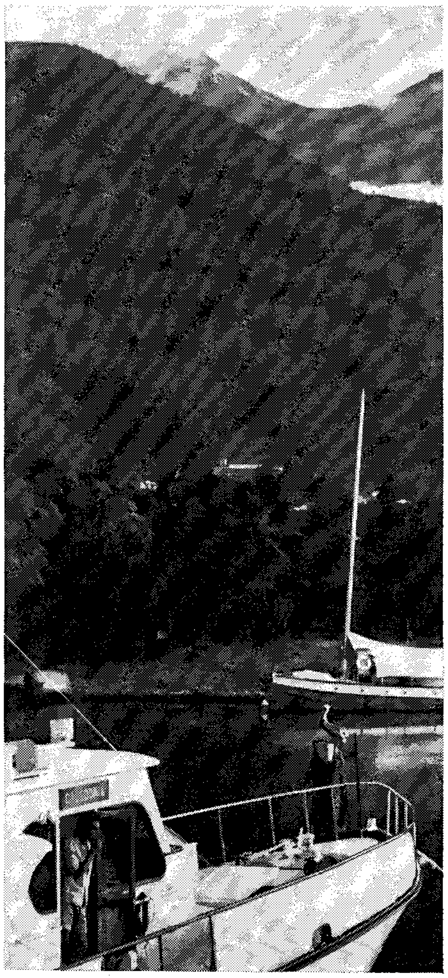


Sahara-like Sands in South America!



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—How a heartless, predatory girl comes close to destroying a happy household. With Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant. The director was Joseph Losey and the screenplay is by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Barefoot in the Park—A successful adaptation, by Neil Simon, of his Broadway comedy, well acted by Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through Aug. 16.)

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston and with Mr. Huston playing Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—David Hemmings is a fashion photographer in London and Vanessa Redgrave is a gorgeous girl who is somehow implicated in a murder. Michelangelo Antonioni is a poet, not a storyteller, and his picture is always lovely to look upon and often impossible to understand. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Enter Laughing—Elaine May makes something genuinely funny out of a fairly synthetic comedy, just as she is currently doing in "Luv." This one is about old-time show biz, with José Ferrer playing someone much like an American Sir Donald Wolfit. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Family Way—Hayley Mills as a bride, though she still seems no nearer to being grown up than Shirley Temple in short socks. John Mills plays her father-in-law in a dully made film from England by the Boulting Brothers about North-of-England working-class sexual codes. Adapted by Bill Naughton from his own interesting stage play. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand as an Existentialist hero, spending his life for others in the expectation of certain defeat. Brilliantly directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

A Guide for the Married Man—A comedy about the pleasures and perils of infidelity, with Walter Matthau, Robert Morse, Jack Benny, Phil Silvers, and nearly every other comedian you can name. Directed by Gene Kelly. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 16.)

The Jokers—How to pluck the Crown Jewels out of the Tower of London. An exciting comedy, directed by Michael Winner and starring Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Aug. 16.)

Luv—Clive Donner's overexerted version of Murray Schisgal's Broadway play, with Jack Lemmon and Peter Falk. Worth it for the weird interest of every move and salty moment from Elaine May. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Privilege—A bad dream of England in the near future, ruled by a pop-singer Savior who is the puppet of a scared near-Fascist government and a weak Church. The best of the film is Peter Watkins' eye for the human detail of sycophancy and suppressed hysteria. Beautifully photographed by Peter Suschitsky. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Taming of the Shrew—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

To Sir, with Love—Sidney Poitier as a self-righteous Negro schoolmaster putting right a classful of aspiring East End delinquents. Directed by James Clavell; based on a novel by E. R. Braithwaite. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Ulysses—A laudable sortie into the Joyce country, which is full of flung missiles and secret ha-ha's. Joseph Strick has directed his excellent cast with intelligence and tact. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The War Game—A prophecy, in documentary form, of the suffering that would befall England in the event of a Third World War. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 15.)

The Whisperers—Bryan Forbes' study of a lonely old woman in Manchester, played with nobility and pity by the great Edith Evans, who has done nothing finer since Ma Tanner in the film of "Look Back in Anger." (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Woman Times Seven—Shirley MacLaine playing seven ogling parts that look as if they have been market-researched as the ideal woman and makeup-buying prospect. Alan Arkin is gravely funny in one episode, and the star's legs are beautiful all the time. Vittorio De Sica directed, but Joseph E. Levine presented it, and the soul of the thing is Hollywood's. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

You Only Live Twice—The latest James Bond, with Sean Connery careering around a power-maniac's classy quarters in a volcano. Lewis Gilbert directs. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

REVIVALS

Alphaville (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 11-14.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard again, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg playing a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Aug. 11.)

Cleo from 5 to 7 (1962)—Directed by Agnès Varda, with Corinne Marchand. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 11.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 16.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

Freud (1962)—An account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston and starring Montgomery Clift. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

High and Low (1963)—A thriller based on an American novel about a kidnapping. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 16.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

King and Country (1966)—An account of a miscarriage of justice in the First World War. Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 15.)

Let's Talk About Women (1964)—A multiple-episode comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 16.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 10.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Aug. 11.)

My Life to Live (1963)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

Repulsion (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 15-16.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. With Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 11.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 15.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 11-14.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines (1965)—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, and several others in an air race across the English Channel in 1910. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Aug. 16.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 16.)

What Did You Do in the War, Daddy? (1966)—A comedy about some G.I.s in Sicily during the Second World War. Dick Shawn and James Coburn are its stars, and Blake Edwards is its director. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 16.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 12-13.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's survey of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

Film Libraries—See listing under "Et Alia," page 13.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
LUV.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Aug. 12: "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.
From Aug. 13: "Bonnie and Clyde," Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Aug. 16: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE FAMILY WAY.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
ENTER LAUGHING.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The St. Valentine's Day Massacre," Jason Robards, George Segal.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 15: **THE WAR GAME**; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.
From Aug. 16: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival; and **LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN** (in Italian), revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 15: "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.
From Aug. 16: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and **WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?**, revival.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Surfari," a documentary film on surfing.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Aug. 12: "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.
From Aug. 13: "Bonnie and Clyde," Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Ski on the Wild Side," a documentary film on skiing.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
PRIVILEGE.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
LUV.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
ENTER LAUGHING.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Aug. 11: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
Aug. 12-13: **THE WRONG BOX**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
Aug. 14: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.
Aug. 15-16: **REPULSION**, revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FAMILY WAY.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 15: "The St. Valentine's Day Massacre," Jason Robards, George Segal.
From Aug. 16: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES**, revival.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Birds, the Bees, and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 15: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.**
From Aug. 16: "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 12: "The War Wagon," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "The Perils of Pauline," Pamela Austin, Pat Boone.
From Aug. 13: "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra; and "The Tall Women," Anne Baxter.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 10: **M** (in German), revival; and "The Night Watch" (in French), revival.
Aug. 11-14: **ALPHAVILLE** and **THE SOFT SKIN** (both in French and both revivals).
From Aug. 15: **KING AND COUNTRY**, revival; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 15: "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.
From Aug. 16: "The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
BLOW-UP.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 15: "The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.
From Aug. 16: **THE JOKERS.**

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 12: "The War Wagon," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "The Perils of Pauline," Pamela Austin, Pat Boone.
From Aug. 13: "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra; and "The Tall Women," Anne Baxter.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Ski on the Wild Side," a documentary film on skiing.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE WHISPERERS.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

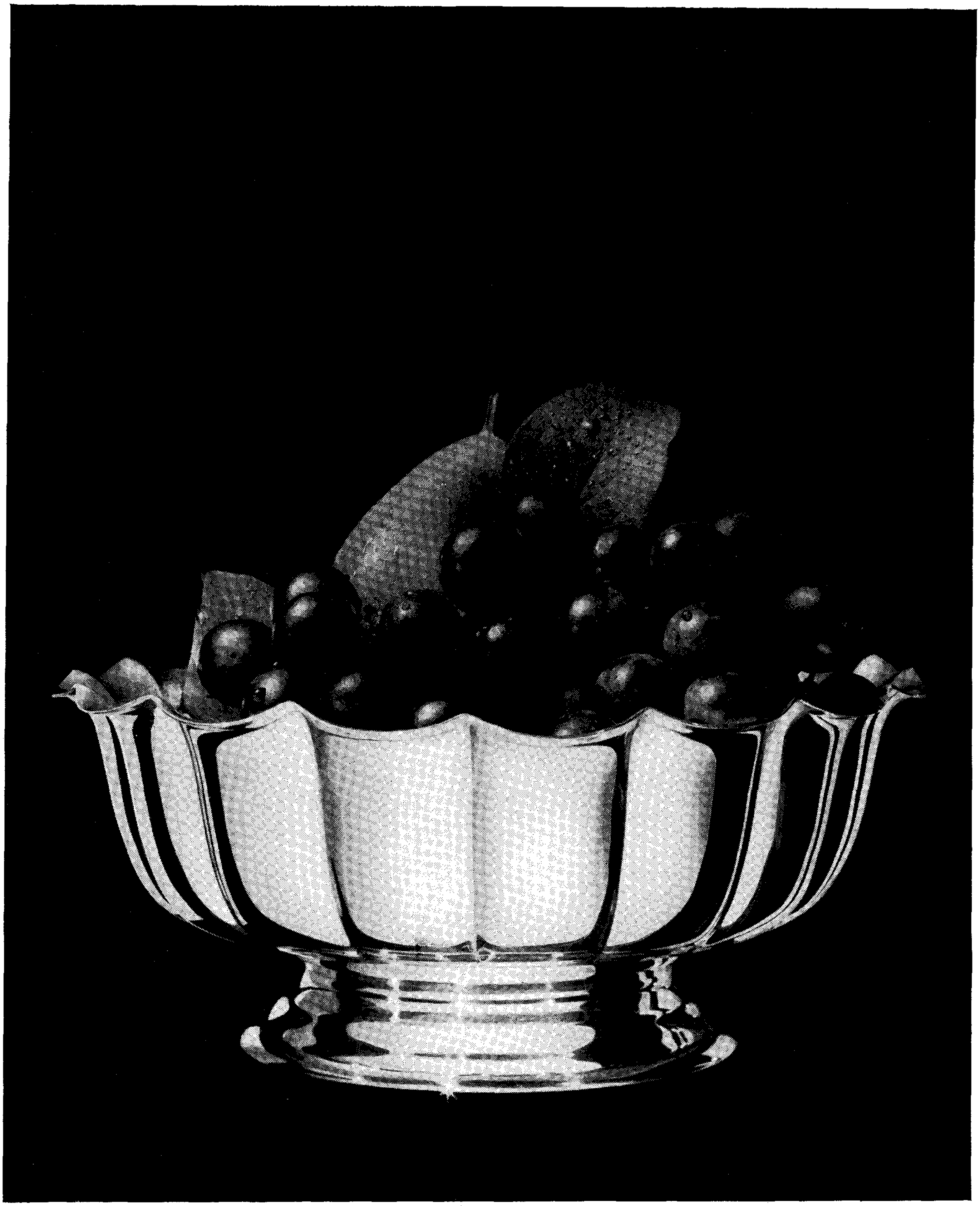
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 11: **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and **CLEO FROM 5 TO 7** (in French), revival.
Aug. 12-13: "Frankenstein," revival, Boris Karloff; and "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders.
Aug. 14-15: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," revival, Paul Muni; and "Alice Adams," revival, Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray.
From Aug. 16: **HIGH AND LOW** (in Japanese), revival; and **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French), revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
FAHRENHEIT 451, revival; and "The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 10: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** and **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (both in Spanish and both revivals).
Aug. 11: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and **THE SPANISH EARTH**, revival.
Aug. 12: **BREATHLESS** and **MY LIFE TO LIVE** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 13: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival; and **GIGI**, revival.
Aug. 14: **FREUD**, revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
Aug. 15: **PORT OF SHADOWS** (in French), revival; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.
Aug. 16: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival; and "Great Expectations," revival, Valerie Hobson, John Mills.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.



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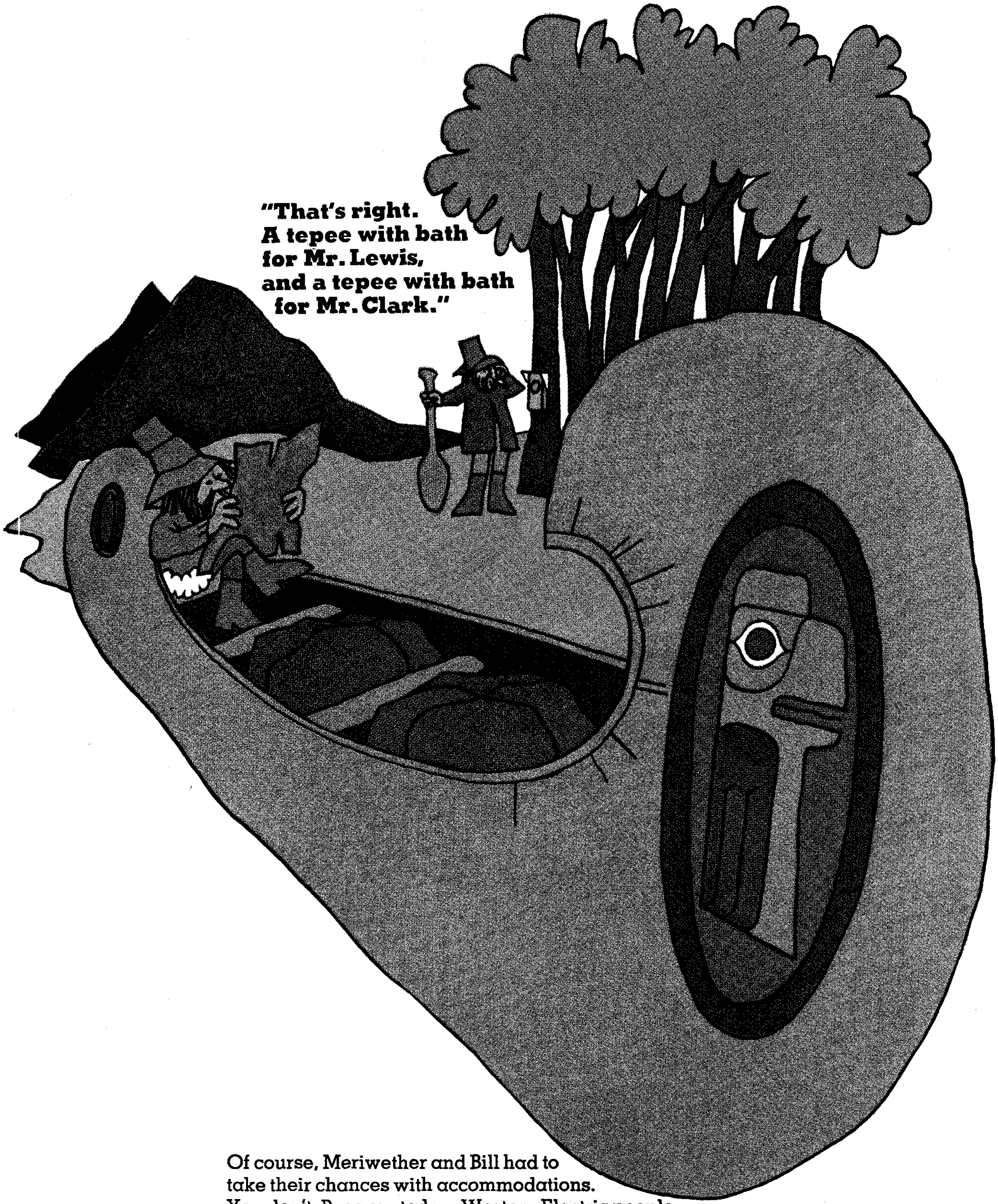
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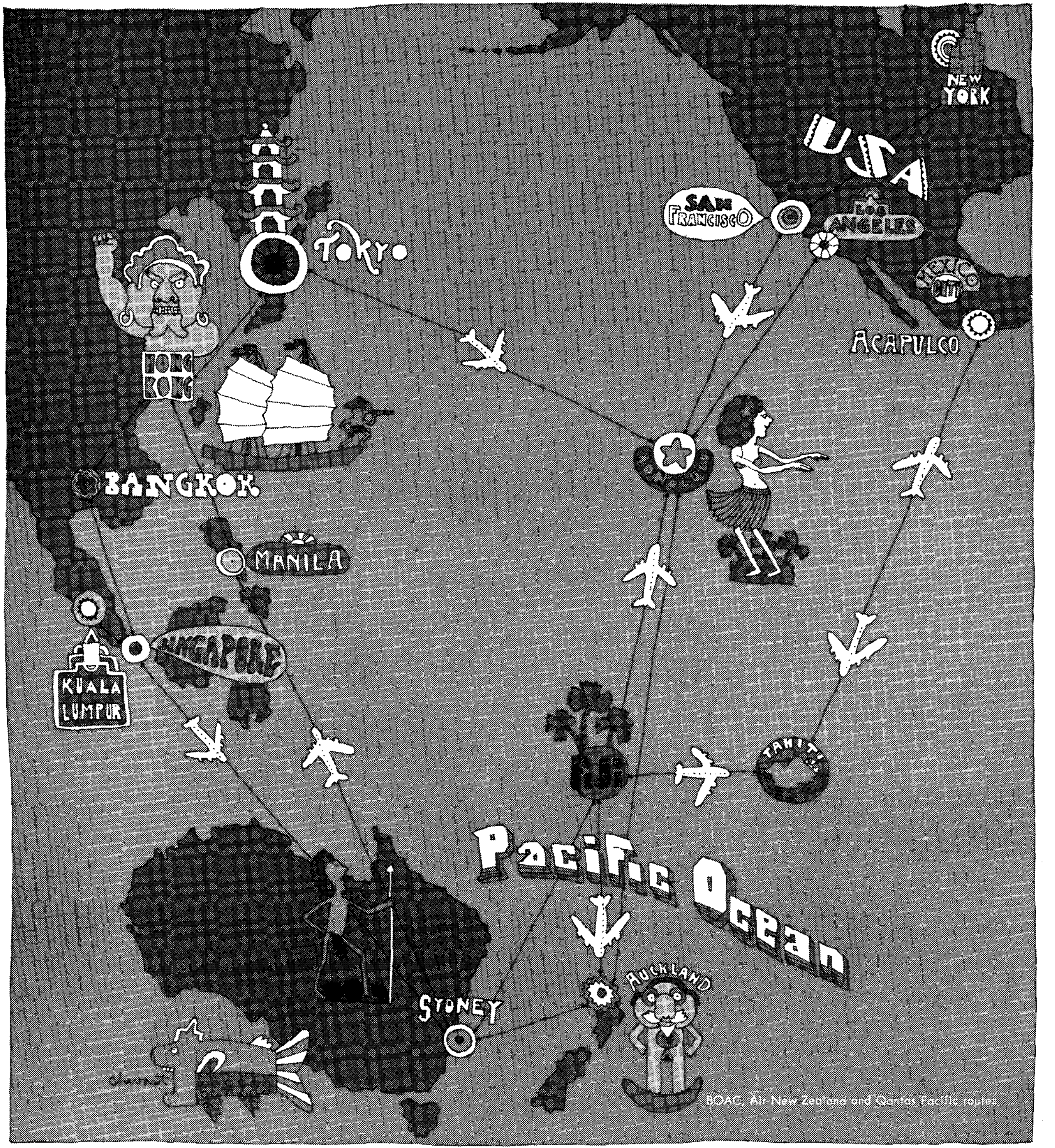
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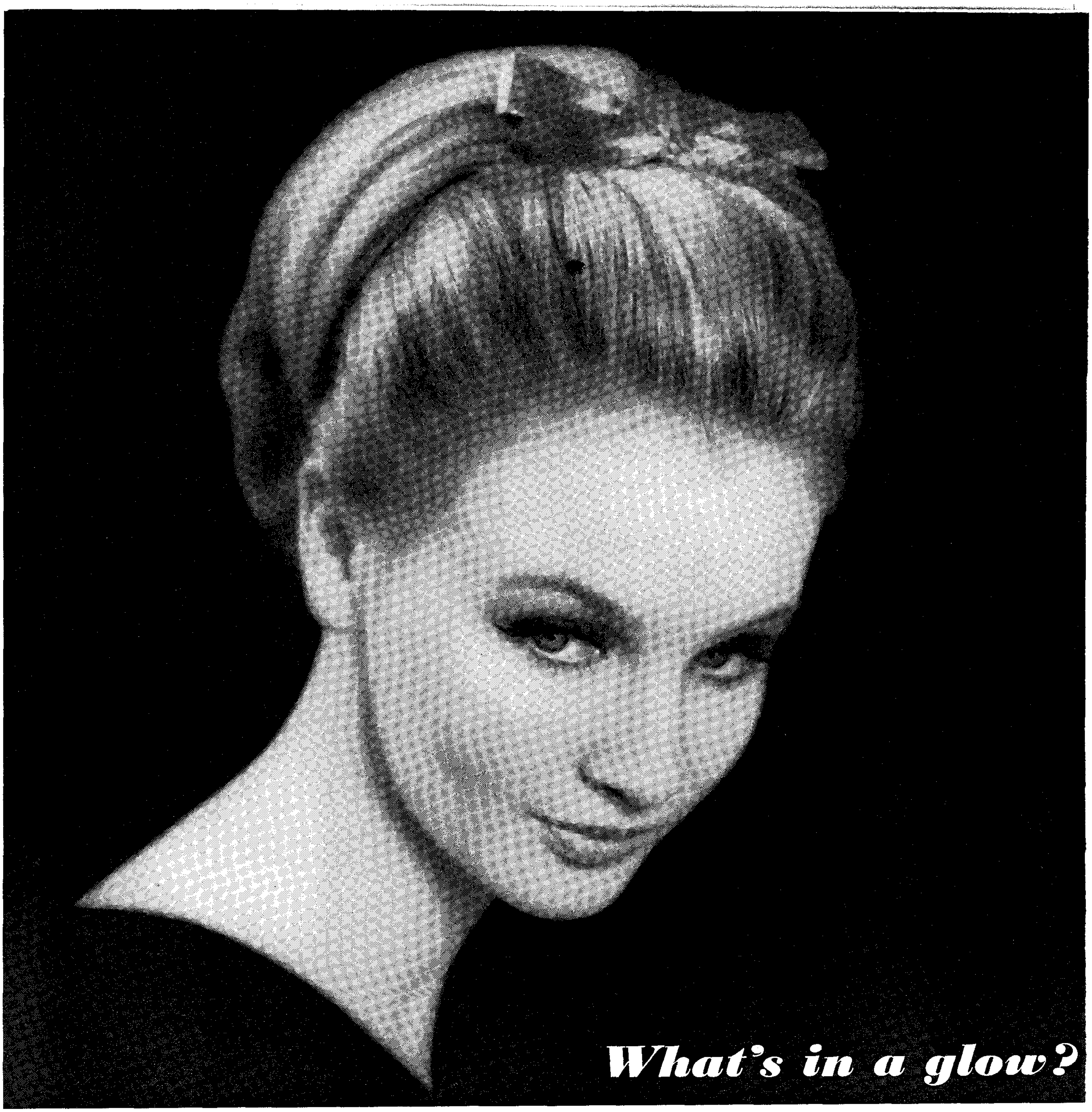
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE recent summer night, under a cloudy sky, we decided to join the crowd gathering in the Sheep Meadow of Central Park for one of the Philharmonic concerts. After a brief rain, the sky cleared, and people began seriously settling in. Blankets and raincoats, and even a few air mattresses, were spread on the grass, along with picnic suppers of varying degrees of elegance. We saw a young man in a windbreaker enjoying a solitary snack of caviar, crackers, and wine. Not far from him, a group of perhaps fifteen college students had managed to arrange themselves on an Army blanket and were chatting amiably in a mixture of English and French as they passed salami sandwiches and fruit around. We chose a comfortable-looking knoll for our own dinner site, far enough back from the band shell so that it looked rather like a small white table radio in which, surprisingly, a tiny orchestra was preparing to play. When the concert began—a pleasant program of Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, and Richard Strauss—we discovered that from where we sat the music sounded rather like a small radio, too: slightly tinny, the amplifiers not quite equal to the instruments. But we soon realized that this was really no disappointment—that we weren't there to listen to perfect music, or perfect sound, and also that we were content to do without the amenities of the concert hall, where the rustling of a neighbor's program is cause for admonitory stares and gestures. Such concerns were irrelevant in the Park. The distant, oddly mechanical-sounding music competed for our attention with the whinnying of police horses and the cries of children (whose voices, it seemed to us, carried a lot more effectively than the music), with the shuffle of leaves and sandwich papers, and with occasional planes passing overhead (here even the children were outdone). As the evening progressed, we finally began to hear the real concert; it took us a while to catch on to the fact that the music issuing from the loudspeakers was only one element, and not necessarily the main one. The Philharmonic, we came to realize, was just the nucleus of the larger orchestra that included the horses and the children and the young man with the caviar and the rest of the assembly. Other parts of the city were contributing to the concert, too. With the help of passing clouds and a vagrant moon, they provided quite an effective light show (mixed media); one distant tall building emitted a curious column of light, which radiated mysteriously upward and diffused itself into the sky, and the slanted aquamarine roof of another gave the whole scene a subtle touch of color, while a spotlight brushing across the sky behind the band shell sometimes coincided nicely with the neighing of a horse or the swell of a symphonic phrase. Myriad small noises rose from all around us, mingling with the music of the orchestra. People talked quietly here and there, and mothers attended to the needs of their children. The wind sometimes gathered enough force to murmur a bit in the trees, and occasionally the sound of a car drifted over the grass from Central Park West. Altogether, we thought, it was a fine performance. Once we understood what was happening, we lay back on the grass and ate an apple.

Poll

THE penthouse, on the sixteenth floor, was out for the night, or wasn't answering, so Miss Jeannie Bartlett, who had allowed us to accompany her on a series of calls along West Eighty-sixth Street, turned to her left and rang the bell next door. The sound of fast walking was followed by the click of a peephole and a man's voice asking "Who's there?"

"We're from a local group called Vietnam Summer," Miss Bartlett answered, "and we'd like to talk to you for a few minutes about the war in Vietnam."

"In a second," said the voice. "I'm a photographer, and I'm developing."

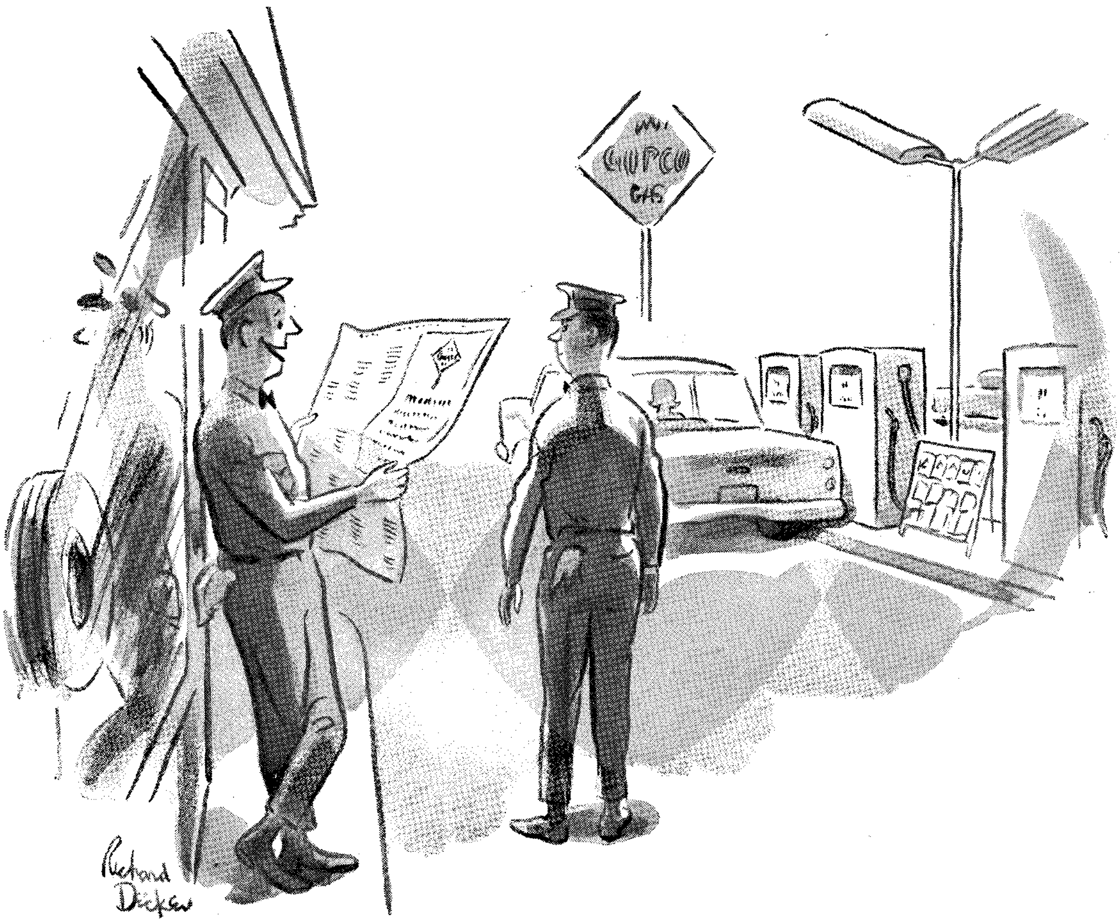
True to his word, the photographer returned almost immediately, and opened the door of his apartment. Again he asked who the visitors were, and this time Miss Bartlett answered in somewhat greater detail. "We have an office at Eighty-sixth and Columbus," she said, "and we're knocking on doors trying to find out what people in the neighborhood think about Vietnam."

"What do *you* think about Vietnam?" the photographer asked.

"Our group is opposed to the war," said Miss Bartlett.

"Then I'm afraid I'll disappoint you, because I fully support it, and I think we should do all we can to win," the photographer said. "Of course, I don't pretend to be really objective. I'm a product of a military environment, and I realize that's had a strong effect on me."

Miss Bartlett asked if he would fill out a Vietnam Summer poll form offering three choices ("De-escalate," "Escalate," and "Withdraw"), each defined by a quotation from a proponent (Senator J. William Fulbright, Representative L. Mendel Rivers, and Dr. Howard Zinn, the political scientist, respectively), but the photogra-



"Hey, Mike, here's something I didn't know. We cheerfully clean the windshield and check the oil without being asked."

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pher, who didn't have his shirt on and clearly didn't wish to get into a lengthy discussion, declined, saying that he didn't sign statements of any kind.

On the way down to the fifteenth floor, Miss Bartlett told us that, as a Vietnam Summer canvasser, she is not supposed to become involved in prolonged arguments about the war. Vietnam Summer is the idea of Gar Alperovitz, who is a Fellow of the Kennedy Institute of Politics, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was formerly a minor State Department official. Together with some members of the Harvard faculty and some Harvard students, Mr. Alperovitz planned the project this spring, and it was formally dedicated in April, at a conference in Cambridge that was attended by, among others, the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King and Robert Scheer, the managing editor of *Ramparts*. A week-long "training institute" at Western Reserve University followed presently, and the project finally got rolling around Independence Day, with money that had been raised during those few months. The money has since run out, so now the local branches of Vietnam Summer are on their own, and mostly maintain themselves on contributions from older-established peace groups, like Sane and Women Strike for Peace. Vietnam Summer, which is nationwide and claims to have about twenty-five thousand members, in five hundred cities, aims, Miss Bartlett said, at undecideds and unaffiliated doves. Its purpose is to translate opposition to the war into political action in 1968 and beyond. Miss Bartlett herself has just graduated from Elisabeth Irwin High School, on Charlton Street, and will be a first-year student at Cooper Union in the fall. Together with David Leicester, who has also just graduated from Elisabeth Irwin, she mans Vietnam Summer's West Side office each afternoon and does door-to-door work each evening.

On the fifteenth floor, Miss Bartlett's first knock drew an elderly man only as far as his peephole. Before she could finish identifying either herself or her organization, he cried "No! No! No!," and that terminated the conversation.

The next knock, down the corridor, produced the first receptive audience. "We've just finished eating," said an attractive gray-haired woman, opening her door. Another woman—a guest—was seated in the living room. Both listened quietly as Miss Bartlett explained the purpose of Vietnam Summer, and both quickly indicated their approval of the project. "I have the feeling there is no goodwill in the country's leadership," the first woman said, and added that she saw little hope for change. She and her guest willingly filled out poll forms, each checking "Withdraw," although neither believed there was any chance that the United States would withdraw. Miss Bartlett then unsuccessfully urged them to hold house meetings or participate in some other form of anti-war activity.

On the fourteenth floor, loud television sets and barking dogs could be heard all down the corridor. Doorbells were apparently inaudible, for there was no response from any of the apartments on the floor, and we proceeded down to the twelfth.

Along the way, Miss Bartlett showed us the contents of her canvasser's kit, a fairly standardized package given out to the Vietnam Summer door-to-door workers. Apart from the poll forms and a mimeographed log for the use of the canvasser, it contained copies of a draft-information leaflet, reprints of articles by Senator Fulbright and Dr. Zinn, and a sheaf of question-and-answer sheets. This last handout asks nine questions about the war and answers each of them with a statement from an eminently respectable source; the words are mostly those of five senators (McGovern, Percy, Hatfield, Young, and Gruening), two men of the cloth (the Reverend Dr. Eugene Carson Blake and Dr. King), one Catholic magazine (*Commonweal*), and the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The twelfth floor, Miss Bartlett found, was a mixed affair. First came a hurried "No, thank you," and then a middle-aged man who said that although his inclination was to oppose the war, he didn't have all the information that the government had, so he wouldn't want to sign anything, and, besides, he was watching television. The last apartment on the floor, and the last one Miss Bartlett tried that evening, was inhabited by another photographer, who was pleasantly surprised to learn that a fellow-craftsman lived only a few floors up. “I’d like to see this war ended, but I’m not sure I have all the answers,” he told Miss Bartlett. “I certainly don’t think we can just withdraw and leave our allies to the mercy of the Vietcong. Would you like some coffee?”

Miss Bartlett declined. Then she urged her host to hold a building-wide meeting on the war, and *he* declined.

“I don’t want to seem condescending, but I grew up when kaffeeklatsch politics was just getting started, and I’ve been to lots of kaffeeklatsches—held some, even,” the man said. “And I just don’t think anyone is affected by hearing a speaker and drinking coffee. Those marches, by contrast, at least have a healthy effect on the participants. Say, there’s really another photographer in the building? I had no idea.”

The Vice-President

Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey came to New York last Monday to meet with some anti-poverty-program participants and to appear on Johnny Carson’s “Tonight” television show, and we were on hand backstage when he whirled into the TV studio, with Mrs. Humphrey, a group of steely-eyed Secret Service men, and a number of aides. Originally, the Vice-President had been scheduled to meet the anti-poverty participants up at Columbia University, where the government-sponsored project called Double Discovery—a subordinate part of the larger anti-poverty program called Upward Bound—is going on this summer, but because of the pressure of time (the Vice-President had spent the morning in Boston, making the keynote speech at the annual convention of the National League of Cities, and the afternoon in Washington, attending four meetings and government conferences with the President and others), the anti-poverty people had come down to the TV studio, too. The “Tonight” show’s production officials hustled the Vice-President into a very small office, near the studio, that was equipped with a desk, a chair, a sofa, and a large color-television set. We followed him inside, along with a Secret Service man named Walter, a full-time aide named Norman, a local volunteer advance man named Joel, the producer of “Tonight” and one of the associate producers—named Stan and Rudy, respectively—and the makeup girl, named Rosemarie. The small office seemed very crowded, smoky, noisy, and important, and extremely short on air. Tension leaped. Walter, whose lips were thin and tightly pressed together, grimly helped the Vice-President take off his coat and opened a small suitcase on the sofa, displaying folded light-blue shirts and folded black neckties. The Vice-President sat down at the desk and loosened his shirt collar. Rosemarie, bending toward him from one side, told him she had once made up Alben Barkley’s face, and then rapidly got to work making up *his* face. Stan shook the Vice-President’s hand and told him how happy he was to have him on the “Tonight” show. Rudy shook the Vice-President’s hand and told him they planned to have no commercial interruptions during his appearance on the show. “However, should you go around the corner at midnight, we will have to interrupt for two minutes of commercials,” he added. “But then you can keep going for five minutes without any commercial interruptions.”

The Vice-President was clearly doing his best to look good-natured and accommodating without moving too many of the face muscles that Rosemarie was working on. Joel told the Vice-President that Mrs. Humphrey had been seated in the audience, in the company of several students from the Double Discovery program, and that after his appearance on the show Mrs. Humphrey and the students would leave the audience and come into the little office, with some other people, for their meeting to discuss the anti-poverty project. Mr. Humphrey gave a quick nod and managed to look, we thought, rather brave and dignified.

Norman introduced us to him.

Mr. Humphrey smiled and pointed to the top of his head. “If I had known all this was going to happen, I wouldn’t have let all this hair drop out,” he said, and laughed.

Rosemarie packed up her makeup kit. Mr. Humphrey gave her a smile, and said, “I’m glad to know you started out with Mr. Barkley, because he’s my favorite Vice-President.”

Walter helped the Vice-President off with his shirt and on with a fresh one from the suitcase, and helped fasten his cufflinks.

The door opened, admitting the sound of Eartha Kitt rehearsing a song for the show: “ ‘Baby, that’s where it is . . . Baby, baby, baby . . . Soft music, sweet talkin’ . . .’ ”

The door closed. Another Secret Service man had come into the little office, with another advance man, named Jack Olivero.

“Mr. Vice-President, Jack Olivero is going to talk to you about the Double Discovery students you will be meet-

ing," Norman said. "Go ahead, Jack."

Mr. Humphrey concentrated his attention on Jack Olivero as Mr. Olivero started to give the names of high-school-age students who, through Project Double Discovery, were being provided with an opportunity to live at Columbia for the summer and acquire training in skills that would enable them to go on to college. Mr. Olivero was stiff and self-conscious and was making an effort to talk fast.

"What interests them most?" Mr. Humphrey asked as Walter helped him into his coat.

"They have been very excited about meeting the college kids at Columbia," Mr. Olivero said.

"They are up there for six weeks?" Mr. Humphrey asked.

"Eight weeks, sir," said Mr. Olivero. "They are very—"

The door opened again. " 'Hands touchin', lips meetin'. . .' "

The door closed. The newcomer was Johnny Carson. Mr. Humphrey gave him a smile as they shook hands. "How are you, Johnny?" he asked.

"Great," Mr. Carson replied. "Just had three weeks in Las Vegas. This is my first night back, after three weeks out there. Phew! Was it hot out there!" Mr. Carson fingered the knot of his tie, lifting his chin as he made adjustments in the area of his Adam's apple, and, while everybody in the warm little office stood around expectantly, he said, grinning and nodding and winking, that Howard Hughes had just bought *another* hotel out there in Las Vegas. "They wanted him out of the hotel he was in by New Year's, and he didn't want to leave, so he *bought* it," Mr. Carson went on, and looked around at everybody with an expression of wide-eyed astonishment. "He just bought it. He *bought* the whole hotel."

Laughs came from everybody in the room except the Secret Service men, who smiled.

"Play any golf out there, Johnny?" Mr. Humphrey asked.

"One day," Mr. Carson said, working his head around, as though to loosen it. "You couldn't. You couldn't go out, with the temperature at one hundred and fifteen degrees in the *shade*. Of course, they keep saying, 'There's no humidity, there's no humidity.' It's one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade, but there's no *humidity*."

Laughs came from everybody, including the Secret Service men.

Mr. Carson grinned, nodded, and winked at the Vice-President. "I'm delighted you're with us again," Mr. Carson told Mr. Humphrey. He winked at the color-television set, which showed Mr. Carson's right-hand man, Ed McMahon, talking on the screen. Joel turned the sound up. The band was playing over Ed McMahon. "I'm going on now," Mr. Carson said, winking at everybody. To Mr. Humphrey he said, "If they're no good out there in the audience, you don't have to come *out*."

Mr. Humphrey laughed, and Mr. Carson left, followed by his production men. There was a lull in the little office. On the screen, a pineapple was doing a hula and an announcer was saying, "The best pineapple comes from Hawaii."

"I love that ad," Mr. Humphrey said, with a good-natured laugh. "We have two senators, you know, from Hawaii." He adjusted his shirt collar and put on a fresh necktie. On the television screen, Mr. McMahon was saying, "Here's *Johnny*!" Everybody in the little office watched the screen as Mr. Carson came out, extended his arms to his audience, said, "I'll never leave ya again as long as I live!" (laughter), told the audience, "Along with the Vice-President, tonight, we have Eartha Kitt" (applause), and then reminded Ed McMahon of the studio audience at the last "Tonight" show before he left for Las Vegas: "Remember that crowd? I announced I was leaving, and they ap*plaud*ed! They ap*plaud*ed!" (Laughter.) Mr. Humphrey and the others in the little office laughed.

Rudy signalled to Walter that it was time for the Vice-President to come out. "Good luck, sir," he said to Mr. Humphrey.

We went into the wings and watched as Mr. Humphrey walked out before the studio audience and joined Mr. Carson in the chair of honor at Mr. Carson's desk. (Applause.)

Mr. Carson looked wide-eyed at the audience and then at the Vice-President. "I didn't get that much applause, and I was gone three weeks!" he said.

"I think I ought to quit while I'm ahead," Mr. Humphrey said, holding in his grin like a pro. (Laughter.)

For the next sixteen minutes, Mr. Carson led Mr. Humphrey over a course of back-and-forth:

Mr. Carson: With all the people you have around you, with all the Secret Service men and everybody, do you ever yearn for a little privacy?

Mr. Humphrey: The Secret Service is one of the finest agencies in the country, and I sometimes make things a little difficult for them.

Mr. Carson: Do you ever sneak out? (Laughter.)

Mr. Humphrey: Don't ask me that! Mrs. Humphrey is here tonight. (Laughter.)

Mr. Carson: I understand you're here tonight with some of the youngsters in your Upward Bound anti-poverty project.

Mr. Humphrey: Yes, and we've obtained a million jobs for needy youngsters. . . . Omaha, Nebraska, has done a splendid job. . . . The Mayor of Baltimore has done a bang-up job. . . . In Washington, D.C., I got all the military bands away from the steps of the Capitol and sent them into playgrounds to play for youngsters who never heard the Marine Corps band. . . . I like to be busy. . . . These are terribly difficult times. . . . I think the mayors of our cities and county officials do some of the finest work in public life. . . . I want to pay tribute to the police of this country, to the firemen. . . . They need some citizen support. . . . I want to pay my respects to Double Discovery, Johnny, and I thank you for letting me say so. These are the young men and women who are really going to count in the days ahead.

Then back into the airless little office. Eartha Kitt appeared on the color-television screen and sang (" 'Baby, that's where it is . . . Baby, baby, baby . . .' "), and somebody turned the sound down as Double Discovery students Juan Cruz, Leo Rohan, and John Johnson, accompanied by the Double Discovery counsellor John Herbert and the Double Discovery associate director Roger Lehecka, all of them under voting age, and by the Double Discovery director, Dr. James Shenton, by Columbia Dean David Truman and Mrs. Truman, and by a Columbia alumnus named Arnold Saltzman and Mrs. Saltzman, made it inside with Mr. Humphrey, Mrs. Humphrey, Walter, and us.

Mr. Humphrey shook hands enthusiastically with everybody.

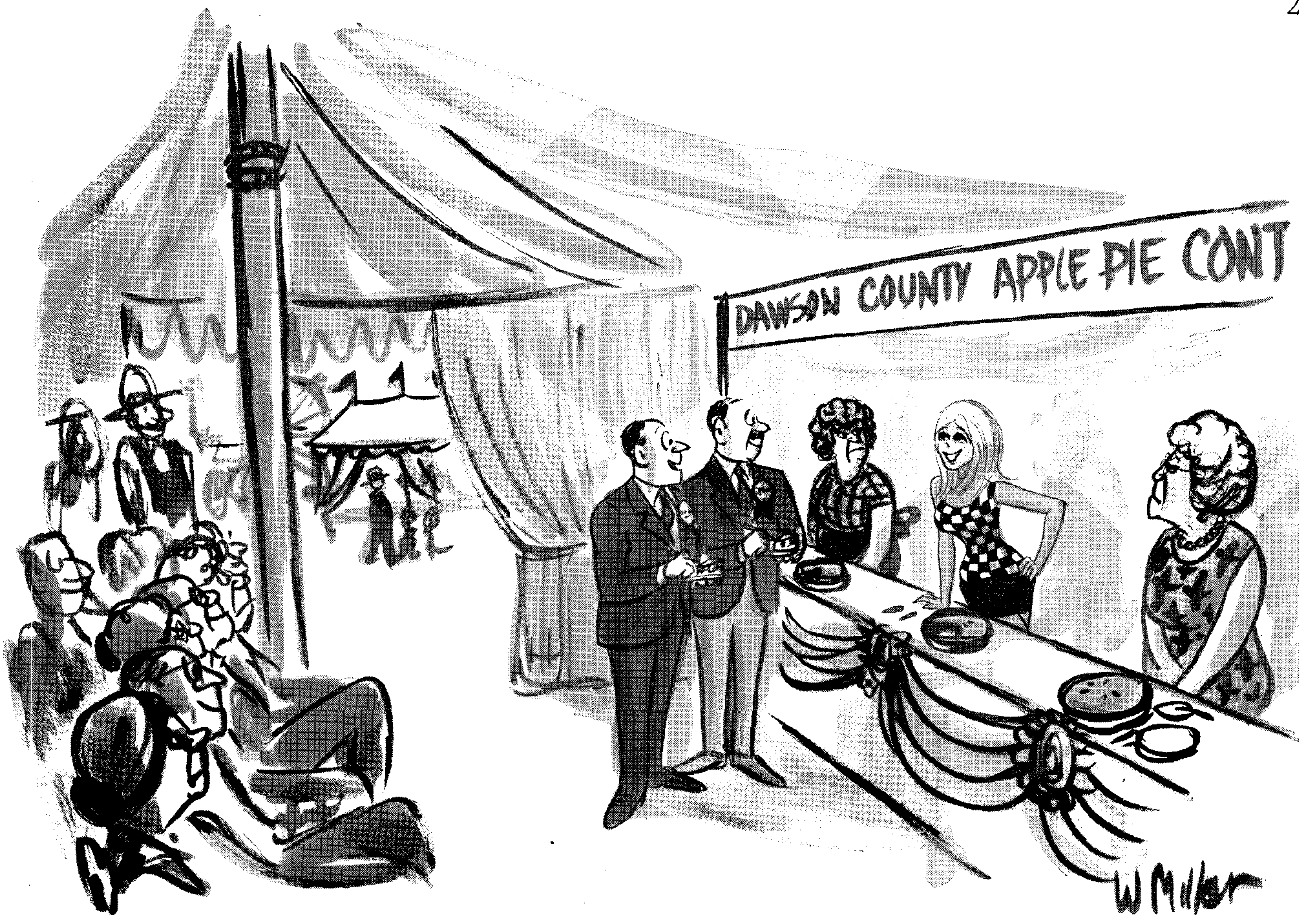
"Sit down a minute, boys," he told Juan Cruz, Leo Rohan, and John Johnson, and the three sat down on the sofa. "I hear awfully good reports about what you're doing. It proves what can be done if you make that extra effort. Juan, how long have you been in the program?"

"Three years," said Juan.

"How old are you, Juan?" Mr. Humphrey asked.

"Seventeen," Juan replied.

"Seventeen," Mr. Humphrey said, looking at the boy through weariness, strain, effort, good will, discourage-


DAWSON COUNTY APPLE PIE CONT

"This doesn't have anything to do with pie, but what's a girl like you doing in a place like this?"

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ment, and the confusion of sixteen minutes of televised talk on "Tonight," and managing to come up with an impression of heartfelt enthusiasm. "And do you find the program a good one, Juan?"

"Yes," Juan said, and he made gestures to help him call up some vocabulary. "But, but I also feel, the program, it's not as wide as it could be. Other programs have more . . . more . . ."

"Money," Mr. Humphrey said.

"Money," said Juan.

"We try a lot of things, to be quite candid, that don't always work the way we want them to," Mr. Humphrey said. "There are a lot of things we've tried for a hundred years, and they still don't work. But I think we'll be able to enlarge the program by next year. And you, sir?" Mr. Humphrey asked John Johnson, who is fifteen years old. "How long have you been with the program?"

"Two years," said John Johnson.

"Ask him what his ambition is," Dean Truman said.

"What is your ambition?" Mr. Humphrey asked.

"Law," said John Johnson.

"And you, sir?" Mr. Humphrey said to John Herbert, who wore black-rimmed glasses and had a fringe of beard.

"I'm a counsellor," John Herbert said. "I find the entire program very rewarding."

"I'll bet you do," Mr. Humphrey said, suddenly looking a little less weary. He then told the anti-poverty participants that hearings were to be held in Congress on the matter of providing more funds for the Upward Bound project, and that one of his own jobs—coördinating what was called the War on Poverty—was spread over several departments of the government.

The Double Discovery boys stood up from the sofa, and Mr. Humphrey, calling to Walter to bring him his suitcase, took out little blue cardboard boxes and presented them to his visitors. They contained tie clasps, for the men, and charm bracelets, for the ladies; the clasps and charms were embossed with the seal of the Vice-President on one side and the initials HHH on the other. Everybody looked pleased with the gifts. Mr. Humphrey beamed and shook hands with his visitors as they left.

By that time, the "Tonight" show was over. Mr. Carson came back to the little room and sat on the edge of the desk, facing Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, on the sofa. He winked and blinked and nodded at them. "The Vice-President got too many laughs," Mr. Carson said, and everybody laughed.

Eartha Kitt came into the little office, and Mr. Humphrey urged her to sit down with him and his wife on the sofa.

"We didn't get to hear you, Eartha," Mr. Humphrey said. "Say, I want to thank you for all the good things you're doing."

"I came out of that poverty-stricken world," Miss Kitt said. "I feel it's my duty. Same as you."

"You should have been in Las Vegas!" Mr. Carson was saying. "Phew! Was it hot! One morning, I picked up the telephone to ask the operator for the time, and she said, 'One-fifteen and two-twenty.' I didn't have the guts to ask her which was the temperature." (Laughter.) Mr. Carson winked. "But they keep saying out there, 'There's no hu*mid*ity.' " (Laughter.) "Did you hear that Howard Hughes bought another hotel out there? They wanted him out of the hotel he was in, so he *bought* it." Wide eyes and a wink and a blink. "He *bought* it."

"Ha!" Mr. Humphrey said. "I always wanted to do something like that."

THE FEATHER BEHIND THE ROCK

IN movies, they still held hands, although Mrs. Hopper had arthritis by then and her hand would rest in her husband's without moving, swollen and lumpy. When something important happened on the screen, her fingers tightened one by one, in slow motion. "Look," she would say to Mr. Hopper. "There above that ridge—do you see that pony? Yes, the Indians are there. They've been watching all along. Now that first one is coming down to parley. I told you this would happen."

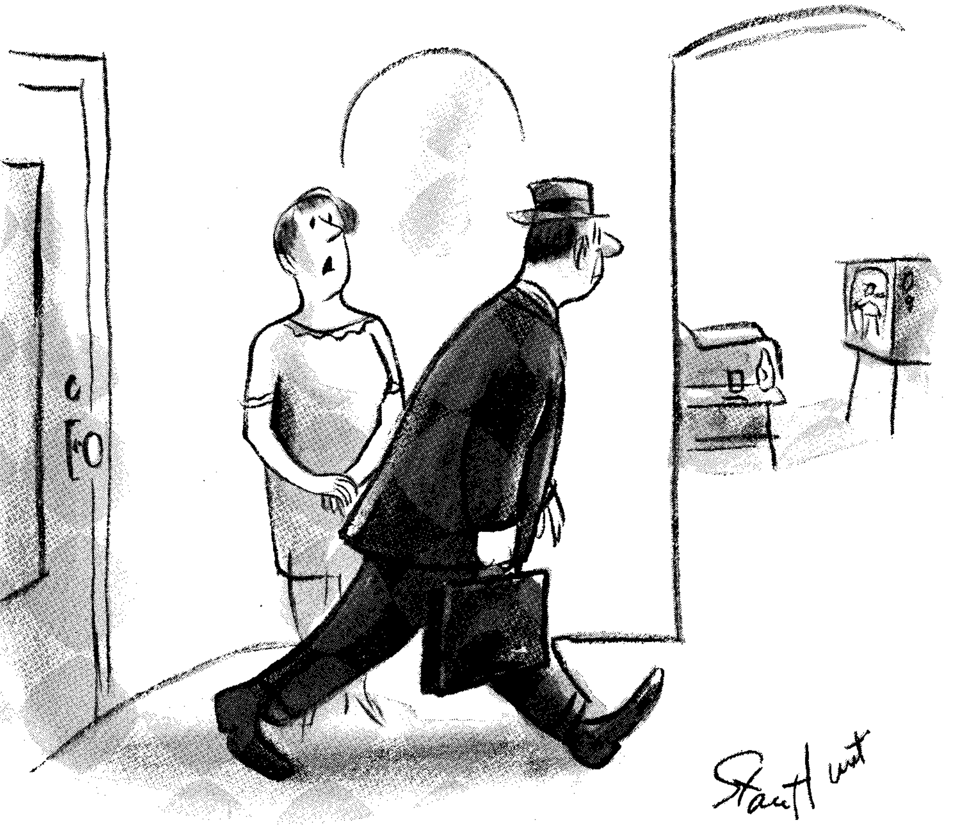
To Joshua, their grandson, who sat on his spine in the seat beside her, it sounded as if Mrs. Hopper thought her husband was blind—or worse than that, feebleminded. He felt heads turning in the dark toward the sound of her voice as she went on describing what was there for all to see: "He's carrying a white flag, you notice. A sign of peace. I don't know how much faith I would put in it, though. Do you see the yellow marks painted round his cheekbones?"

The more she talked the harder Joshua ground his teeth, until the hinges of his jaws were sore and a headache had sprung up from the back of his neck, but Mr. Hopper only said, "Yes, that's so. They're bent on war, I would say"—not just pretending patience but really interested, considering her words in his mind.

"The leader of the wagon train looks tired," Mrs. Hopper said. "I wouldn't like *his* job. Not at all." Then there was a silence.

Joshua turned and found them both smiling at each other, ignoring the screen altogether, although it was they who had wanted to come here. He sighed and slid down farther in his seat.

They were travelling the width of the United States that summer, going from east to west. The point they had started from was Wilmington, North Carolina; the point they were headed for was San Francisco. There was no reason for the trip. The first Joshua had heard of it was in April, when he came home from school one day to find his grandfather drinking iced tea with his mother. Mr. Hopper was a small, round man in his seventies, as exactly matched to his small, round wife as if they had been a couple of gingerbread cookies. Ordinarily, they visited on weekends. They lived in Duppleton, about seventy miles inland, and they had a standing invitation for Sunday dinner with their only daughter. But this was Wednesday, and Joshua's first thought was that something was wrong. "Where's Grandmother?" he asked.



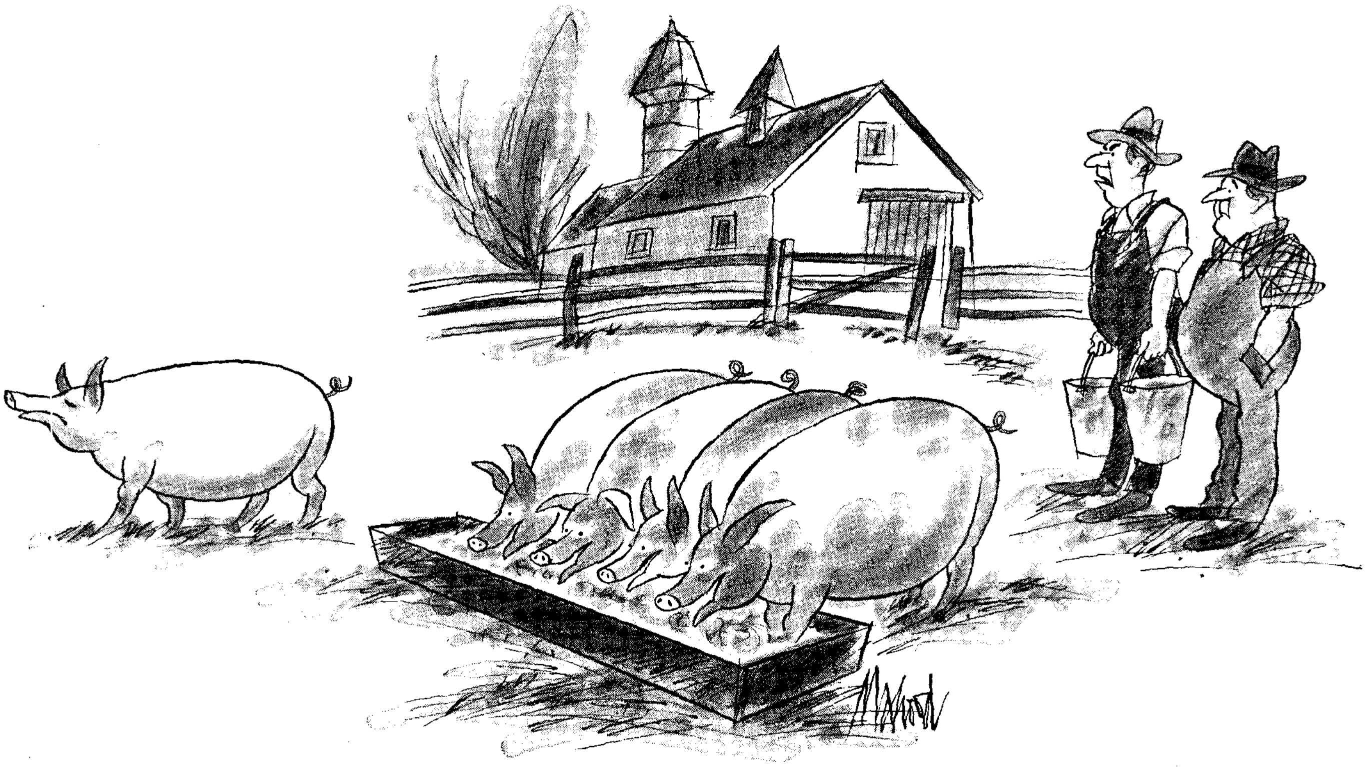
"It's turned on. Top of the sixth, no score, two men on, two out, Willie Davis up, one ball, one strike."

"She's at home," his mother told him. "Grandfather's got something to show you, Joshua."

Joshua was puzzled by her eyes, which looked as if she had just asked a favor of him, although she hadn't. He said, "What is it?," but Mr. Hopper only shook his head and went on drinking iced tea, meaning that this would have to be seen to be believed.

When the tea was gone, the three of them rode in Mr. Hopper's rickety old Pontiac to the outskirts of town, to a trailer camp. Women in dungarees and metal curlers swept their tiny dirt yards, and children chased in and out of a grocery store that was covered with metal soft-drink signs. At the far end of the camp was an unpainted aluminum trailer, so short that it seemed almost round. An old man sat on its doorstep smoking a pipe. When he saw Joshua's grandfather, he rose and said, "Well, hey there. Hey," and Joshua's mother got the favor-asking look in her eyes again. Joshua still didn't know why. He understood from what followed that Mr. Hopper was going to buy the trailer and make a tour across the continent with his wife, and that Joshua was invited to come along. But when he said, "Oh, sure, I'd like that" (and saw his mother silently thanking him), he didn't feel he was doing anyone any special favors. The summer would be his last one before college, and he had been wondering what he would do to fill it.

THEY started out on the sixteenth of June—Mr. Hopper and Joshua in the front seat, Mrs. Hopper in back, with a sweater handy in her lap, although the temperature was in the high eighties. That was the seating arrangement throughout the trip. Mrs. Hopper got carsick if she sat in the front, and Joshua couldn't shift over to the driver's seat because he had had his license suspended after a minor accident. He had asked his grandfather before they started if he remembered that (in case they had invited him to help with the driving), and his grandfather had said, "*Yes*, boy, yes," impatiently, waving the subject away with his small, veined hand. It was too great a distance for one man to drive, Joshua thought, but his grandfather sat behind the wheel day after day, his shoulders very straight, making a steady thirty-five miles an hour. It felt like three times that, with all the racket they made. And Joshua's narrow side window, half covered over with masking tape to mend a crack, framed such tiny parts of the landscape at a time



"If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a pernickety pig."

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that everything seemed to be whipping along too fast to be seen—fields, towns, and fields again—leaving him with a sense of tremendous, wasteful speed. They whirred and sputtered and choked their way along, with scarcely a stop from morning to night; yet his grandfather never mentioned feeling tired and he never complained about Joshua's not being able to spell him.

Nor could they have invited Joshua because they wanted new conversation; his grandparents did all the talking. They flooded him with words from both sides at once; they interrupted each other without noticing and sometimes they talked simultaneously, their voices keyed to a crisp, factual tone that Joshua had never heard them use before. Subjects seemed to come to their minds so fast—comments on the countryside, stray memories, unrelated facts—that they would leave one subject in midsentence and dart on to the next without pausing. Joshua listened, nodding, lulled nearly to sleep by the flow of words and by the broken lines down the center of the highway, which stretched long and then were swallowed by the car over and over again all through the day.

He liked the trailer, which smelled like a musty tin can and rang hollow wherever you rapped it. He liked stopping in the camps every night, pacing out the barren, bottle-littered ground that reminded him of circuses and county fairs and then returning to the trailer, where his grandmother would be frying food on the tiny gas stove. He didn't even mind the endless riding, or all that talking. But he did hate the movies.

It never failed. After supper his grandfather would say, "Well, now, I think I'll take a stroll." But he only strolled as far as the camp's grocery store, and then he bought a newspaper and strolled back. " 'Apache Warrior' is on tonight," he would tell them. "We saw that in Emmaville. How about 'Hondo'? Didn't you enjoy that? Shall we see it again?"

Sometimes there were good movies playing—not often, because the towns they chose to stop at were small—but his grandparents ignored those. They liked Westerns, and occasionally a war movie. They liked plots where the villain was obvious, though they never seemed to realize he was obvious and Mrs. Hopper would point him out with pride, right at the start of the movie: "Do you see that man with the cigar? Oh, he has a mean face. Look, he's yanking the horse's straps too tight. He's going to cause trouble, Charles, I can tell you. Do you see him, Joshua?"

At the beginning of the trip, she told Joshua everything she told her husband, all through the movie. She would tell Joshua first, usually, and then she would nudge her husband and say, "I was just pointing out to Joshua, here . . ." But gradually she stopped, because Joshua never answered her.

In the first place, he didn't know why they were there at all. They had started out to see the country, but all they saw were highways and then, at night, the insides of movie theatres and the half-familiar faces of heroes drawing six-guns. They marked towns by the Indian battles they had watched there, and almost the only people they saw were the shadowy forms in the rows of seats ahead of them. It was true that Joshua didn't have to go where his grandparents did; some sense of responsibility that he couldn't explain seemed to drag him along, even after he had told them he wasn't interested. "Why don't we take a look at where we're *at*?" he would ask, and his grandfather always said, "Oh, we will. We've plenty of time for that."

But they never had any time at all. In the morning, when Joshua's head was still not cleared from last night's movie, they rose out of mildewed blankets and munched cold rolls and took to the road again. They never stopped for anything. They travelled steadily all day, calling out for Joshua the sites of historical interest, along with the printing on the marquees of drive-in theatres, and then in the evening it was time for supper and "Tall in the Saddle."

ONE night—in Kansas somewhere—his grandmother said, "I don't like that man's face, Charles." Her voice carried clearly to the farthest rows. "I don't trust the look in his eyes."

Joshua sat up straighter in his seat (they always sat too close to the front, so that he had to crane his neck back and squint) and said, "That's Jack Palance, who's the villain in this and every other picture, as *any* fool could see." Then he got up and walked out.

As soon as he reached the sidewalk, he was sorry. He had had, all during this trip, a sort of protective feeling toward his grandparents, and now he felt as if he had ruined the summer for them—all those movies, all that flood of words entrusted to him. Instead of looking around the town he went back to the trailer, and when they returned he was fast asleep on the couch, with moths circling the table lamp.

In the morning, neither of the Hoppers mentioned what had happened. There was even a chance that they hadn't understood, or that they had passed it off as something he had eaten. Mr. Hopper said, "Today we will cover more ground than usual, Joshua. We'll have lunch in the car—no dawdling on the way."

"Oh, fine," Joshua said, for he had the feeling that this was some kind of gift to him, although the lunch stops were what he looked forward to all morning. He helped his grandmother wash up the breakfast dishes and put everything away, so that it wouldn't rattle around on the road. Then they climbed into the car and set off, with Mrs. Hopper beginning the day's conversation before she had even got well settled.

"In school, they called the Midwest the breadbasket of America," she said. "Or of the world—I forget."

"The world," said Mr. Hopper.

"Was that it? Oh, they told us how much grain they produced, and it was staggering—more than I could imagine—and think what it is *nowadays.* Twice that, I should think, maybe more. What with science coming in—"

"It's not your sandbox. It's the city's sandbox."

"In the summer of 1913, when I was in college, I roomed with a boy who came from right in this area somewhere," said Mr. Hopper. "A farm boy. Joshua, you should be interested in this. In his school they had a project, each of them—a piece of livestock to raise or an acre of land to cultivate, which they would follow from beginning to . . . His name was Harvey Stample. One hot afternoon—I should tell you this—just before exams, we were sitting on the dormitory lawn, not a penny to our names. 'In all this world,' Harvey said, 'if I could wish for just one thing, I'd wish for a man to drive up right this minute and unload a case of beer on the lawn.' Well, Joshua, no sooner had he said that than up drove a man in one of those unpainted wagons they used to use for delivering, and unloaded a case of beer on our lawn. I'll never forget that. Turned out it was a wrong address, but by then we had drunk it all and were not made to pay. I think that might have been the happiest day of my life, all in all."

"Why, Charles," Mrs. Hopper said.

Mr. Hopper turned to smile at her, and then he winked at Joshua. "Oh, there's some close seconds," he said.

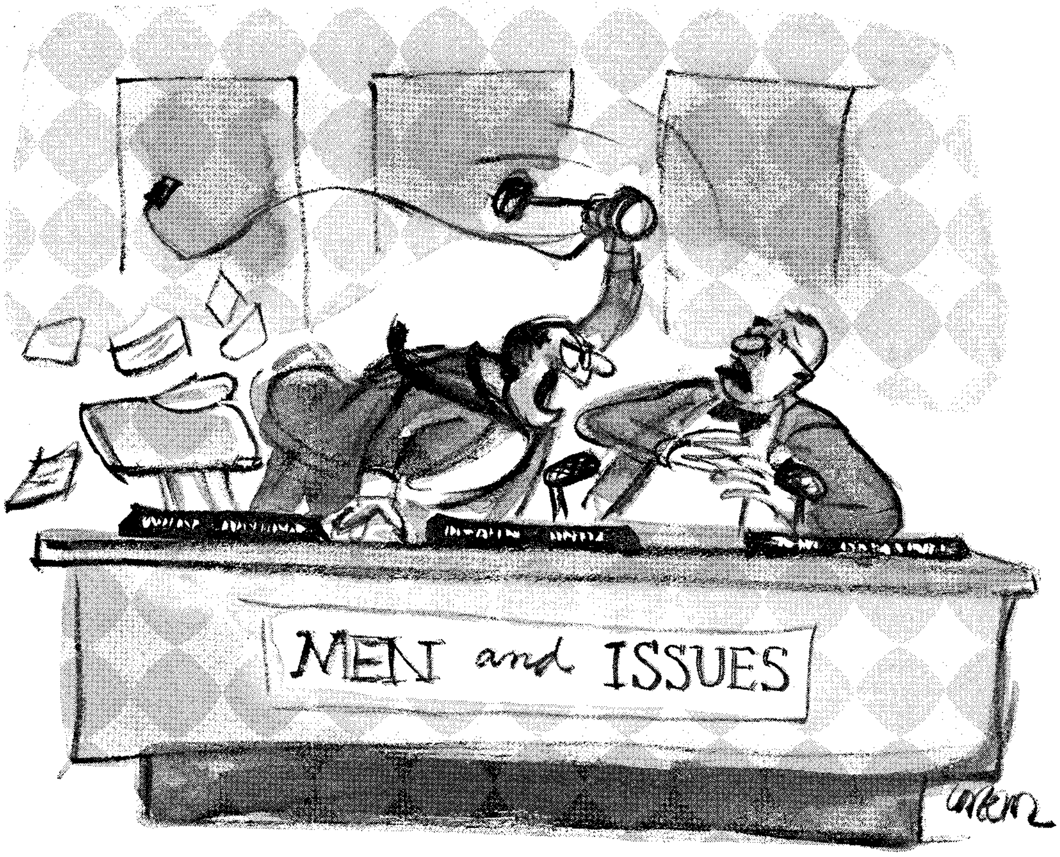
"Now, Charles, don't you tease Joshua," Mrs. Hopper said. But it was she who was being teased, and the conversation was between the two of them alone.

Joshua felt as if the shift had given him a breath of fresh air. The talk seemed to be flying faster than usual this morning, so that words were all run together, and the car was going faster, too—telegraph poles whipping by, fields gone almost before they appeared, all of them directed somehow at Joshua. "We surely are making time," he told his grandfather.

"Well, we don't want this trip to get boring. It's what I told your grandmother—keep things flying along, I said."

"The happiest day of your life, Joshua," Mrs. Hopper said, "is your wedding day. Don't you forget I told you that."

"Lucy, your mind is failing," Mr. Hopper said. "That's what your mother said to you fifty years ago—I heard her. 'This is the happiest day of your life,' she told you, and then when Charlotte was born you turned around and said, 'No, *this* is, isn't it? Mama was wrong,' you said."



"You want the thrust of my question? Here's the thrust of my question!"

"Did I say that? Well, maybe so. Charles, we seem to be coming on a real interesting old house up here. Will you slow down a bit?"

"Should have spoke sooner," Mr. Hopper said, and the house whizzed by. Behind them the trailer bumped and bounced, sounding as if it was surely going faster than trailers were allowed. What if they were really speeding, and a policeman ordered them to pull over? "Can't stop *now*," Mr. Hopper would say, and he would rush on toward San Francisco, where they were only going to turn around and head back again.

"There was something I was going to say," Mrs. Hopper said. "I'll think of it in a minute. Yes. That house reminded me of my aunt's, where I was raised. Joshua, that house was just covered with wisteria—you should have seen it. If I smell wisteria now, I can close my eyes and go back— Oh, so long ago I'm ashamed to tell. . . ."

She stopped, apparently out of breath, and Mr. Hopper said, "There were bees buzzing around it—millions of them every year."

Joshua took his eyes from the road with an effort—his lids were getting heavy and the heat had grown stifling. "Oh, around the wisteria," he said. "Did you know Grandmother back then?"

"Know her? Why, Joshua, I—"

"Was my childhood sweetheart," said Mrs. Hopper, still getting her breath. The words, which reminded Joshua of a lacy old valentine, sounded strange when they were gasped out in the stuffiness of the Pontiac. "The first boy who ever came to call on me. Only not the last, because I went to New York later on—"

"Jilted me," Mr. Hopper said, smiling. "She got engaged to a fellow up North while she was taking voice lessons."

"Oh, I didn't know that," Joshua said.

His grandmother sat forward and touched his shoulder with one finger. "When I came home again, Joshua," she said, "who do you think was the first person I saw as I was getting off the train? Your grandfather, carrying flowers to some other girl. I called out, 'Why, Charles Hopper, is that you?,' and he turned right around without seeming to look and handed over the flowers to me instead. 'These were going to Mary Abbott,' he told me, 'but I reckon you can have them.' 'Thank you kindly,' I said—acting cool, since it was my own wedding I was coming home for, but I must say when I saw him I had the strangest feeling. I was almost scared of him—I didn't look him in the eye."

"I have always said," Mr. Hopper said, "that it's a shame we lost all that time. Two whole years, when we could've gotten married right off and saved all that hide-and-seek. But *Lucy* says—"

"I say it's a good thing I did jilt him," said Mrs. Hopper. "Joshua, that boy I nearly married was as handsome as they come. Oh, no handsomer than your grandfather, but in a different sort of way—dark when Charles was blond, blue-black hair but light-gray eyes. If I had married Charles right off and then seen Edwin some other way, I would have thought, Oh, my, what am I missing? What have I given up? But as it was, I had my pick of both and chose with a clear head, and I chose Charles."

They seemed to have laid some case before Joshua—speaking his name so often, setting out the facts so clearly. Joshua cleared his throat and said, "Well, I didn't know all that. It's very interesting."

"And I've never regretted it," Mrs. Hopper told him. "Those two years were the best thing that could have . . ." Then she stopped, out of breath again, and when she resumed speaking her voice was more ordinary, like the days before this trip had begun. "Charles, I think I'll have to stop for a glass of ice water," she said. "My, this heat!"

Mr. Hopper glanced back at his wife and nodded. "Yes, you're looking pale, Lucy," he said. Then he turned to Joshua and said, "Mary Abbott was a girl we had gone to school with, Joshua. I never took a flower to her in my life and never planned to, but I wanted to keep face in front of your grandmother." And in the back seat Mrs. Hopper gave a little chuckle that sounded whispery on her indrawn breath.

Within the next mile they came upon a drive-in restaurant—hardly more than a shack, with two teen-age boys in white working behind the long low window. "I'll just run on in myself," Mr. Hopper said. "Will you be all right, Lucy?"

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Hopper. "I have Joshua here, don't I?" She smiled, but her face was still pale and filmed with sweat. When Mr. Hopper had started toward the shack, she said, "Joshua, it might do us good to stretch our legs a little."

"Yes, Ma'am," Joshua said. He opened his own door and came around to help her out. The ground beneath them was cracked and dry, the air shimmering with heat. For a moment he thought of home, where there was always water nearby and where people *he* knew—people his own age—would be lounging on the sparkling beach.

Beside him, his grandmother said, "Your grandfather wanted us to live in Kansas at one time, Joshua. Did he tell you that?"

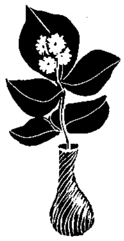
"No, he didn't," Joshua said.

"Oh, yes. Not that there was any *practical* reason. Just, you know, a whim he had. . . ."

Joshua felt a sudden weight upon his upper arm, near his shoulder. He turned and saw that his grandmother was leaning her head there; loose strands of her gray hair floated near enough to his face to tickle him. But just as he was explaining this to himself—she seldom touched people, even her own relatives—he saw that she had merely slumped sidewise as she stood beside him. In the next instant she slid on down and away from him, until she landed on the ground with her face twisted to one side and her hands outspread and slightly curled like the hands of someone sleeping. He looked around frantically for his grandfather and saw him just advancing, carefully bearing three paper cones of water. "Grandfather, something's happened!" he called. If he hadn't caught himself in time, he would have added, "I didn't do it, I swear it. I was just standing here minding my own business."

But his grandfather came on as calmly and steadily as before, with his eyes fixed on the paper cones. "I saw from over yonder," he said. "Take the water, Joshua. I thought I'd use some of it to revive her." He handed two of the cones to Joshua and then bent down with the third one, dipping his fingers into it and patting cold water onto Mrs. Hopper's cheekbones. "It's the heat," he told Joshua. A muscle in Mrs. Hopper's eyelid fluttered.

By now, other people had started gathering around—one of the boys from the drive-in, a couple from a parked car at the other end of the lot. They stood looking at Joshua's grandmother, who had taken on the dry, papery look of a stranger and seemed not to be any relation to Joshua at all.



"Can't we get her out of here?" Joshua asked his grandfather. "Can't we take her away?"

Mr. Hopper only went on patting water, saying little soothing remarks in a singsong voice. "There, now, Lucy, you can come round now. Come on, now, Lucy."

Then a man said, "Let me see her. I'm a doctor." He had stopped by the side of the highway, apparently, when he saw what had happened. Behind him, his car door was still swung open. When he bent down, already unlatching his black bag, the bystanders moved a little farther away, but Mr. Hopper stayed where he was, hunched over his wife.

"Thank you, but she's coming round now, Doctor," he said. And sure enough, Mrs. Hopper's eyes flew wide open—round, glass-blue eyes in very deep sockets. She looked at Mr. Hopper a minute and then shook her head and began trying to sit up. "Now, now, take it nice and slow," said Mr. Hopper. "Thank you anyway, Doctor."

The doctor nodded and put one hand beneath Mrs. Hopper's elbow to help her up. "I would get her examined right away, though," he said. "How long has it been since she had a checkup?"

"Oh, only last April," Mr. Hopper said. "She's got a special doctor at home, you know. He said he thought this trip might be all right."

"Well, maybe so," said the doctor. But Joshua saw his frown, and later, when they had refused the restaurant's offer of a free meal and had walked Mrs. Hopper gently to the car, holding her under the arms, he said, "Look, Grandfather, we should be turning back."

"No, I want to go on," Mrs. Hopper said.

"We should even *fly* back—pay someone else to drive the car home. We can't go on driving."

"I want to go *on*," Mrs. Hopper said. She settled herself in her seat with a little flounce. "Start the car, Charles."

Joshua looked at his grandfather, but Mr. Hopper only nodded and turned the key in the ignition. "She's made up her mind," he said. "Nothing I can do about it. Your grandmother, Joshua, is as stubborn as they come. I don't think you ever heard about this, but in the summer of 1916, when your mother was only so high . . ."

Joshua gave up. He relaxed against the sun-warmed seat cover and drifted away on the tide of his grandfather's words, and he didn't try after that to change their minds—not all that day, when they sped along straight, unchanging roads that always sloped downward at the horizon, rounding the curve of the globe they travelled, and not even in the evening, when Mrs. Hopper sat holding her husband's hand in the darkened theatre and said, "That last wagon is dropping too far behind. Yes, there. I see a pony on the ridge, I see a feather behind the rock. I expect the Apaches are lining up now, Charles. I can hear the war cries."

—Anne Tyler

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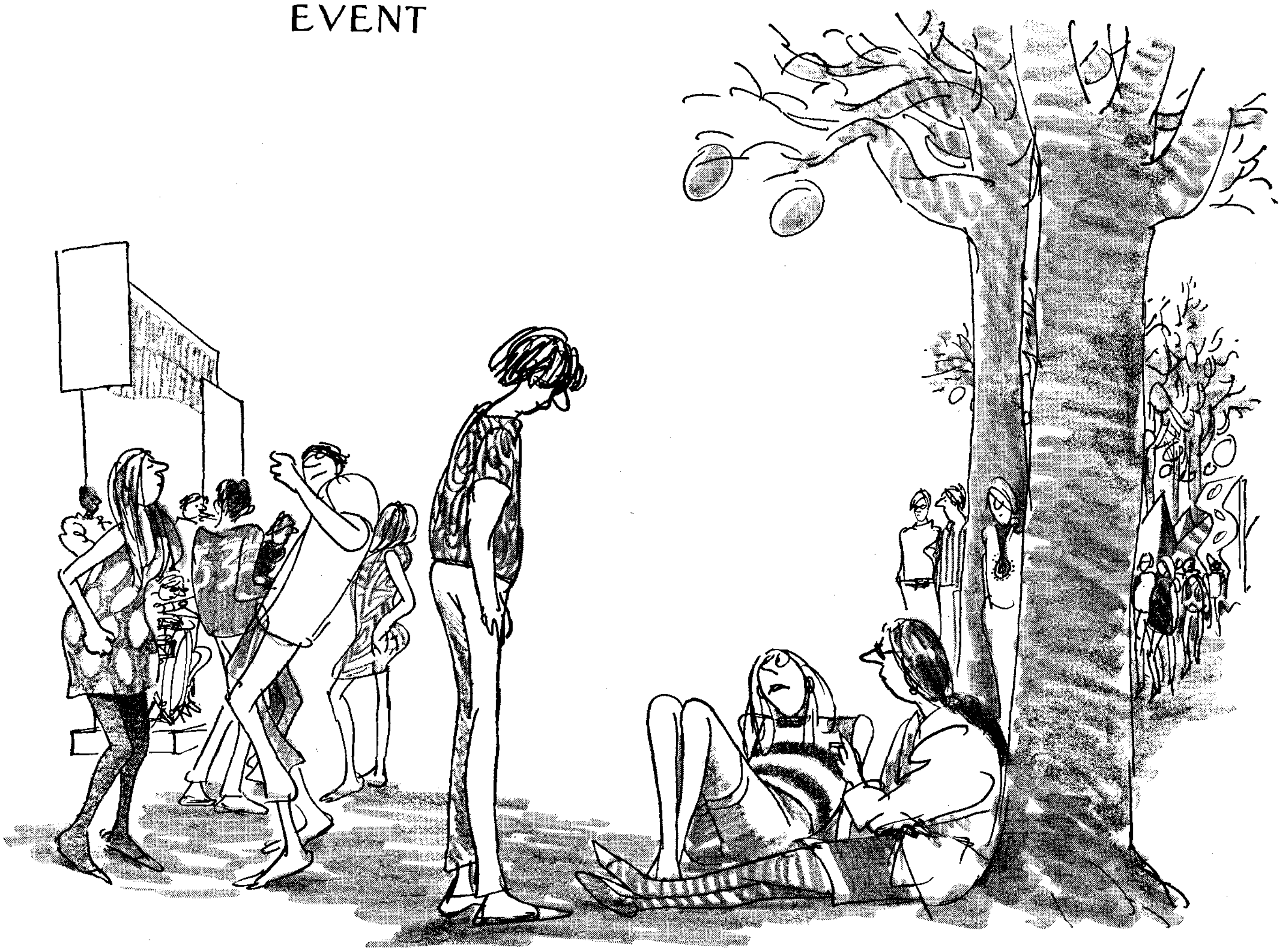
THE DUNE WIG

Ice had hollowed out the dunes, dead trees
Thrust roots into the air along that coast
Where all was lost for trees, where all was lost
For you and me; the desolation there
Brought winter into heat: the glacial frost
The rocks made visible, the dune's dry wigs—
The still-felt analogues of old affairs.
The bay weed's thick Sargasso webbed us in
So that each footstep, taking time, made time
A slower crepitation at the rim.

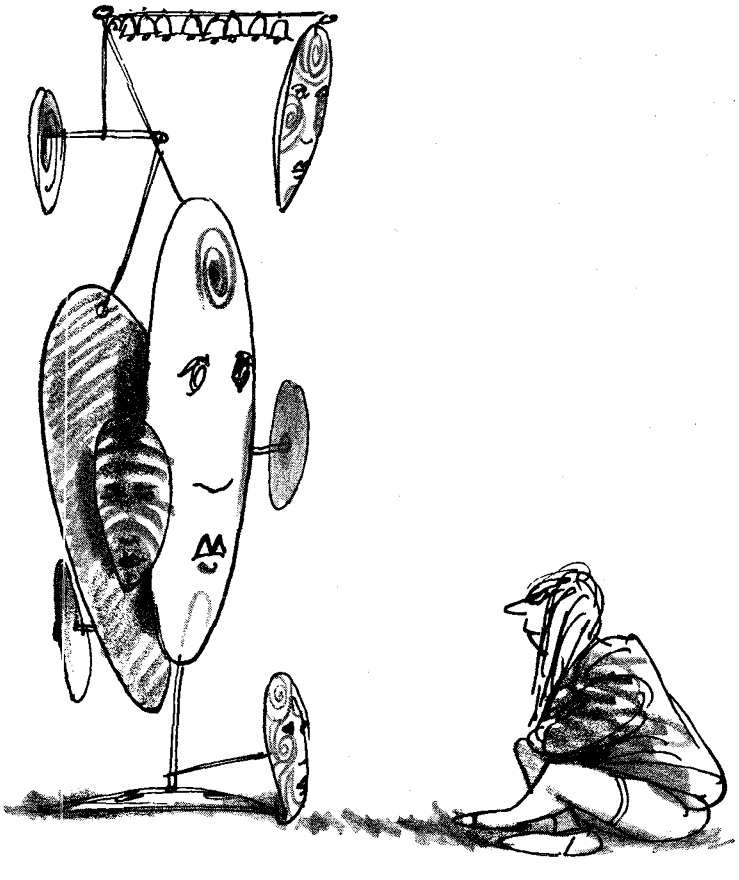
Bay gravel shook inside a tambourine.
I watched you walking out to see the dead
Horseshoe crab, its limp and twisted meat
Hanging from its shell, a floating mine.
Something like a sunburst rocked my head,
Burning in to touch me—as you had.
Since love is of the body, since your hand
Is still imprinted on my skin, I bear
The mark of Scandinavian countries
That were the gold dune-grasses of your hair.

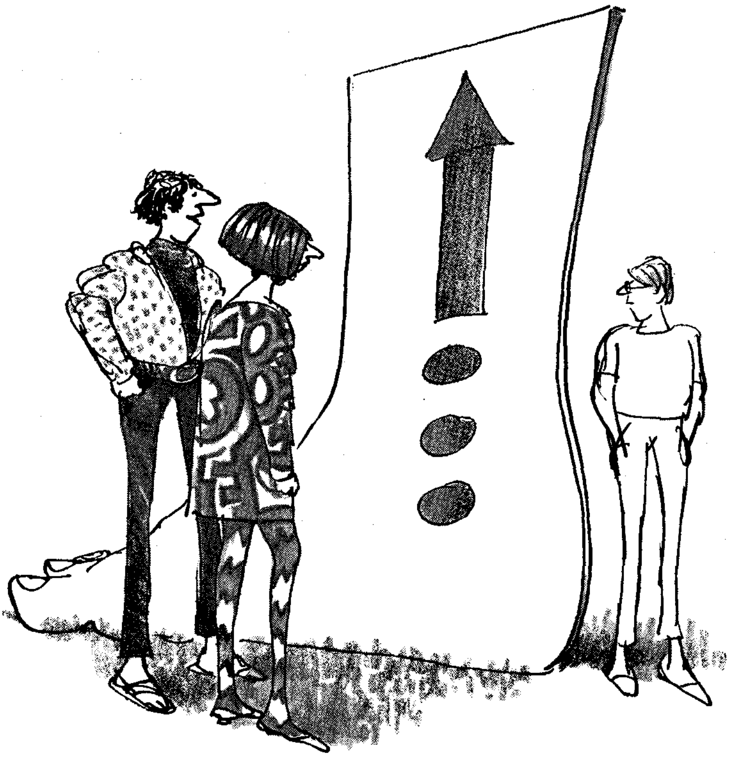
—Howard Moss

EVENT

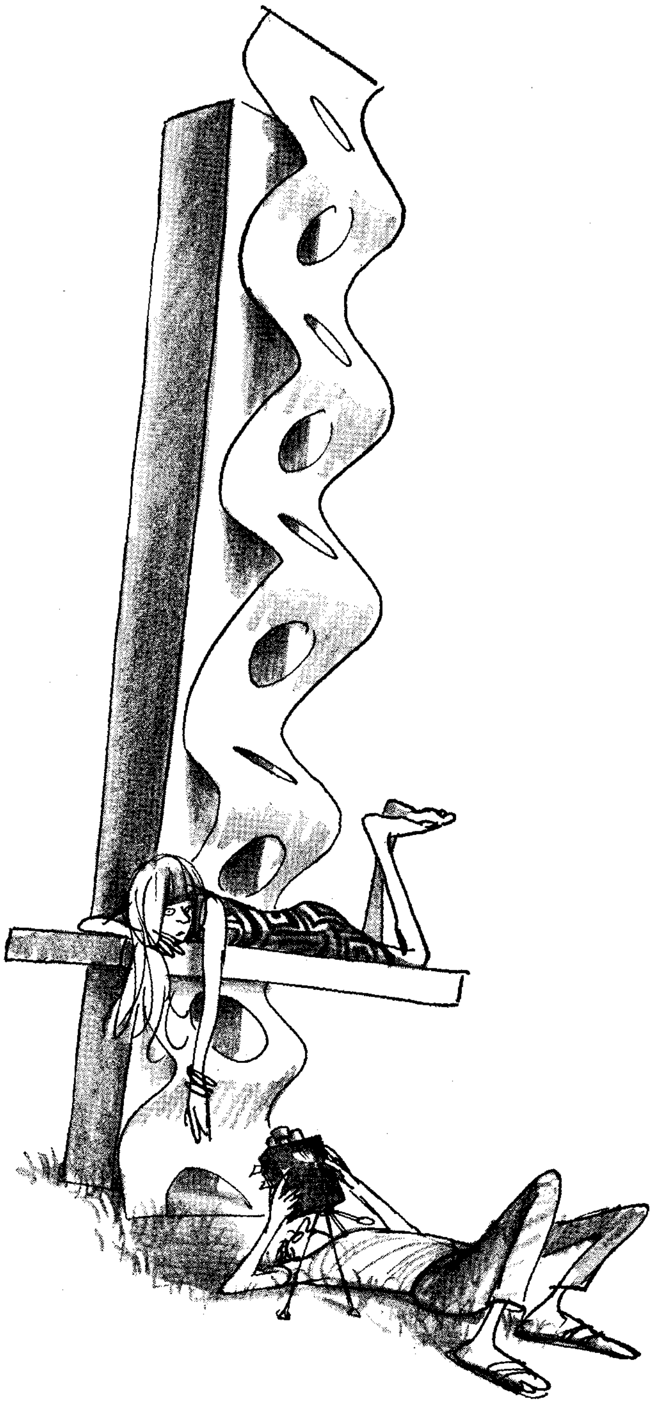


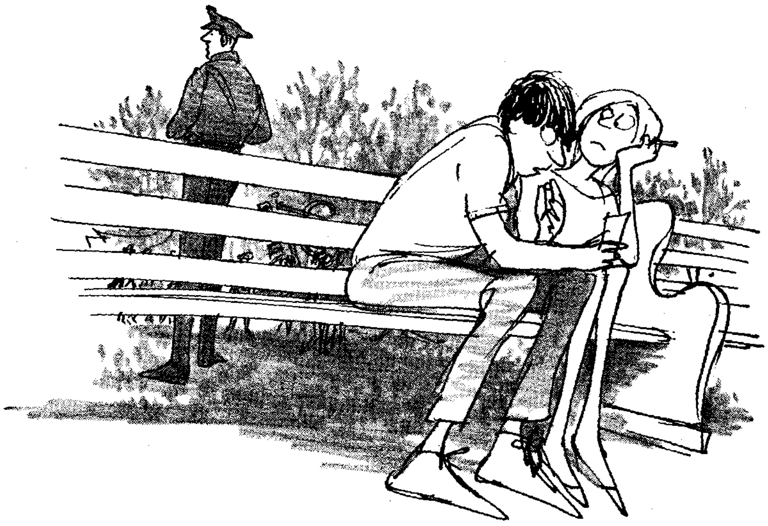
"No, thanks. I am dancing."



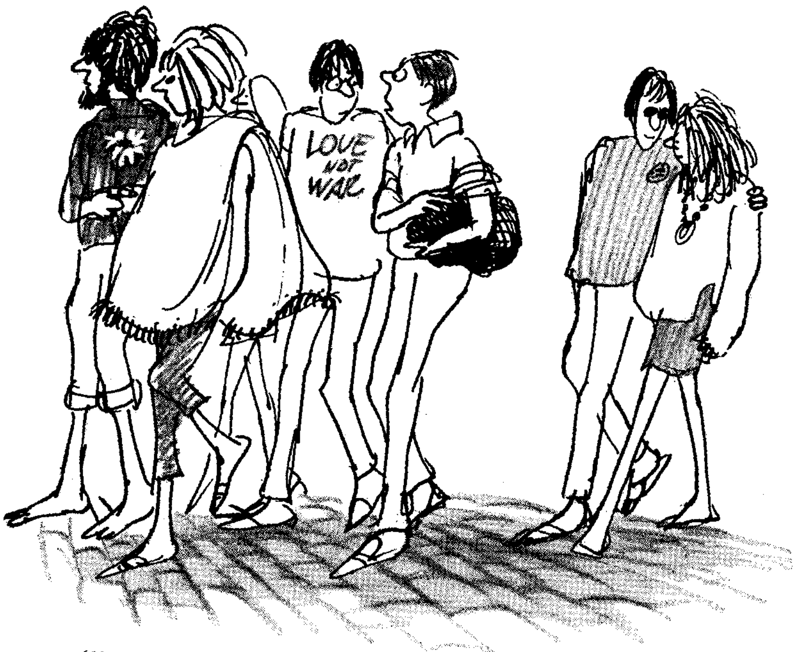


"Of course it's a hangup. That's the point."

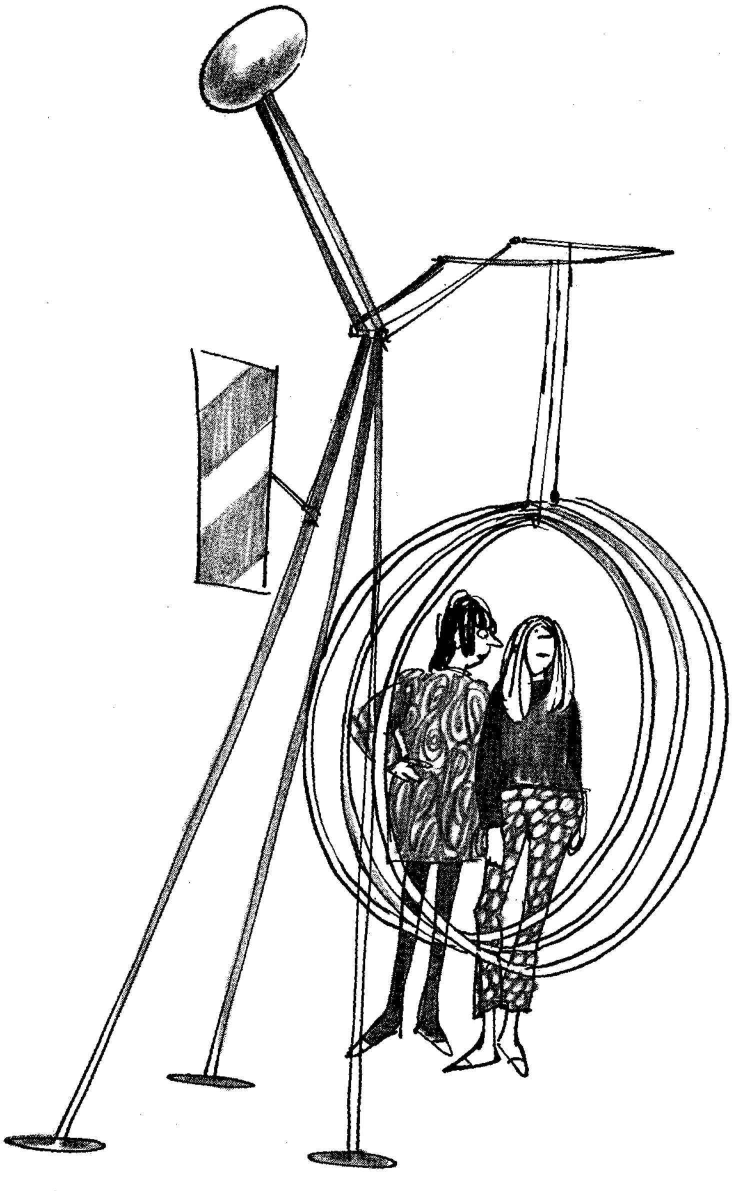




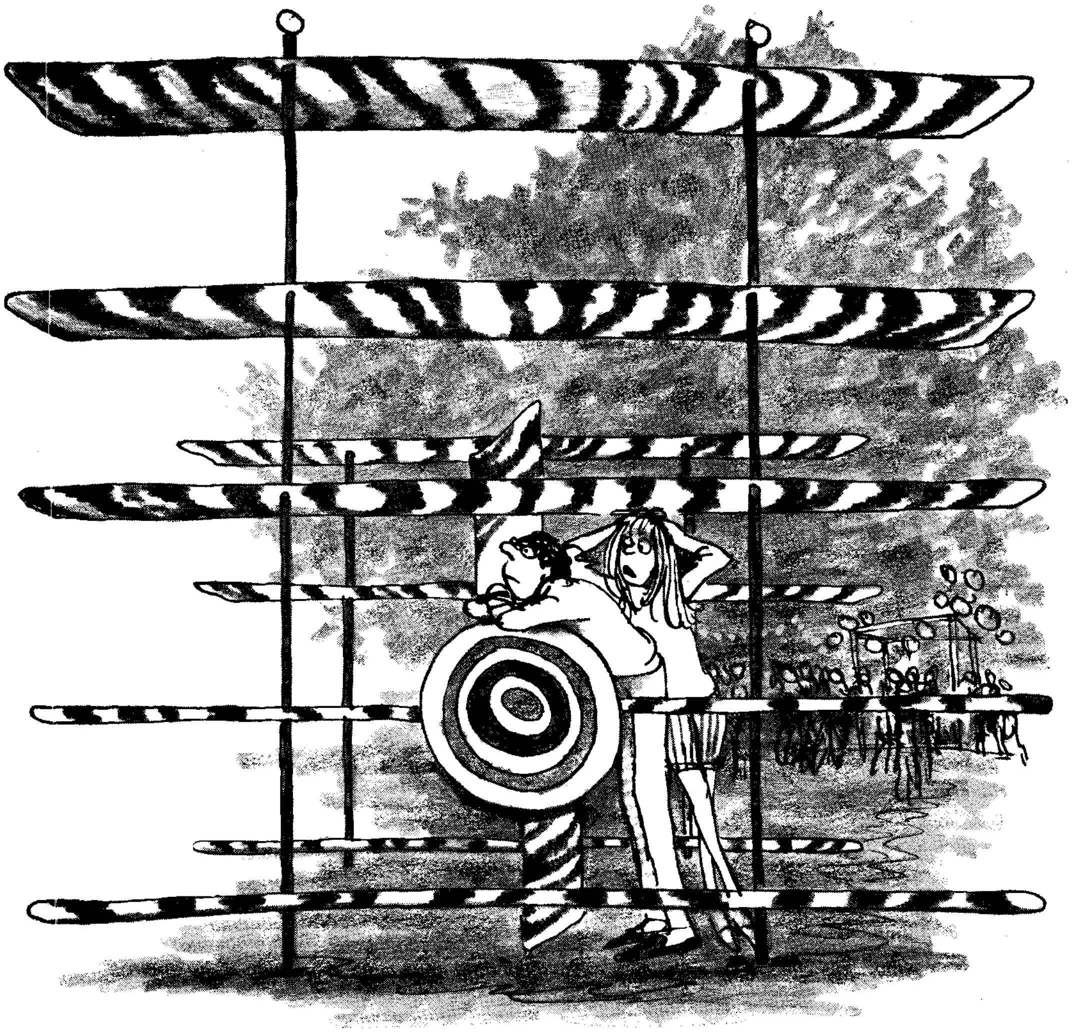
*"It's just aspirin,
but the fuzz is watching."*



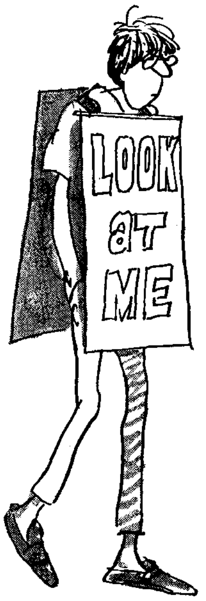
"It's my jacket. My mother made me wear it."

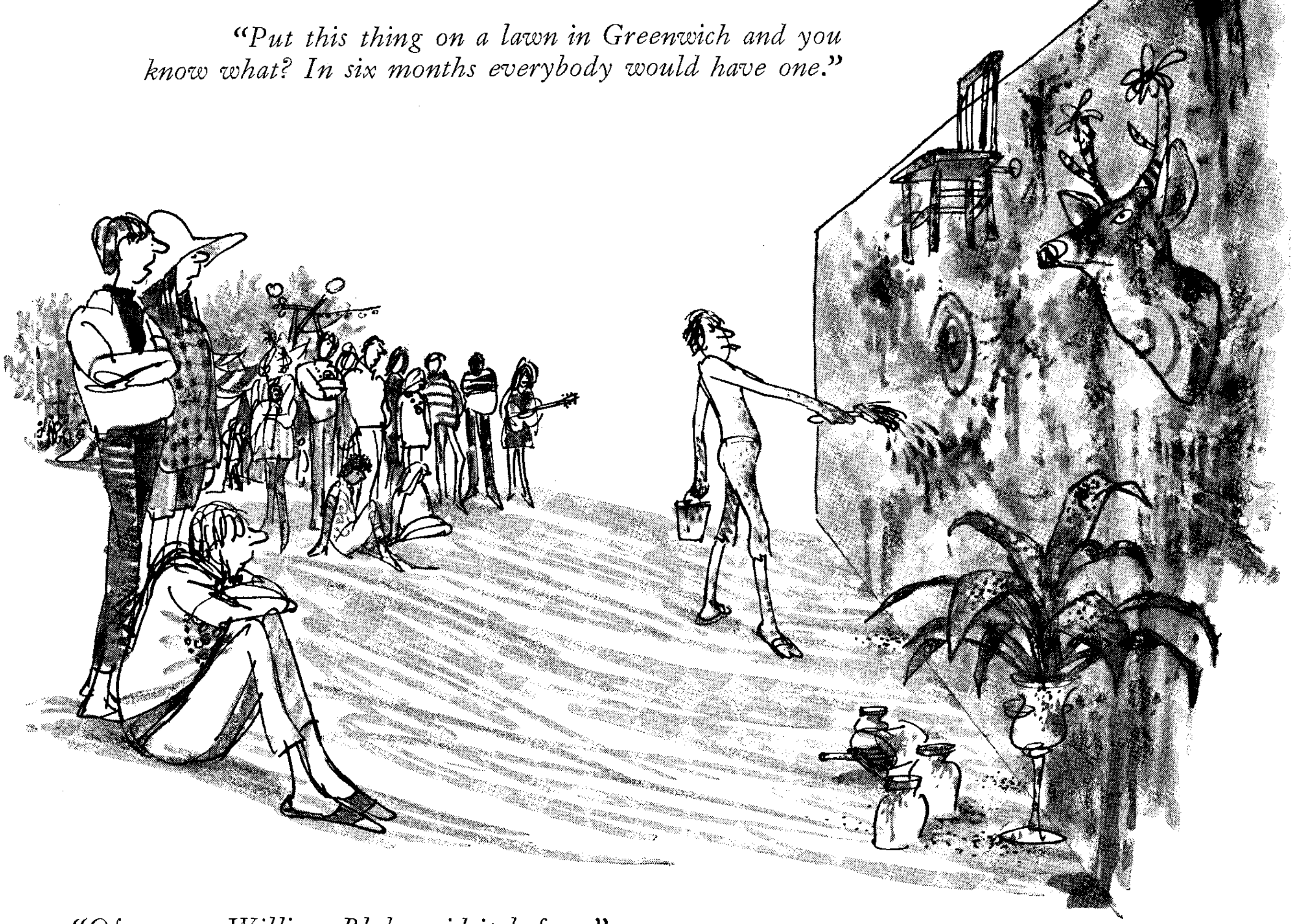


"You're supposed to either step through it or shake it. Let's step through it and shake it."

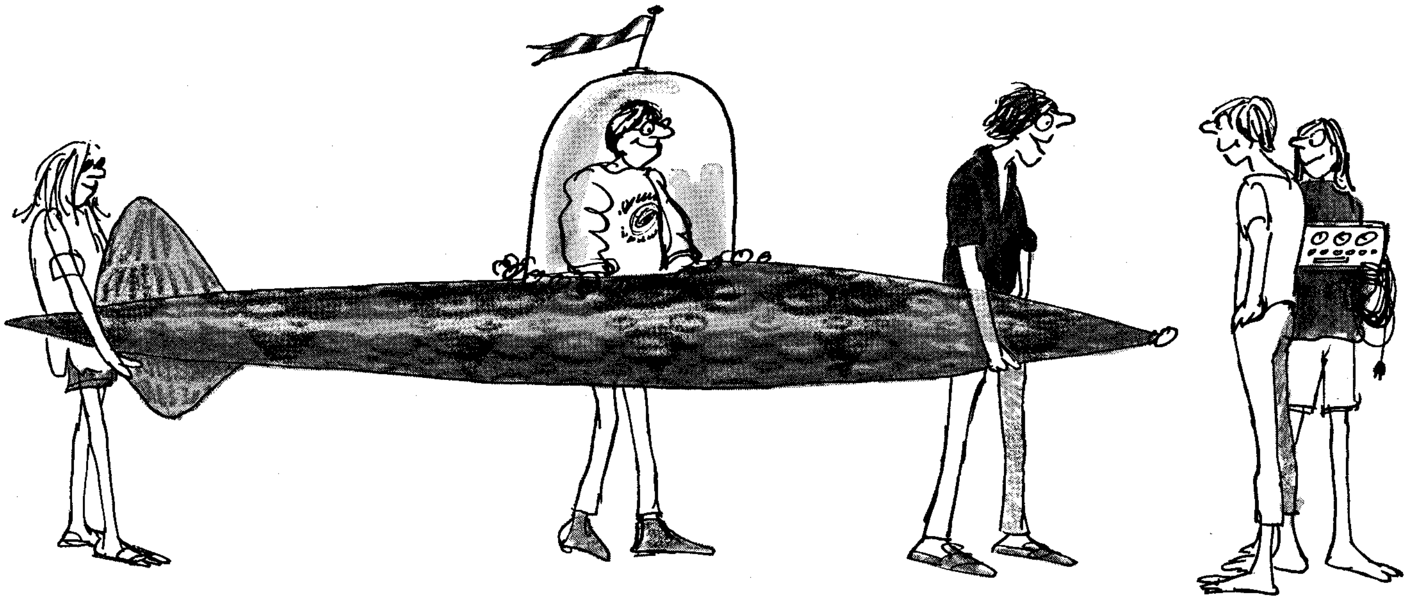


"Put this thing on a lawn in Greenwich and you know what? In six months everybody would have one."

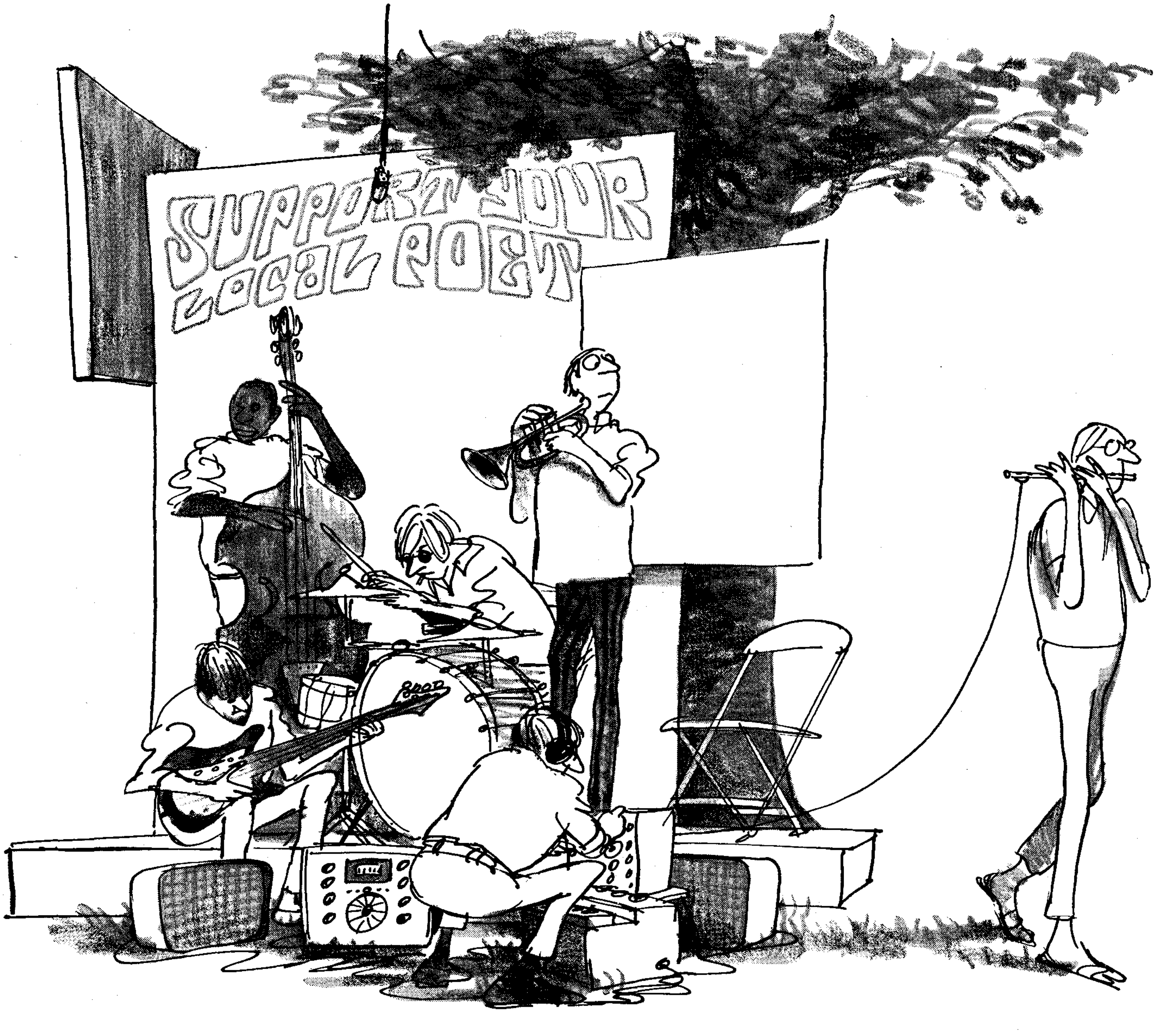


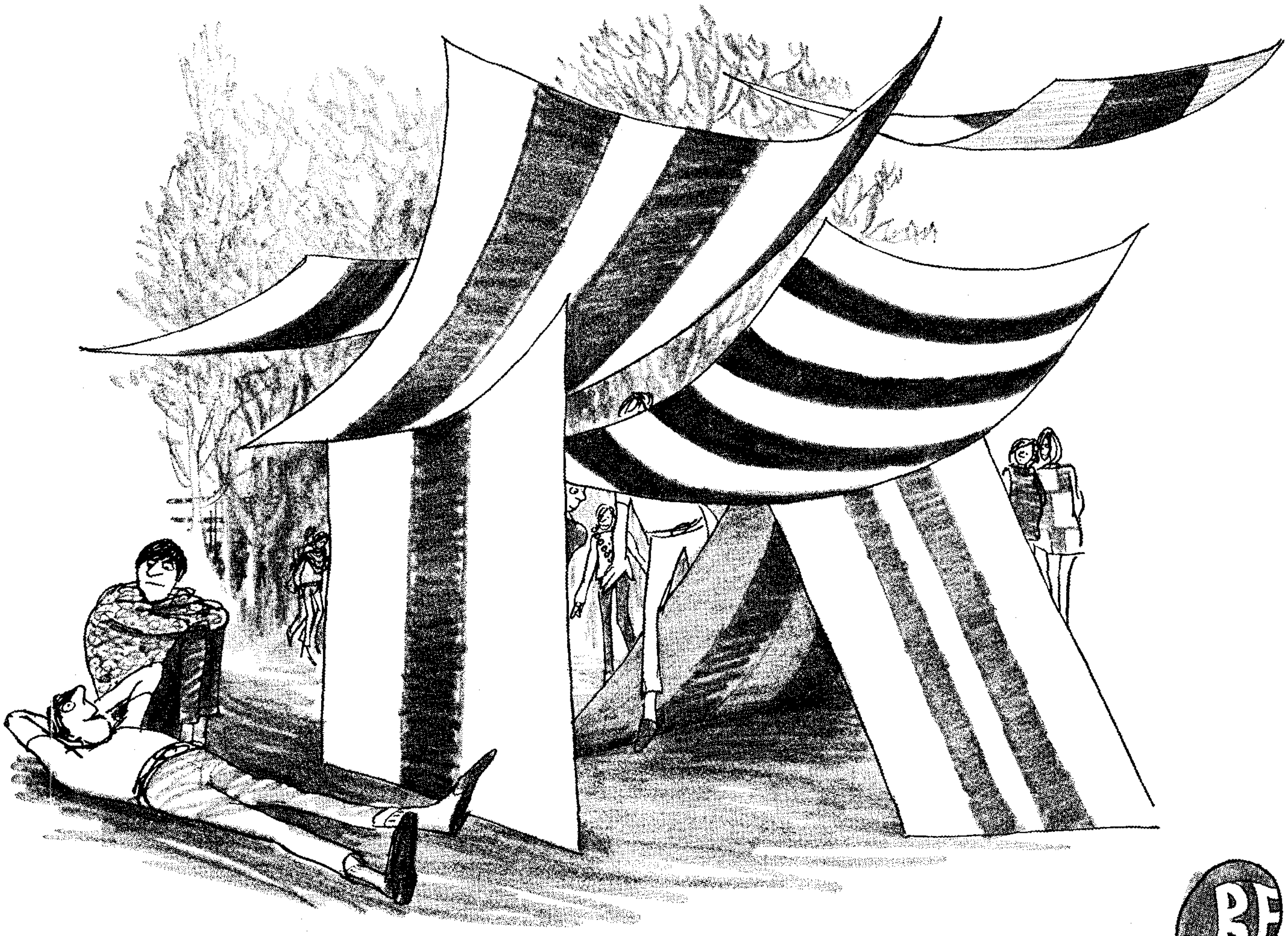


"Of course, William Blake said it before."

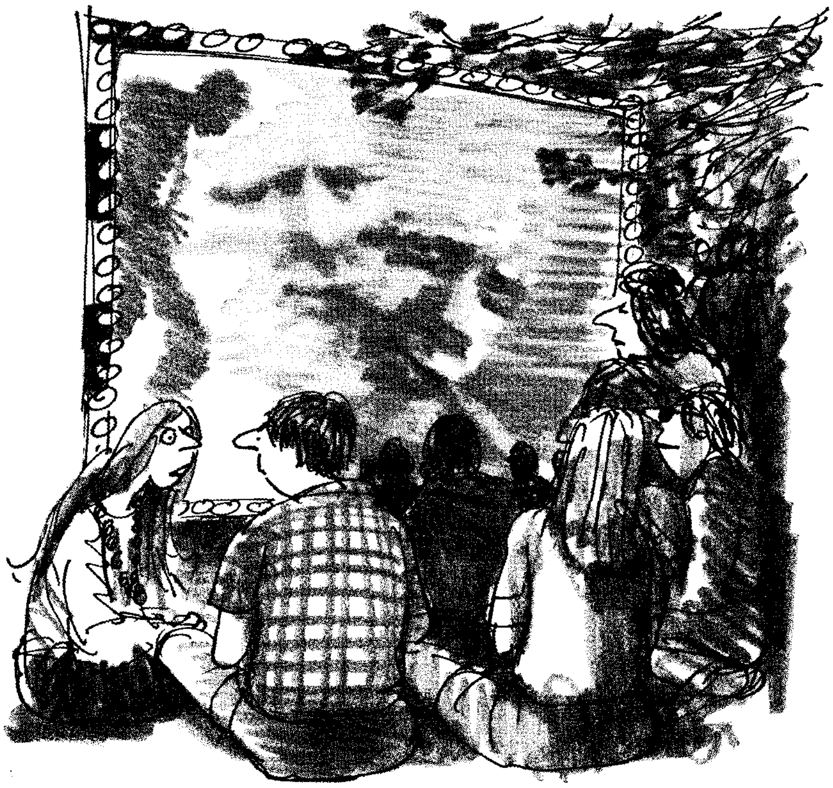


"Hey, man! We got caught up tight in traffic! Everybody said, 'What is that thing?' They all talked to each other! What a scene! Beautiful, man!"

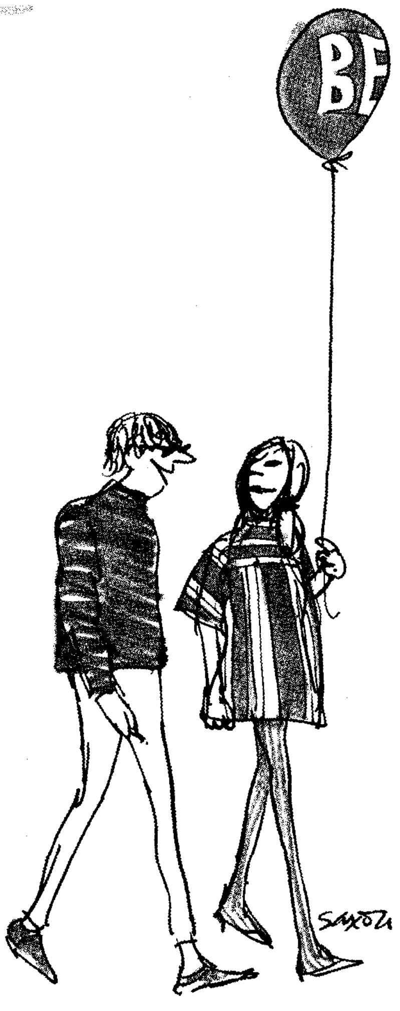

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POET



"I'm not putting you on. Look at the clouds! Listen to the birds!"



"I'll tell you why you're not turned on. It's because you're not capable of turning on."



"Groovy! Here I am chasing this balloon, and you're at the other end of it!"

BRING IN THE WHISKEY NOW, MARY

IN 1923, Lennox Robinson, the dramatist, who was then secretary of the Irish Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, was organizing rural libraries and looking for young men and women to train as librarians. The moment I heard about this, I knew that it was the very job for me and that I was the very type of person Robinson was looking for. It was not so much that I wanted to be a librarian, or even knew what being a librarian meant; it was just that never in my life had I had books enough to read and this was my opportunity.

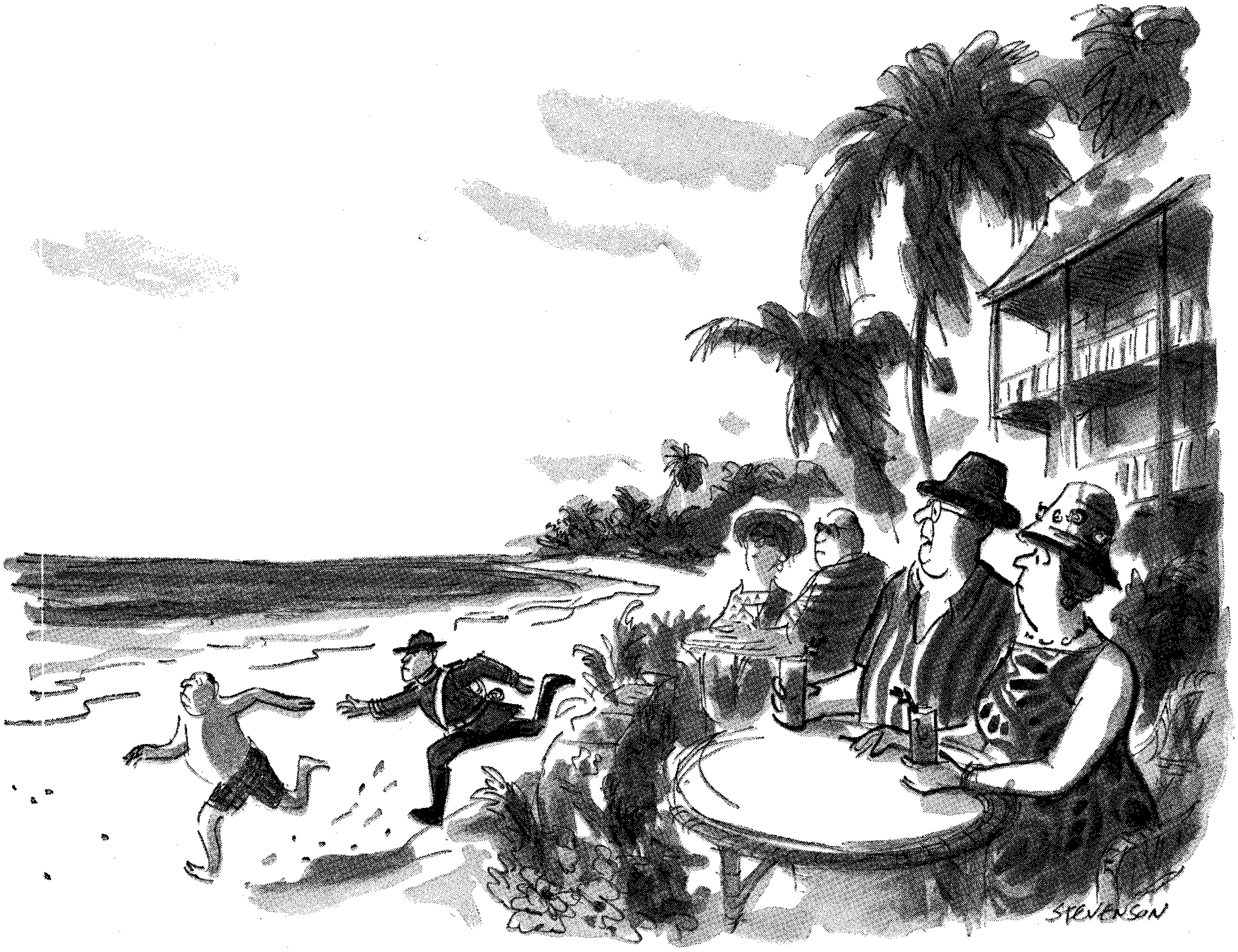
I met Robinson in the restaurant of the railway station in Cork, where he was waiting for a train to Dublin and drinking double brandies. He always looked like someone's caricature of him—long and mournful and disjointed, as though at some time he had suffered on the rack—and he spoke with a high-pitched disjointed voice. The only job he could offer me sounded hopeless: I should have to spend a year or two studying librarianship somewhere, and the salary would be thirty shillings a week, though at the end of my training I should qualify for a librarian's post at two hundred and fifty pounds a year. The latter figure, of course, was fantastic; I couldn't even imagine what anyone would do with five pounds a week. But I also knew that nobody could live away from home on thirty shillings a week. I could manage it at home but not in lodgings.

I have met some tough bargainers in my life but none quite so ruthless as Robinson. He merely looked ineffectual and sad (and God did not choose to reveal to me that within a few years he would be begging for a job from me and I would not have the sense to look ineffectual and sad), so I went home in great distress to my mother. She, poor woman, did not have much sense either, but she saw clearly that a job in a library was about the only job I was qualified for, and she timidly offered to add half a crown, or even—if she was lucky—five shillings, to the salary till something better turned up. She got a loan to buy me a decent little cardboard suitcase and packed it with my spare shirt and underpants and a few pairs of stockings she had knitted herself. I have a strong recollection that she packed a holy picture as well, for fear I might not find one in an out-of-the-way place like Sligo, and I set out for Dublin on my way to the West, like Cu Chulainn setting out for Armagh at the age of seven, though I was fourteen years older and had nothing of the heroic spirit.

"Mr. President, Delegates, and fellow-Forefathers . . ."

I found lodgings near Sligo Cathedral at twenty-seven and sixpence a week and had a whole half crown for laundry, cigarettes, and drink. Robert Wilson, the librarian, was a small nervous man with an irregular face, flushed with whiskey, and delightful brown rogue's eyes set a little to the side of his head. Though after a week or two of my clumsiness he gave me up as a bad job and began to introduce me as his "untrainable assistant," he was extraordinarily kind, drove me to every spot Yeats had written about and stopped the car while he chanted the poems with tears in those gentle, beseeching rogue's eyes, took me home to dinner in his flat and played me Vaughan Williams, and lamented the ugliness of Irish Catholicism (to which he was a convert) and the beastliness of the cathedral music. I wasn't really untrainable, but I was not very happy either. Partly I missed Cork, but partly there was a certain air of futility about the work of the library. We had village and small-town branches throughout the county, and every three months we sent them each a box or two of books by rail. We had a printed catalogue of the Three Thousand Best Books, and the local secretary made his choice from this, though as we had only one copy of each book he rarely got what he asked for. The catalogue of the Three Thousand Best Books had been compiled by an unbookish Belfastman who was rarely sober, and, like the Hundred Best Poems and the Hundred Best After-Dinner Stories, his choice left whole provinces in gloom. The Belfastman's notion of rural libraries was based on city libraries of the Victorian era, and these in their turn had been based on university libraries. Hence the importance of having only one copy of a book instead of the twenty or thirty copies that were really needed—this would decrease one's "basic stock." A library with forty thousand titles was more useful to an imaginary research student, and nobody explained to the heads of the organization that we were not dealing with research students.

After six months in Sligo I was sent as assistant to Wicklow, where a new library was to be opened. I lodged in a little huxter shop kept by a widow named Soames on the main street. The house itself seemed to be slipping gently away down from the street into the river. When you opened the unlocked



"I don't know. Maybe he bounced a check at Expo."

• •

half of the glass front door there were steps down into the shop, which never seemed to have anything but a few packets on its quite substantial shelving. Then a bell rang and Mrs. Soames, with an old coat thrown round her shoulders, came grousing and moaning up another step from the kitchen, which was on the right. She had a long, bloodless white face. Behind the shop was the sitting room, also down a step. The floor sloped alarmingly toward the little window, and the midday soup usually overflowed onto the tablecloth. It was a house of character, and very pleasant on winter evenings when the rain lashed the window and you heard the roar of shingle.

Geoffrey Phibbs, my boss, was tall and thin and dark, with a long lock of black hair that fell over one eye, a stiff, abrupt manner, a curt high-pitched voice, and a rather insolent air. There was something about him that was slightly satanic, and he flew into hysterical rages about trifles. I felt from the first evening that he disliked me intensely. He was the oldest son of a Sligo landowner, had been educated in an English public school—Haileybury, I think—and had the natural contempt of the educated man for the self-educated. He undervalued his own education; I overvalued mine; and the laboriously acquired bits and scraps of Goethe, Heine, Musset, and the Gaelic poets which with me passed for culture seemed to him mere country pedantry.

Within a very short time he became the dearest and best of my friends, and I have had many. He read my poems, which I hammered out on the office typewriter after hours, and marked them all "Rubbish!" except a few translations from the Irish, which I felt he excepted more because of the material than the treatment. He also called for me each day at my lodgings on his way to work, until one day Mrs. Soames came into the sitting room, wailing and wringing her hands, and said he was the Devil.

After this we met at his rooms and drank small glasses of cheap sherry and talked. Phibbs loved poetry as no one else I had ever known loved it, and he rapidly turned me from a reader of anthologies into a reader of poetry—a very different thing. He loved all poetry, good and bad, famous and forgotten. The pains and aches of composition, which with me went on year after year, did not seem to exist for him. We would be working together in the office and suddenly he would reach out, grab an envelope from the wastepaper basket, and begin to scribble furiously. Then he would go to the typewriter and type what he had written before he read it to me. I corrected the spelling and grammar, a process that amused and exasperated him; sometimes I thought he misspelled deliberately to keep me occupied. We were two young poets in love with our trade, and though I wasn't a real poet, I enjoyed it as though I were.

Thanks to my friendship with Phibbs, my position in life changed for the better. When he discovered how

FIVE POEMS

I

You played Chopin at ten, at my request—
  Ten in the morning, while I opened beer,
Myself a somewhat uninvited guest,
  Yourself lost in the melody, lost in fear.

The heavy nocturne like old damask hung
  In the half-empty house while your young child
Wandered half-lost between us and among
  Tables and chairs—myself silent and wild,

Yourself proud and resentful. Then you said,
  "Read one of your poems," and brought the book.
Wasn't it Baudelaire's "Giantess" I read,
  That I'd translated on a troopship?
                                                  Look,
Eleven months have passed and the birds sing
Since that strange morning that changed everything.

II

There are also the dark exciting days of
The dark night of the soul,
The sound of the phone like a pistol shot,
And the mailman like a dangerous friend,
And the master bedroom like a room redone
In a cool museum and cordoned off
With a silky thick and python rope
And the great bed like a grave.

So may there be a name like the prayer om—
Name that strikes like a match in a black cave.

III

How do I love you? I don't even know,
  Now we're cut off again like a bad phone.
(Faulty communications are my middle name.)
  Everything is the same and not the same;
You are still here but also you are gone,
  And soon I shall be far away also.
How does it matter that I wish you well,
  That no one weaken your resolve to go?
How do I love you? Is it just a game
  To love your sadness and possess your name?
And now you have no reason to be sad,
  Do I lose the little of you that I had?
And if I've lost you who is there to blame?
  (Faulty communications are my middle name.)

IV

It's morning and I meet your morning mind
Like flakking open the Venetian blind
Or better yet those signal lights at sea
On darkened battleships that dangerously
Send absolute messages only each to each.
Today you say I cannot take that beach.
Tonight you say we'll try. Ah, but the war
Is over and we lie on chosen shore—
Some Saint-Tropez where morning is our night
And there are no more enemies to fight
Except love's own sweet battle. Lie in my arms
Naked and open to the ten thousand storms
I dream of rocketing into your loins
And deep into your sea where no sun shines.

V

In St. Louis in a hundred and four degrees,
I bought an aquamarine of purest cut,
Then drove eight hundred miles just like a breeze
To place it on your finger, "on my knees"
Engaging you, I guess—I don't know what—
To be my wife, to make your hand my hand.
That afternoon you shed your wedding band
You little knew, nor I, how deeply wed
We were to one another, ring or no ring,
How truly oned and all those vows all said
That lovers trade to bind up everything.
Now let our marriage steadily increase
Till I have banded you and signed our lease
And kissed you for the justice of the peace.

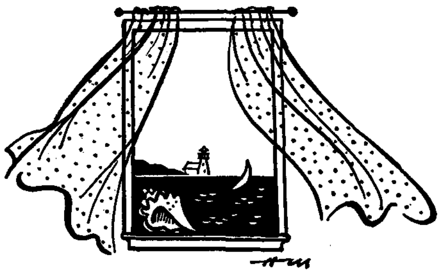
—KARL SHAPIRO

• •

hard up I was and that I had to borrow the library bicycle one night each week to cycle out into the mountains and teach Irish for the sake of the five shillings, he wrote a cruel and witty letter to the Carnegie Trust about it. They replied handsomely by return, apologizing for Lennox Robinson's meanness, increasing my salary to two pounds ten a week and promising a further increase to three pounds ten when the trustees met.

Even in Big Business, overnight increases of more than a hundred per cent do not often occur, and when they do they do not involve the same distinction between poverty and wealth. I became reckless, and when I went home on holiday got my aunt's husband, who was a tailor, to make me a suit—the first I had owned since I was a small boy—and a shirtmaker to make me two green shirts. These were a tribute to Phibbs, who always wore green shirts and a black bow tie. The problem of how to get a broad-brimmed hat like his had to be deferred till I reached a country where poets were respected and hats made to suit them.

Naturally, I agreed to sign with him a manifesto against Yeats, to whom he had a great aversion—first because the Yeatses had been in trade and second because Yeats (who, as I later realized, was half blind and had offended half Dublin by trying to be polite and call people by their names) had addressed him as "Coulter." George Russell, the editor of the *Irish Statesman*, who never wrote under his own name, and was universally known to his friends by his pen name "Æ," made some slighting reference to our manifesto, and Phibbs and I called to protest. Russell did his editing from an attic room in a Georgian house in Merrion Square, which he had papered in brown wrapping paper and decorated with gods and goddesses in dark browns and golds. He sat behind a big desk to the side of the fireplace—a big, burly North of Ireland Presbyterian with wild hair and beard and a pipe



hanging from his discolored teeth. With him was his secretary, Susan Mitchell, a deaf woman with a sweet, faded face, who was supposed to have loved him Platonically for the best part of her life.

Phibbs, like many of the younger writers, despised Russell, whom he regarded as an old windbag. I was prepared to do the same, but while we were still arguing Phibbs said, "The difference between your generation and ours is that we have had no youth." "Oh, really?" Russell replied, looking at him with an air of genuine concern, and I disgraced myself by a roar of laughter, in which Russell joined. One of his favorite quotations was a phrase from "The Three Musketeers": "I perceive if we do not kill one another we shall be good friends," and I think at that moment Russell and I decided we should be friends, for as we were leaving he put his arm round my shoulder and said, "Send me something for the paper."

I did, and he printed it. I also mastered my timidity and visited him in his house in Rathgar one Sunday evening. I went through the performance I was to go through so often in later years: I climbed the steps, pulled the bell, heard the smelly old dog begin to yelp, and then Russell, shouting and kicking excitedly at the dog, pulled me in by the hand. He had the usual Dublin combination of living and dining room, filled with paintings, mostly by himself, and all in glaring colors that matched the glaring overhead light.

For the first hour he sat uneasily in his big chair in the middle of the room, intent on the doorbell, which was always anticipated by the infernal dog. Visitors to Dublin—Americans, Japanese, and Chinese—were always dropping in, as well as a gang of adoring old ladies. He lectured to them all, telling American agriculturists how to organize coöperatives and Indians how to understand Gandhi, and suggesting new themes to poets and storytellers. He talked in set patterns and phrases, which had endured for years—some of which indeed could be traced back to his boyhood. "You know, Æ," I said to him years later, "back in 1904 Joyce has you saying, 'The only question about a work of art is out of how deep a life does it spring.' "

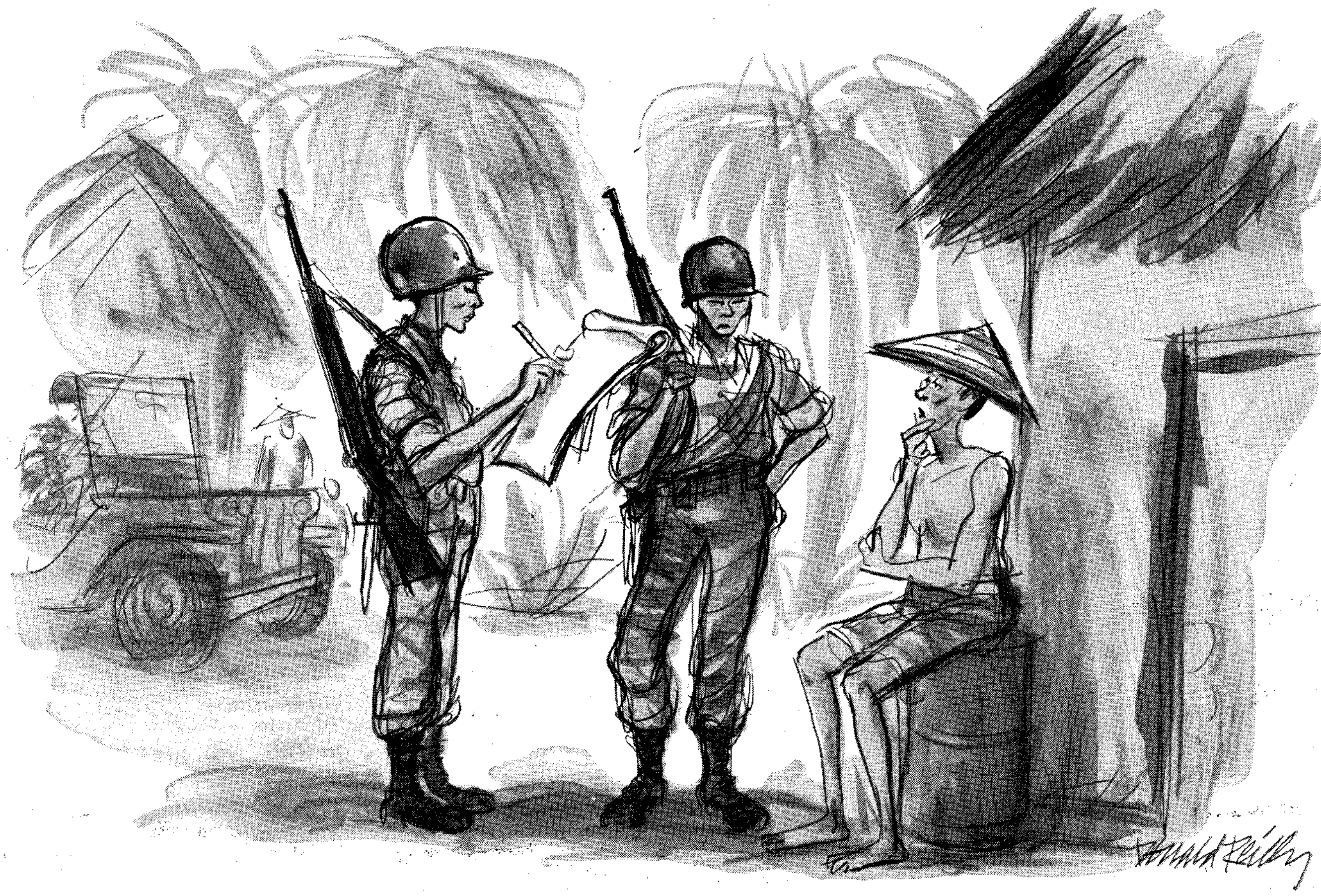
"Well, that's clever of him," Russell replied. "That's true, you know. I may have said that." He said it at least once a day.

He was a creature of habit, and his conversation, like his life, like his pictures, ran in patterns—well-formed phrases, ideas, quotations, and anecdotes that he repeated year after year without altering an inflection. He was unskillful in the way he introduced them, and they were usually so general in their application that they had a tendency to obliterate the point under discussion. "Leonardo advised young painters to study the stains in old marble to discover compositions for their own paintings" was a standard phrase that was exceedingly difficult to relate to any subject one was considering.

It was this repetitiousness that got him the reputation of a windbag among people like Phibbs, and I understood the criticism even though I disagreed with it. In point of fact, Russell was a man of intense intellectual vitality; ideas came to him almost too readily. And his experience, when he chose to draw on it, was profound and varied, particularly when he remembered it casually as a result of something someone had just said and it came to him with the freshness of a theme rediscovered.

When the occasional visitors left to catch the last tram, two or three regular ones, like Osborn Bergin, the great Irish scholar, and C. P. Curran, a barrister who was a friend of James Joyce, remained behind, and the talk—politi-

"First you forget the flag!
Now you tell me you don't know how to yodel!"



"If the election were held today? Gee, let me see . . ."

cal and literary gossip—improved enormously. When we rose to go, Russell cried, "Oh, books! You must have books!" On one wall of the room there was a tall shelf of religious books that no one was allowed to borrow, but the big, low bookcase beside it was free to everybody. Russell, a poor boy himself, had in his youth picked up an occasional book in a second-hand store and made his soul on it, learning whole pages by heart—his verbal memory was extraordinary—and he was convinced that everyone must love books as he did. He would squat cross-legged before the bookcase, grab a new book, lift his glasses to read from it, his shortsighted eyes skipping from line to line, and then look up at you happily, beaming. "Isn't that good?" he would ask. "Isn't that clever? Don't you like that? Doesn't he interest you? . . . Ah, but here's something you *will* like."

I don't think I ever left that house or the office without an armful of books—good, bad, and indifferent. And once when I was in hospital for a period, Russell regularly sent me parcels of them—to raise my soul above the troubles of the flesh, as he explained.

He was that sort of man. Within half an hour he enveloped you in a universal curiosity and affection, in which shyness was forgotten. It was like an old fur coat, a little bit musty and definitely designed for someone of nobler stature, but though it might overwhelm you, it never left you feeling cold. He would find you a new doctor, a new wife, a new lodging, or a new job, and if you were ill would cheerfully come and nurse you.

Phibbs resented the old fur coat, but I, who found it hard enough to write a letter and almost impossible to wrap up a parcel, appreciated the fury of affection that went into all that vague letter writing, picture giving, and parcel sending. It all came out of a great emotional abundance like that of one of the nineteenth-century writers Russell loved so much—Hugo or Dumas. And it was always a mystery to me how that emotional volcano poured forth nothing but little twelve-line lyrics in which every second word was vague and literary.

As all Russell's discoveries had to be pronounced on by Yeats, Russell ordered me to visit Yeats on one of his Monday evenings. In those days, Sunday was Russell's night, Monday Yeats', Tuesday afternoon Sarah Purser's, Sunday afternoon Seumas O'Sullivan's. Yeats' Mondays were peculiar in that they were all male; on Monday nights he discussed sex except when Lady Gregory was staying, and of course it would be my rotten luck to be ordered to the presence when she was staying and no one else came, so that I had to face Yeats and herself alone. At that time I did not know Mrs. Yeats, who, I later found, could manage to make even me feel at home. To complete my confusion, Lady Gregory wore a mantilla, as though for an audience with the Pope.

It was all too much for a raw youth who was terrified of social occasions anyhow. Yeats' study was kept deliberately dark, and everything in it was expensive and beautiful—the masks from his dance plays, the tall bookcases with the complete sets of the classics, and the long orderly table with the tall silver candlesticks. And nothing less like Russell could be imagined than the tall man in the well-cut blue suit with the silk shirt and bow tie who came shuffling in, holding his hand out high as though he expected you to kiss his ring—a beautiful ring, as it happened. Never could you imagine an Irish countryman giving Yeats an approving look and shouting, "Bring in the whiskey now, Mary, and be *continually* bringing in the hot water," which was how

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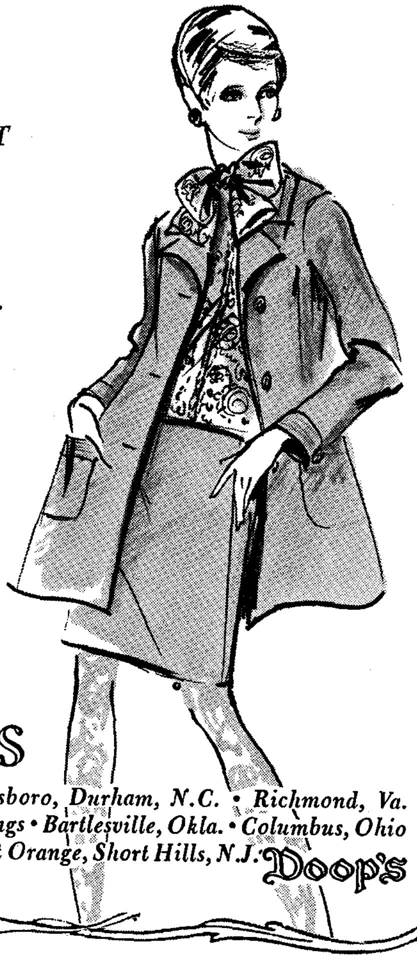

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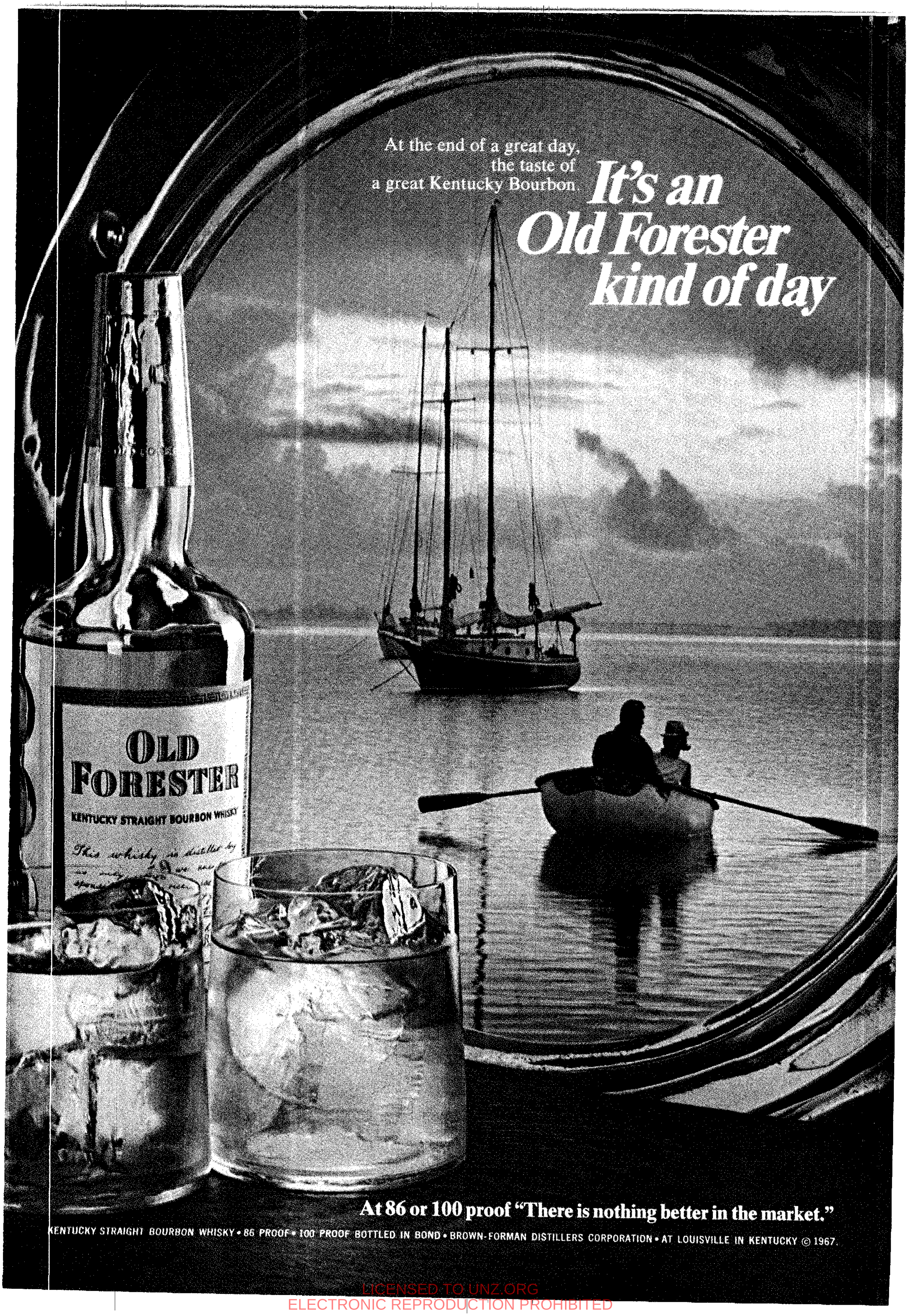
Russell was received in one Irish town. The very sight of Yeats at our door would send Mother scuttling to her bedroom. There was something ecclesiastical about the blind man's stare, the ceremonial washing of the hands, and the languid unction of the voice. That night I noticed that he said "weld" and "midder" for "world" and "murder." And yet once or twice when he raised his eyes to look at me, I noticed something I had already noticed in Lennox Robinson—the way you could see under the mask to the boy beneath. In Robinson the boy was a practical joker, a brat who had already done something terrible to your bed, but the boy behind Yeats' mask was one who had been kept in on a summer day and looked at you, trapped and despairing, from his bedroom window.

I WAS now comparatively well off, but the job of librarian in Cork was coming up, and I dreamed of it. To my surprise, Russell was violently opposed to my taking it at all. There were other jobs I could get within twenty or thirty miles of Dublin, and he wanted me to apply for one of these. Then I should be on the spot if a job turned up in Dublin itself, and meanwhile I could spend my weekends in town. He simply could not understand that I did not particularly want to live in Dublin, and he had the lowest view of Cork. "My dear fellow," he said, "you won't be able to stand that hole for six months."

What astonishes me now looking back on the period is that I did not even understand what he was getting at. Is it that young writers have no sense of fear? I was prudent enough. When I used the pseudonym Frank O'Connor I left myself a loophole against the sort of mistake Lennox Robinson made when he published under his own name, while he was still secretary of the Irish Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, a story that made a good deal of trouble for him; but the real dangers I did not see at all, then or for years after.

I got the job in Cork, with a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year, and for the first time in its history the little house in Harrington Square was put beyond the threat of destitution. Mother rented a gas stove so she could cook properly, and had gas installed in the kitchen and in the front room. She bought a second-hand carpet for this room, which had never been lived in except by lodgers, a round table (a little bit unsound on its one leg), and a Morris chair, which she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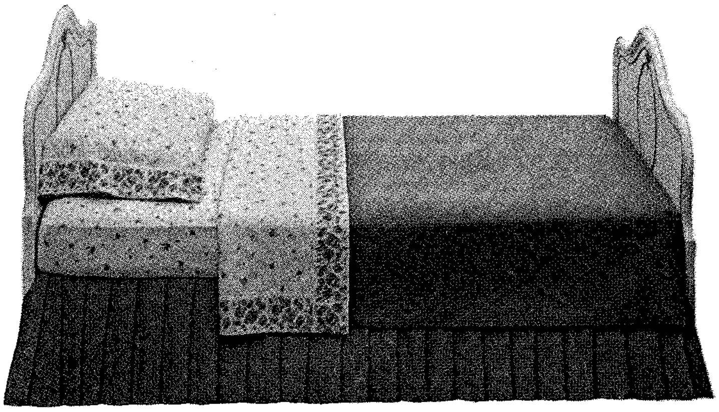

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placed right under the gas burner she had installed in place of the crazy old paraffin lamp with the corrugated reflector, which was the only light I had had to work by up to now. I bought myself a second-hand typewriter, a print of some Degas dancers which I had long coveted, a Gramophone, and a few records of Mozart and Beethoven. I also got the local carpenter to make me a fitted bookcase that ran the length of one wall. And I bought a black suit to go with the green shirt and the black bow tie. "We writers, ma'am," as Disraeli said to Queen Victoria. But beyond this my imagination, which was strictly conditioned to the interior life, did not function.

At first it was pleasure enough for me to be back with money in my pocket among those neighbors I had grown up with, some of whom had regarded me as a half-wit and a ne'er-do-well and some of whom had thought I had something in me if I only got the chance. Even Mother, ordinarily so humble, had her little moments of satisfaction—as when an ambitious woman who had refused to salute me when I was poor took her aside to ask if the books I was always reading when I was a boy were all about being a librarian. "I didn't bother to enlighten her," Mother said stiffly.

But Russell was right. I wasn't at home a month before I realized what I'd done. It wasn't only that I'd slipped back into the family atmosphere and the little house in Harrington Square; from the twenties, where Phibbs was, and where I felt I belonged, I had slipped straight back into the eighteen-nineties, and they threatened to suffocate me.

On my first morning at work I went to consult the secretary of the County Council. I had a check for a large sum from the Carnegie Trust in my pocket, and I wanted instructions about where I should lodge it. I also had to select premises for my library and get insurance on them. Under those circumstances, it was customary to go to the senior local official, who referred you to the Council's bankers and insurance agents. I arrived at the secretary's office at ten o'clock and was told he was at Mass. This sort of message is one that every Irishman automatically accepts. About eleven-thirty he came strolling in. A number of people seemed to be waiting for him, and he shouted at one, got involved with another, and whatever the subject was, managed to change it. For the best part of half an hour I tried to get him to talk to me as the secretary of the Wicklow County Council had talked to me, but he

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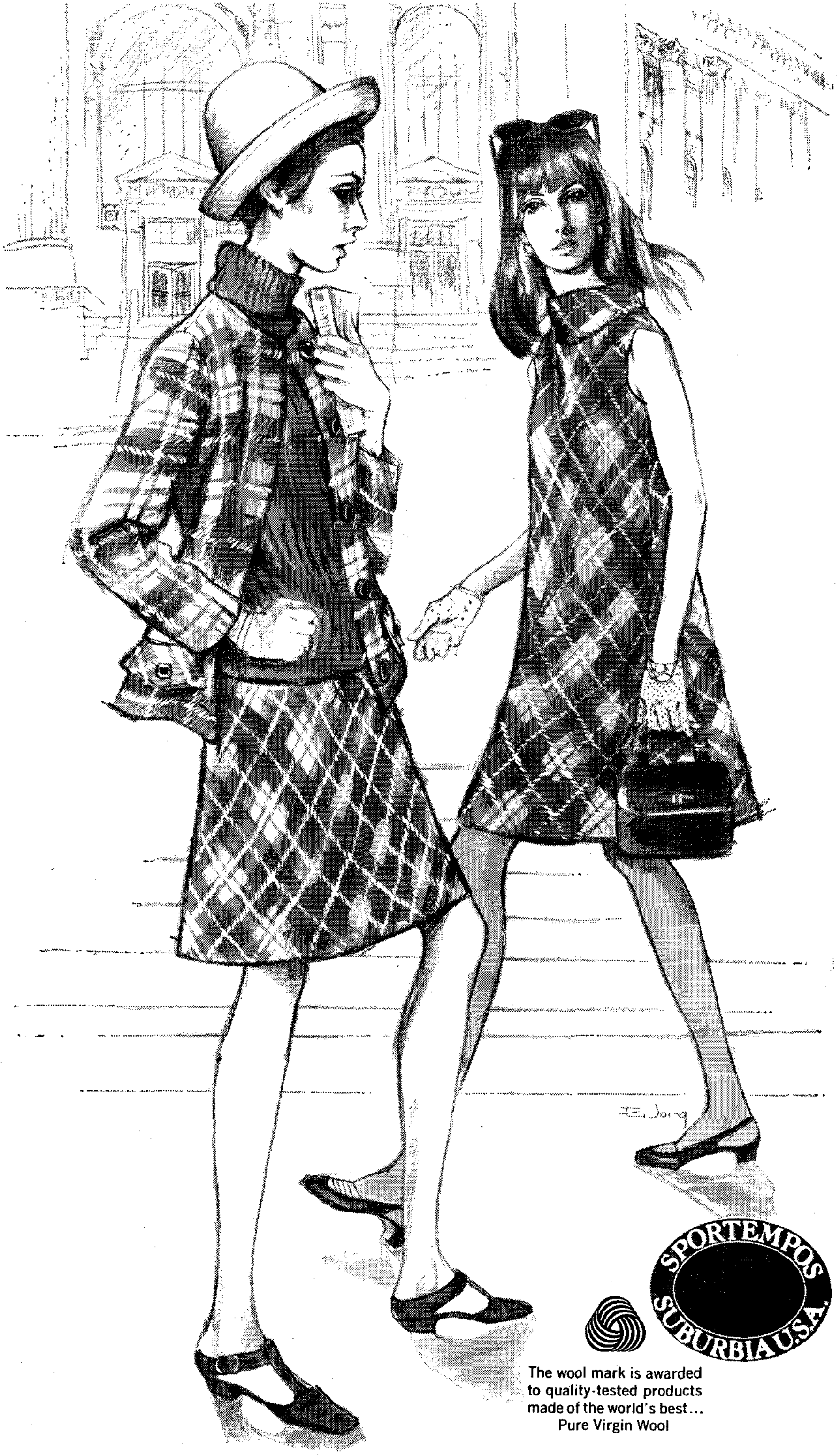
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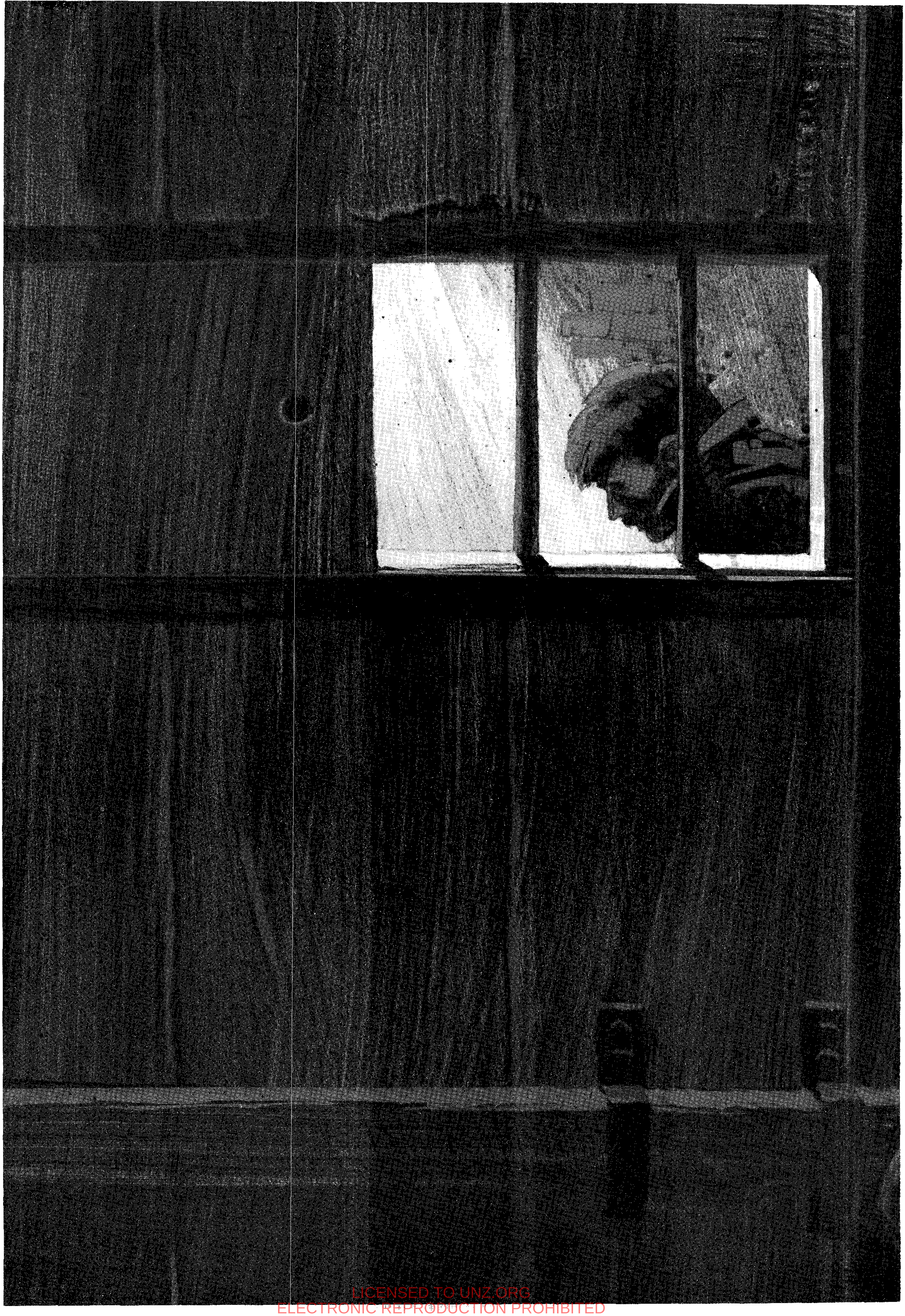

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For example:

1. Eisenhower's plan to halt crime. The former President speaks his mind on the alarming increase in crime. He explores the connection between riots and protest demonstrations, and discusses the basic cause of America's growing lawlessness. The article is entitled *We Should Be Ashamed* and you'll find in it a challenging new idea that could reverse a dangerous trend.

2. Who wins a strike? Are the consequences of a prolonged strike ever worth the enormous economic waste? Does anyone really win? Enlightened unions and management are now proving that strikes can be eliminated. The new techniques set forth in this article describe a new approach which Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz calls "creative bargaining."

3. Japan's quiet war against Mao. In a bold effort to create a new Asia, the Japanese are using the resources of their free and flourishing economy. Throughout Asia they are helping to build economic and political stability. Here is a picture of progress—in Thailand, Malaysia, Indonesia, Korea, Formosa and the Philippines.

4. TV news—the unreal world. The camera can make a few excited people into a mob, and completely ignore a quiet majority. Why do newscasters exaggerate events and distort the "news"? And what should be the true job of TV newsmen? A provocative article condensed from *Horizon.* It will give you a better view of the picture on your screen.

5. How much space does a man need? Scientists have found that overcrowding, especially in cities, can lead to delinquency, sexual deviations and even physical illness. This perceptive article tells how a traffic jam or a crowded beach can affect your own well-being. Included are 5 steps the average person can take to help make our cities more livable.

6. Making habits work for you. Many of us waste our creative energies, limit our chances for success, simply because of poor habits. What are the right habits—the ones that can lead to success? An eminent psychologist lists them, and gives 4 rules for acquiring them.

7. The teacher gap—how to close it. The United States is facing a critical shortage of schoolteachers. Among the reasons: rigid and outmoded requirements that bar qualified individuals. Here is an informed assessment of what can be done to reverse the trend and put new life in the teaching profession.

Also in the August issue:

Tyranny in the Internal Revenue Service
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evaded me every time. Finally the Angelus bell rang from the church behind us, and he climbed onto his desk—a tall old-fashioned desk like a lectern—joined his hands, and closed his eyes. "Ah, let me say me prayers!" he snapped angrily. And that was all the instruction I ever got from him.

I went to the manager of the bank used by the County Council and asked to be allowed to open an account with the check in my wallet, and the manager practically implied that I must have stolen it. "When you produce a resolution signed by the chairman of your committee, Mr. O'Donovan," he said curtly. At that point there *was* no library committee. And I had never in my life had a bank account, or more money on a check than accounted for my own miserable salary. I was distracted. But I did know one member of the County Council, and I went to see him in his office. He was a big fat man and he normally seemed to move with great difficulty, but he moved like a bird the moment I told him my sad story. "Leave it to me, boy," he said, and took me straight to his own bank, where the manager received me very kindly and said there would be no difficulty whatever, and when I left, an account had been opened on behalf of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. Before a week was over, I had a score of councillors in, complaining that I had passed on the account of a subcommittee of the Cork County Council to an unauthorized bank. When I said the County Council's bank had refused to accept the check from me, it was obvious that they didn't believe me. By the time the secretary had done with organizing my committee, it consisted of a hundred and ten members, and anybody who has ever had to deal with a public body will not need to be told what that meant. I knew my Turgenev and my Tolstoy, but they were useless when applied to the world about me. What I needed was a strong dose of Gogol, and Gogol had never appealed to me.

But if I didn't know what was going on, other people did. There was a small group of old-fashioned Republicans on the Council which did its damnedest to have the secretary fired, but whenever the battle was pitched the secretary won. His technique was fantastic. He could be dignified. When that failed he would clown, and there is nothing that the majority of men prefer to a clown. When the hunt became too fierce, he would grab at a pile of correspondence and say, "Gentlemen, in connection with what we are discussing, I have be-

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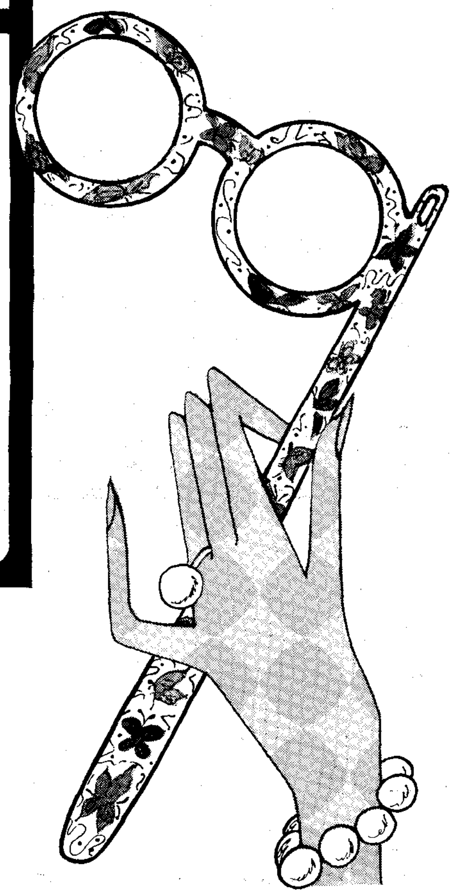

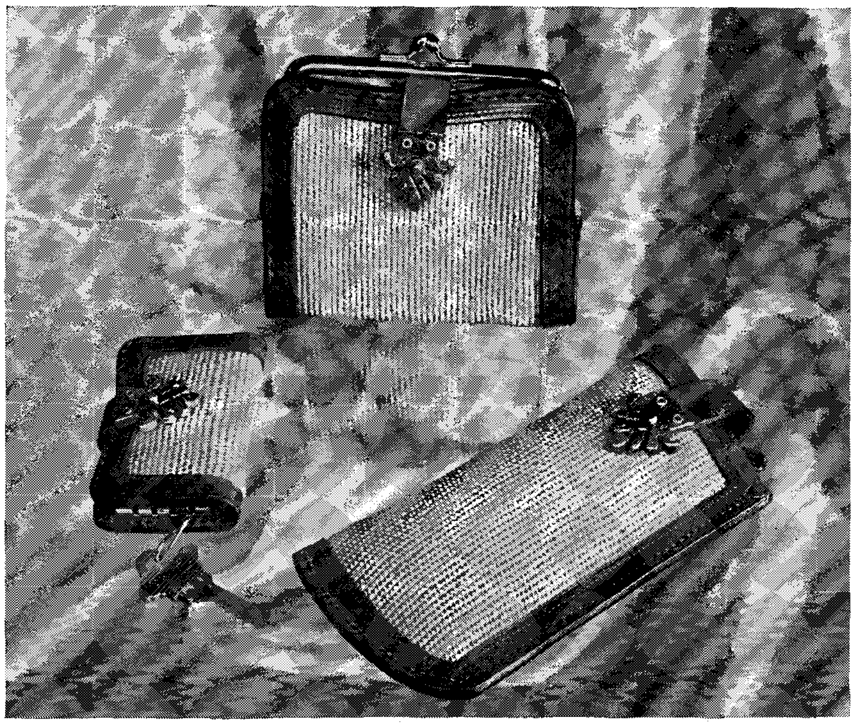

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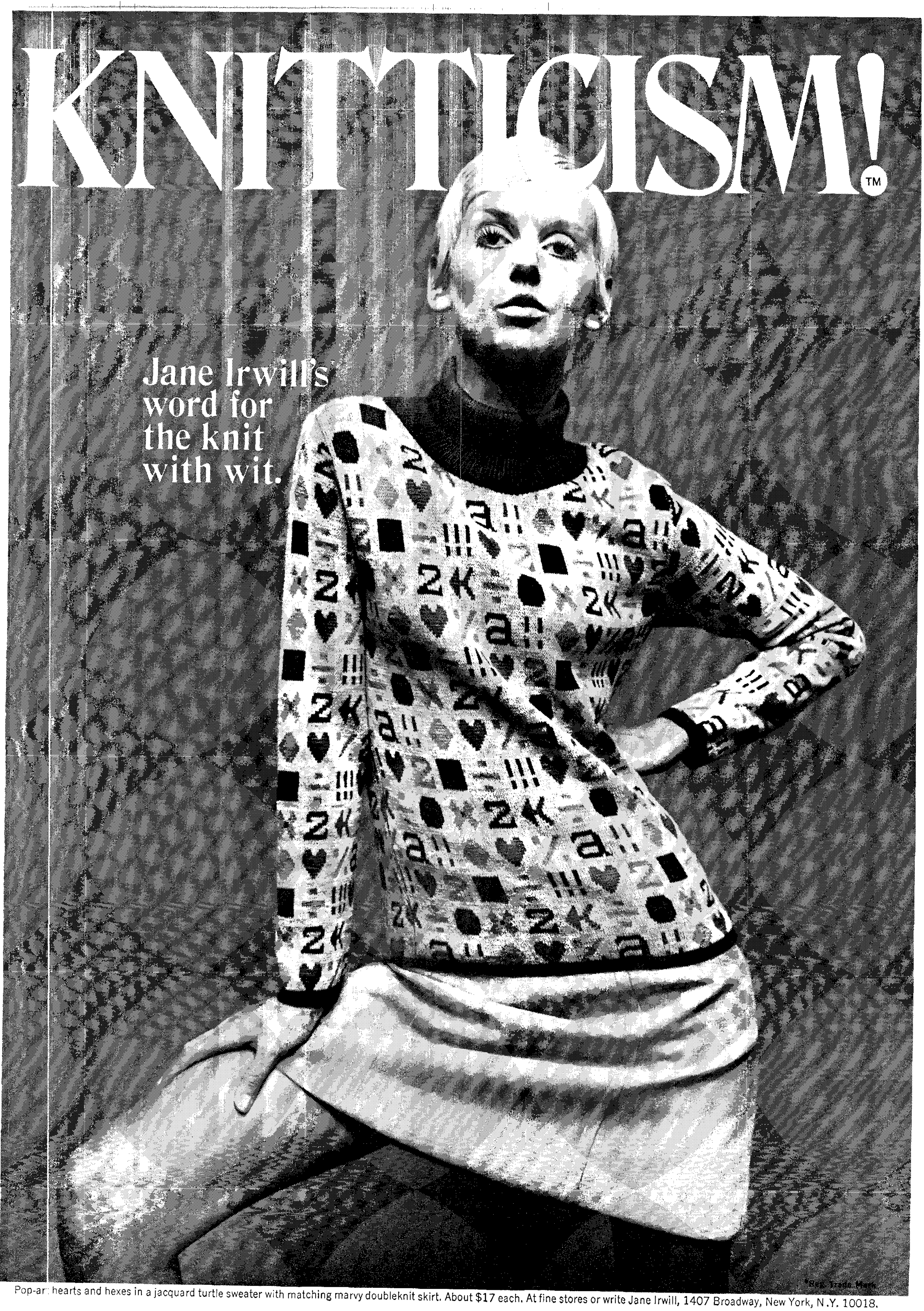
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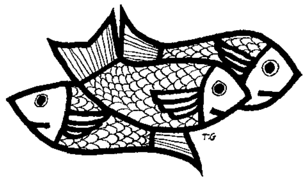
fore me at this minute a letter from the Department of Local Government," and then proceed to read a letter which dealt with drainage in Ballymorebingham, and before anyone knew what was happening the representative from Ballymorebingham would be on his feet denouncing the Department of Local Government and taking the heat off the secretary, who sat listening with an attentive air.

But even Gogol's heroes have their anti-heroes, and the secretary had his—one of his own clerks, a small, gentle, inoffensive man who had appointed himself Grand Inquisitor of the Cork County Council and, for reasons now known only to God and himself, my especial friend. Whether he had really unearthed all the frauds in that chaotic organization or not, or, indeed, whether there were any frauds at all, I never knew. I wasn't in a position to know. But he felt I was, and the moment I appeared on the scene he came to have a chat with me, and in a voice that could be heard all over the building recounted fresh scandals, which he intended to report in due time directly to the Minister for the Department of Local Government. Once, I was sitting in the public gallery during a Council meeting when I felt something tugging at my trousers. I bent down, and there was the Grand Inquisitor crawling under the bench. He looked up at me with a happy smile and whispered, "Don't say anything, Mr. O'Donovan. I watch everything they do. Someone must clean out the Augean stables." Eventually he went to the Minister for the Department of Local Government, who promptly dismissed him by sealed order, leaving him in middle age with nothing, and the Grand Inquisitor set out for Dublin to live with his sister, and devote his gentle, God-fearing life to showing up the Minister.

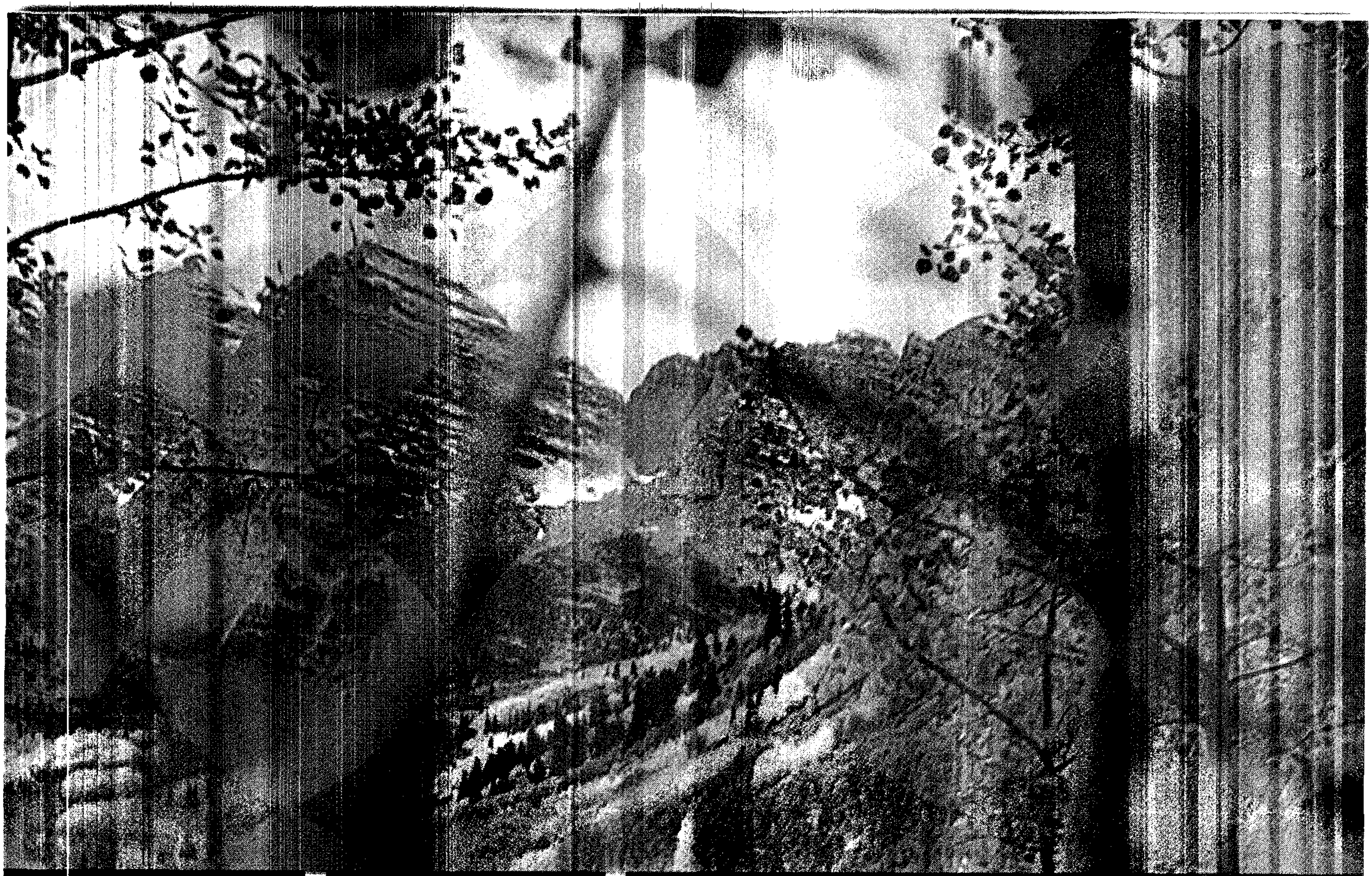


At last I was beginning to get a picture of Ireland—the real Ireland, lonely and dotty. This was no longer the Ireland of the little cottages and the hunted men but an Ireland where everyone was searching frantically for a pension or a job. My life was made a misery by a man who twenty-five or thirty years before had been a village librarian at a salary of seven pounds a year. The library had closed, but the poor man was certain I could get back his seven pounds if I only tried. And once I had a long session with a Volunteer officer, a friend of Terence MacSwiney's, who described MacSwiney in his early days and then went on to talk of his own life in a North Cork town: "I have a wife I'm crazy about, and every year that girl has a child, and I know it's wrong, and that I'm destroying her as well as myself. I know, too, I can get contraceptives, but if I do I know what'll happen then. They'll be opened in the post office and taken up to the parish priest, and everyone will be told not to buy in my little shop, and that girl and my children will starve. I wasn't afraid of the English, but I'm afraid of that, and what would you say I should do?" He wasn't asking for advice, and if he had been I could only have told him to get the hell out of Ireland.

I took to music as a refuge, and of all the music I was able to find for my old-fashioned table Gramophone I loved best the middle and late Beethoven. I remember coming back from a couple of days in London and walking straight into the front room to put on the "Emperor" Concerto. Suddenly I was overcome, and wept helplessly for an hour.

Of my two closest friends, one was in America and I found I could no longer talk to the other. And I fell in love with a girl who wouldn't marry me. I was lonelier than I'd ever been in my life. I got away for a week to Belgium and came back with new treasure—French books and cigarettes and brandy and reproductions of the Dutch painters, but how soon the magic of these dwindled. Later Padraic Colum came and I took a few days off to go walking with him round the city and West Cork. But it wasn't enough. I had found that it was one thing to be an exile from Cork, compelled to travel to places like Dublin and London, and another thing entirely to be sitting in Cork waiting for someone to come and talk to me about the outer world. Every few months I took a few days off to stay with the Phibbses in Wicklow—for he had married a Dublin painter. They had rented a little bungalow on a hill over the town, with a garden and a fine view of the sea. Phibbs was happier, more contented, than I had ever known him, and we talked our heads off into the early hours of the morning.

I was in Cork for two years, and during that time I fell ill. Russell, distrusting all Cork people, including doctors, made me come to Dublin and get examined by his own doctor, Frank Purser, the only medical man he had any confidence in. "He cured Stephens. Stephens was dying when Frank



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How about the new Hatteras 44 foot Triple Cabin? It was designed by luxury-yacht architect J. B. Hargrave and has *3 private staterooms.*

It can accommodate three couples in comfort with complete privacy. With the optional convertible sectional lounge and sofa bed in the salon, you can actually *sleep ten.*

Boating people, in a recent survey, said they wanted "spaciousness, privacy and comfort."

In this yacht they get all three. Let's prove it with a tape measure.

Main salon is
16 ft. 6 in. x 10 ft. 8 in.

From aft bulkhead to the base of the windshield, the main salon measures 16 ft. 6 in. The beam measurement is 10 ft. 8 in. Headroom is 6 ft. 3 in.

The salon includes an optional entertainment unit with ice maker; tape recorder; optional curved sectional lounge; and 15½ cubic ft. of storage space.

And—an important detail—you can see out of the windows without standing up.

Step down aft to two staterooms. The owner's stateroom has 6 ft. 3 in. headroom and two bunks, 6 ft. 5 in. by 40 inches wide, with polyurethane mattresses.

There are six screened portlights and a screened safety hatch; three hanging lockers with 55½ cubic ft. of storage space; built-in dresser with ten drawers and a large mirror.

The owner's stateroom has a priva entrance to the head.

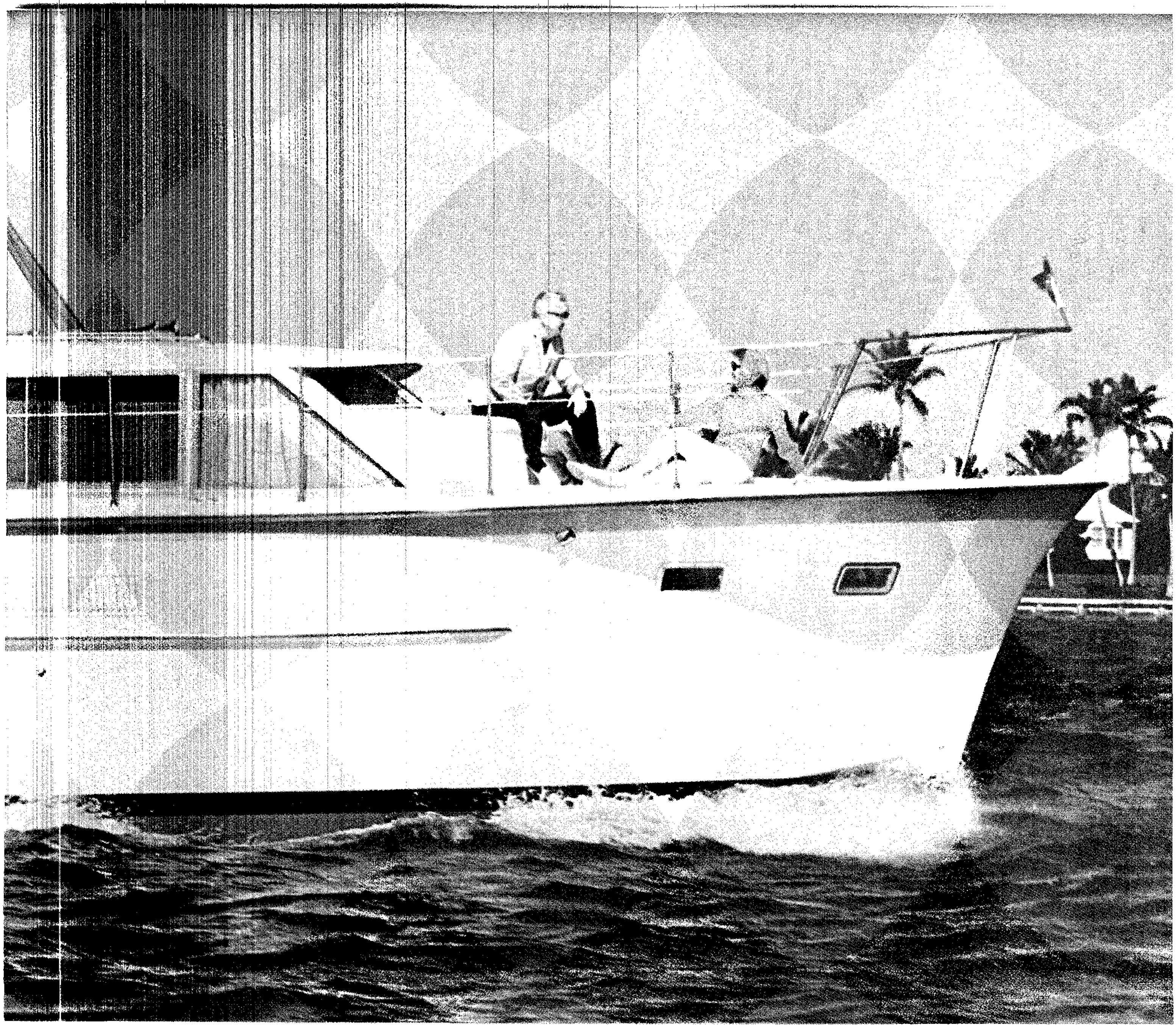
The guest stateroom has two 6 f 3 in. bunks; seven drawers beneat bunks; 34½ cubic ft. hanging locke two portlights. The head is a ste across the companionway.

The head (it's really a bathroon includes an enclosed stall showe vitreous lavatory; electric toile medicine chest; vanity and portligh

This head also serves as a conve ient "powder room" for the dec lounge.

Galley with home
kitchen equipment

The galley is open to the salon so t boat-wife can be near her guests, b located, at the same time, on a low



a fiberglass **Hatteras** yacht
to choose from)

evel to avoid the effect of "eating in he kitchen."

Galley equipment includes 3 burner lectric stove with oven; 10 cubic ft. lectric refrigerator; stainless steel ink with glass racks; exhaust fan; arbage container; 110-volt outlets; nd nearly 24 cubic ft. of storage space.

The forward stateroom, designed or two people, has two 6 ft. 10 in. erths; a 15½ cubic ft. hanging locker vith mirror on door; six drawers and wo portlights.

The forward head is complete with hower, electric toilet, 110-V outlets, torage space and a portlight.

The control station has been located or best visibility. There's plenty of pace—50 inches x 7 ft. 6 in.—to lay out charts, and to accommodate future installation of equipment.

The generous beam of the Hatteras 44 permits wide walk-around decks with a safety rail, and a 12 ft. x 14 ft. afterdeck.

Secret of Hatteras roominess —fiberglass construction

The surprising roominess of Hatteras results from the reinforced fiberglass construction that eliminates beams, ribs and frames.

This construction also makes possible an easy-riding Hatteras hull design; it virtually eliminates pounding, yawing, and broaching.

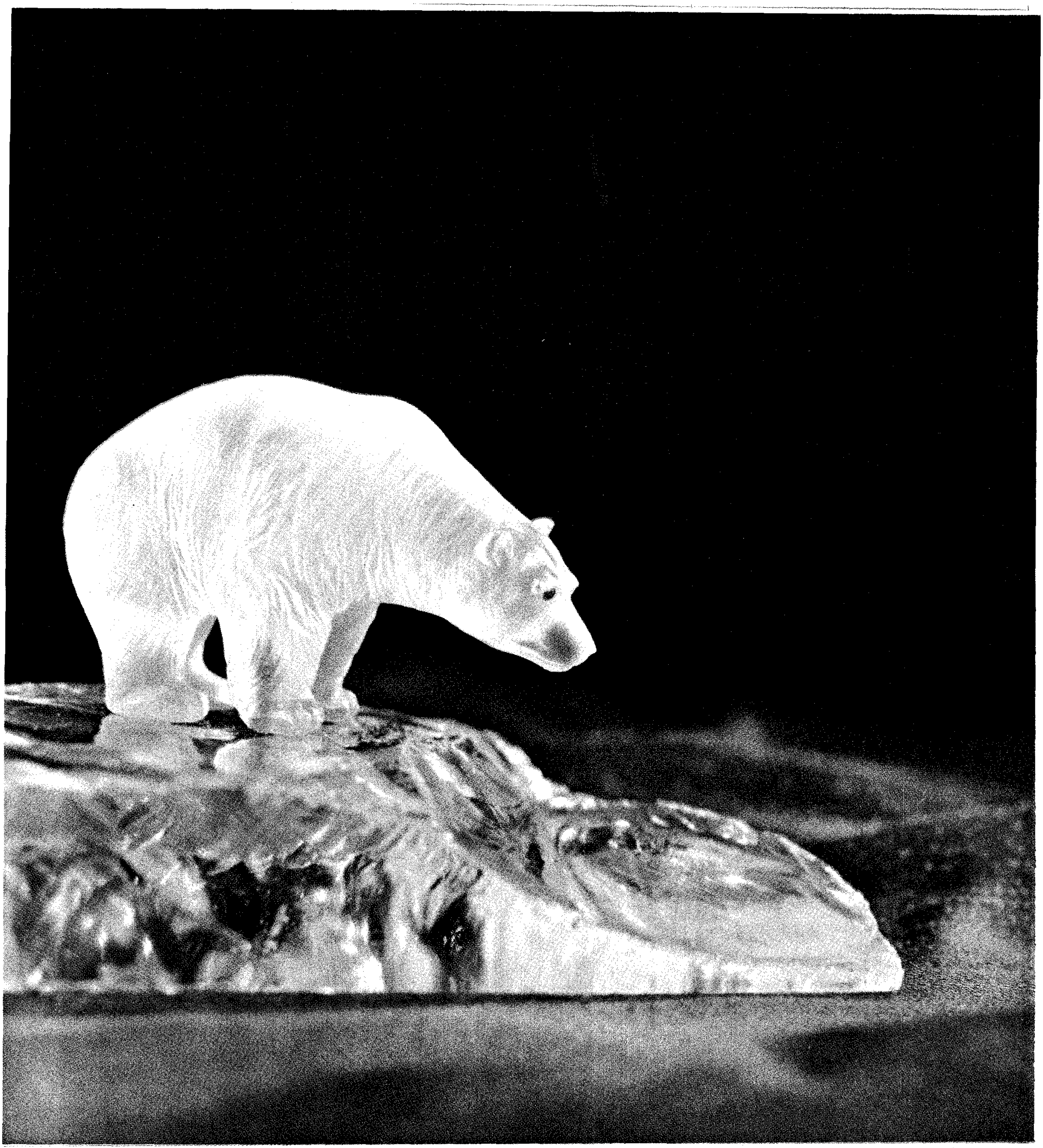
Deep, nonpounding bow sections blend into a planing afterbody. The chine has a molded-in spray deflector, and the flare of the bow adds to the dryness of the hull.

Because of its fiberglass construction, the Hatteras is one of the safest, most economical boats to maintain.

Experienced marina operators estimate a saving of from 60% to 80% on hull upkeep. A Hatteras spends more time in the water, less time in the yard.

It is powered with Twin 8V-71N G.M. or 8V-53N G.M. Diesels for safe, reliable, economical operation.

This year, treat yourself by giving her a Hatteras. Take her to see it. Then she'll sell you on it. For the name of your nearest dealer write to: Hatteras Yacht Company, 2257 Kivett Drive, High Point, N. C. 27261. ©1967 H.Y.C.



Polar Bear • Carved from rock crystal, the bear has gold set ruby eyes and stands on a rock crystal ice floe • From the Forbes Magazine Collection of Fabergé

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To mark this Golden Anniversary, Forbes is unveiling its collection of the art treasures created by Carl Fabergé for the Imperial Russian Court.

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Forbes: capitalist tool

saw him first, and now he can eat beefsteaks.” When Russell heard that the Dublin librarianship was coming vacant, he went wild and besieged a couple of government departments, assuring them that I was the only possible candidate, though whether this did me good or harm I never knew. I went after the job in Dublin largely on the Phibbses’ account. I planned to have a little flat where they could stay on weekends, and I could join them in Wicklow. When I left Cork for the last time, I took the long train ride round by Waterford so as to spend a night with them. Phibbs met me at the station and we went up the hill to the bungalow together. He was abstracted and short in speech, but I put it down to the usual awkwardness we felt on meeting again, but it was not that. Trapped by his own nature, as we all are, he was starting on a spiral of movement and change that was to take him to London, then to France, then to Egypt, and, alas, out of my life altogether. At that point I found I very much needed that big musty old fur coat.

FOR the first two or three years in Dublin, I organized my library and wrote two books—“Guests of the Nation,” a book of Civil War stories, from lodgings in Ranelagh, and a novel, “The Saint and Mary Kate,” from my first flat in Anglesea Road, which was neither cheerful nor comfortable but where at last I had my own books, records, pictures, and furniture about me. I still considered myself a poet, and had little notion of how to write a novel, so it was produced in hysterical fits of enthusiasm, followed by similar fits of despondency, good passages alternating with bad. I read it aloud to Mother, who either went into fits of laughter or looked puzzled and said restlessly, “Well, aren’t you a terrible boy!” It offended a number of pious Catholics, and at a library conference in Cork I had to sit and listen to a denunciation of it as scandalous and heretical by the compiler of the Three Thousand Best Books, who was so drunk that he could not stand straight on the platform.

George Russell was enthusiastic about the novel—not with the enthusiasm of a schoolteacher whose favorite pupil has passed an examination with honors but with that of an inhibited man who rejoices in any sort of emotional outpouring. He was curious about the character of the heroine, and a dozen times at least brought the conversation round to what she would be

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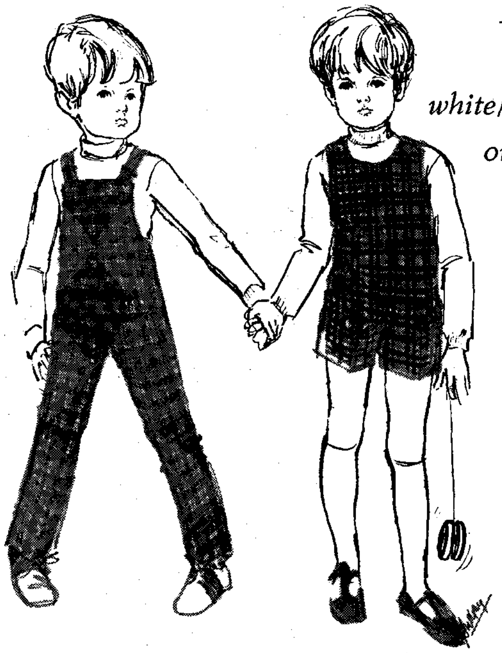

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like to live with. This was something I didn't know myself, because I wasn't really writing about any woman in particular but about that side of women that appealed to me—the one that has no patience with abstractions. I, of course, was full of abstractions.

Russell was extraordinarily inquisitive about women, and with an ingenuousness that even I found upsetting. "Do you have flirtations with pretty girls?" he asked me one night.

"Sometimes," I admitted. I should have hated to confess how rarely.

"And do they get you to write poems for them?"

"Yes."

"That's fine," he said happily. "Write them all the poems they want, but take care they don't marry you."

When he came back from his first American tour, he was in a wild state of excitement about American girls. "They must be the most beautiful girls the world has ever seen," he said to me. "If only you could get them to sit in a corner and keep quiet, you could admire them for hours. But they *will* talk!"

At the same time, he tried to arrange a marriage between Simone Téry, a beautiful French journalist, and me. Knowing his passion for generalization, I assumed that I was not the only young Irish writer he had chosen as a husband for her. He adored her, and wanted somebody in Dublin to marry her so that he could be sure of entertainment one evening a week. When we met for dinner, Russell looked at me and said, "Isn't she nice?," and then at Simone and said, "Isn't he nice?," and for the rest of the evening she and I sat and glowered at one another.

On another occasion, I repeated a bawdy story a girl had told me, and he said with great solemnity, "That is a wonderful example of the Economy of Nature, which I am always impressing on you. Nature intended me to be a lyric poet, so I *never* met a girl who told stories like that. She intended you to be a realistic novelist, so she just throws girls of that sort in your way."

I might have said that one reason I did not meet more girls like that was that I saw too much of people like himself. It is the real weakness—if it is a weakness—of the Mother's Boy. It is not that he is not attracted to women but that he is liable to get into emotional relationships with older men. And Russell suffered as well from a frustrated paternalism toward younger men that was strange in one who had two quite attractive sons of his

The Hasselblad System...
and why a certain kind of person might fall in love with it.

There are many people who buy and use a car just to get from point A to point B, and who buy any piece of mechanical equipment strictly on the basis of it performing a particular function with the minimum of involvement on their part.

For this kind of person there is a certain kind of camera, the kind that does all the thinking for him. Film is loaded in the form of a cartridge, a button is pressed...and that's all; total non-involvement.

Now don't misunderstand us, we are not criticizing either the person or the camera. They both will probably be very happy with each other...But, there is another kind of person. The kind who buys a fine automobile, not just to get from point A to point B, but also for the great pleasure he gets from actually driving it. For this kind of person there is also a certain kind of camera...the Hasselblad... A camera that doesn't do all the thinking for you.

The Hasselblad is a camera for the kind of person who buys a piece of mechanical equipment, not just to perform a particular function, but also for other, almost intangible, reasons. For the feel, the look, the touch, sometimes even the smell of it. Certainly he could give you very sound, logical reasons for buying it and probably spending much more money than he would pay for the simpler, non-involving "push-button" model, but none of these would be the real reasons.

The real reason is very simple—he fell in love with it. Many men (and a very few lucky women) fall in love with a beautiful machine. To these men, there is something about a piece of equipment that not only looks, but feels good and performs its function better, because it's designed and built better than anything else in the world.

And that's what the Hasselblad is. The best designed and built camera in the world.

Many people have bought a Hasselblad after just holding one in their hands for a couple of minutes. They seem to know instinctively that it will take great photographs. And, if even further proof is needed, not only has a Hasselblad been carried on every NASA space flight, but more top professional photographers use Hasselblad than any other camera in the world.

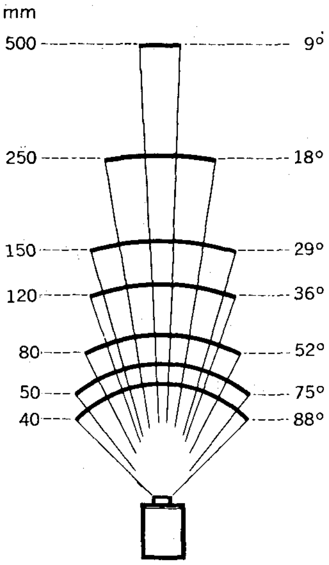
The basic Hasselblad camera is really just part of a completely integrated and interchangeable system of camera bodies, film magazines, lenses and accessories.

The film format used in the Hasselblad System is 2¼" square. This has been described as the "ideal" format, and with good reason. It's big enough to give you pictures of superb quality and definition, and yet small enough to allow the design and physical shape of the camera to be as compact as it is.

The Hasselblad uses the single lens reflex viewing system. The beauty of this method is that you see the object you are going to photograph on a large 2¼" square ground glass viewing screen, as you look through the actual lens that will take the picture, so you always know exactly how your finished picture will turn out.

There are three bodies in the Hasselblad System, each one designed and constructed to perform its own particular function better than any other camera of its type.

Firstly, the 500C. This could almost be called the "workhorse" of the Hasselblad System. It is the standard body in the System and takes all the lenses and magazines that are available for the Hasselblad. No single camera has been used and praised more by the top professional and amateur photographers than the 500C. The other two bodies are more "special purpose" cameras. The 500EL, which is an electrically driven camera allowing for rapid exposures and remote control, and the Superwide C wide angle camera. No other camera using the 2¼" square format has as wide an angle of view as the Superwide C. On its introduction, this camera was hailed as a breakthrough in camera design. There are seven lenses in the Hasselblad System, all by Carl Zeiss, makers of superb quality optical glass for generations. The lenses range from a 40mm wide angle, to a 500mm telephoto. Every lens has a built in Synchro Compur shutter with provision for flash and strobe synchronization at all 10 shutter speeds, from 1/500 of a second to 1 second.



Interchangeable Lenses. This diagram illustrates the focal length (l.) and the angle of view (r.) of the seven lenses available in the Hasselblad System.

One of the most striking features of the Hasselblad System is the interchangeable film magazines, each one of superb design and construction. The beauty of these magazines is that with just one camera body, a photographer can shoot pictures in black and white. Then, before finishing the roll, change to a magazine loaded with color, shoot a few color shots, then go back to black and white film. One magazine even allows you to make 70 exposures on one roll of film. Hasselblad was the first camera system to offer the advantage of interchangeable magazines.

There are many many accessories in the Hasselblad System, each one designed and built to the same extreme standards of quality and craftsmanship that Hasselblad has become famous for.

Shown below are just a few items in the System.

Like all good things in life, the Hasselblad is expensive, but if you're the kind of person we have been talking about (and you wouldn't have read this far if you weren't) then, who knows, with this kind of camera, perhaps you could live on love alone.

If you would like more information and a free 40 page catalogue, write to: Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Rd., Linden, New Jersey 07036

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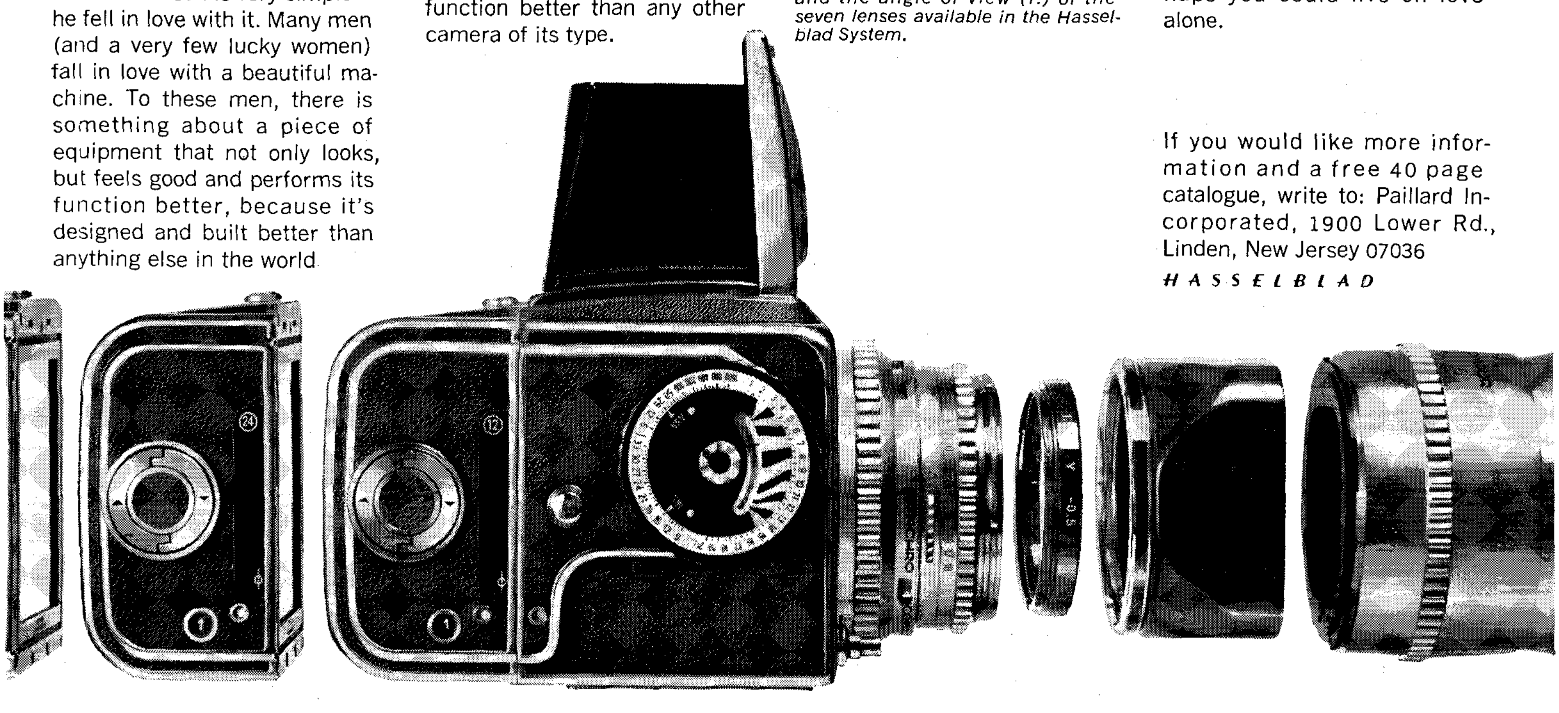

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own. Once, I got him to talk of the youth of Padraic Colum. Though as a rule he talked in set speeches, which could be very boring, occasionally when his memory was jogged by love or hate—or disappointed love, as when Yeats had got beneath his skin again—there was an astonishing change, and you realized that you were dealing with a first-rate mind. I had never known him more master of his own cool and sympathetic intelligence than that evening when he sketched for me the picture of an enchanting boy who rushed up to meet you, his overcoat unbuttoned, the pockets of it stuffed with railway waybills and handbills all scribbled over in the intervals of work in the railway offices, and began to read you his latest masterpiece—the great play in which the thud of hoofs continued from first curtain to last—till he suddenly discovered he had the wrong waybills and was really reading from his great epic of St. Brendan the Navigator.

It was clear that Russell looked on Colum as a son, and he developed something of the same possessiveness toward me. One night I said something that pleased him and he replied, "I should have had a son like you, Michael. Don't you think I'd have made a good father for a poet?"

One night, he called on me and discovered I had been in bed for a week with bronchitis. "You should have sent me a wire, you know," he said with tears in his eyes. "I'd have come and looked after you. I'm quite a good plain cook, you know. I can cook chops very well."

Every week he came to my lodgings or flat, on the same evening and at the same hour. Every time he said the same thing—"My dear fellow, I hope I'm not interrupting you"—tossed his coat and hat impatiently on the sofa (once when I took them out to the hall he looked at me slyly and asked, "Was that necessary?"), combed out his hair and beard, and settled himself in my favorite chair. He was a creature of habit, the sort of man who all his life will sit at the same table at the same restaurant to order the same meal, and be ill at ease when waited on by a waitress he is not acquainted with.

First he wanted to know how the writing was going. Usually it was going badly. In those days I wrote in brief excited fits that might be followed by months of idleness and depression, or—what was worse—of fruitless and exhausting labor on some subject I was not mature enough to tackle. A book on Irish literature,

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POLLY BERGEN

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POLLY BERGEN TALKS TURTLE

“I have an ugly friend

who’s done wonders for my skin. She’s a turtle. And if you have a dry skin problem like mine, you should know about her.

“For years, I’d wake up in the morning with skin so dry I felt as though it might crack when I smiled. And, as if inheriting a thin fair Irish skin wasn’t enough trouble, there was wind and indoor heat, air-conditioning, sun, and let’s not even mention smog. Today’s climate and hectic pace are not exactly kind to our complexions.

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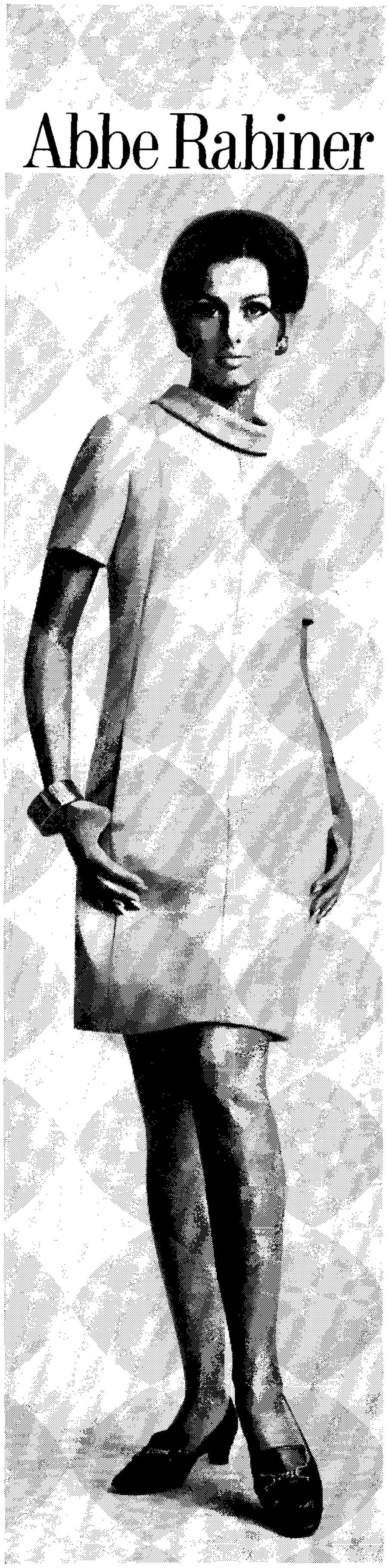

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which Yeats and he had urged me to write, was not written until thirty-five years later. Sometimes he lectured me on the Dark Fortnight and the Bright Fortnight—one of those generalizations like Leonardo and the Economy of Nature that wore me out. At other times he was really intelligent. "You know, my dear fellow, a man cannot be so dissatisfied with his own work unless he has much better work to come."

Once I must really have exasperated him, for he said, "You know, you remind me of an old hen who has just laid an egg and is going round complaining. Did you ever hear a hen that has laid an egg? She says, 'Oh, God! God! God! God! There are going to be no more eggs!' That's what she says, you know."

He took a cup of tea, clutching the cup and saucer close to his beard, refused a second cup, always in the same dim, hasty way—"No, thank you, my dear fellow"—while looking at you unseeingly over his spectacles. Precisely at twenty minutes to eleven he glanced at his watch and gasped, "I must be going," leaped up as though on wires, and fumbled his way downstairs for the last tram. He always stood right in the tracks, signalling frantically with both arms to the driver, and then, without a backward glance, bundled himself on and was halfway up the stairs before the tram restarted. There were no regrets, no backward glances or waves of the hand. His mind was already on something else.

Any break in the habitual round, as when I went home to Cork for the Christmas holidays, irritated him and caused a minor convulsion in his life. He was left with a whole evening on his hands that he did not know what to do with, and if he chose to go to someone else's house on that particular evening, there was a reasonable chance that he would continue the practice for the rest of his life unless that person, too, with the incurable instability of human beings, decided to take a holiday or get sick.

For months after I got back I would not see him at all. It was not that he was punishing me for my infidelity but that he had got himself entangled in some new routine and, since he was completely unaware of it himself, could not get free of it. Then one night I would hear the peremptory, irritable ra-tat-tat that I could tell from hundreds, and there he would be tranquilly waiting at the door, stroking his beard, and as he strode impatiently in without waiting for an invitation, he said with a sort of happy sigh, "My dear fellow, I hope I'm not interrupting you." Another cycle was under way.

He liked fixed days for doing fixed things, and fixed ways of doing them. At one period of his life he painted every Sunday, and the Dublin story was that when he counted his pictures at the end of the year he said in great distress, "There's something wrong. There are only fifty-one." One Monday evening, when the pattern was running smoothly in Mondays, he came in and said without even waiting for an opening, "I was in Howth yesterday afternoon. I hadn't been there for twelve years. It's very beautiful, you know."

The face and tone were stoical, but I had the feeling that he was upset. I could not imagine what about. I have a very slow mind, and it was not until half an hour later that I recognized what it was about that remark that sounded wrong.

"But isn't Sunday your day for going to Seumas O'Sullivan's, Æ?"

"Seumas was very rude to Stephens at the Academy dinner on Thursday night," he said gravely. "You weren't there. He called Stephens a poetaster. I didn't think that was very nice. I don't think I could ever be friends with Seumas again."

I was touched by his grief at the loss of an old friend. And even more by his loyalty to James Stephens, whom he loved in the almost immoderate way he loved Colum, but I was completely shaken by his next remark. He gave me a piercing look and asked, "Michael, has it ever occurred to you that Seumas tipples?"

I did not quote Yeats' remark "The only trouble about Seumas O'Sullivan is that when he is not drunk he is sober." I could hardly believe that any human being could be so utterly unobservant.

But all ended happily, for the following Monday evening he arrived at my flat at the usual time and—well on in the conversation—remarked casually, "I was at Seumas' yesterday," and I knew that habit as well as old affection had triumphed again.

Russell's old friends loved the creature of habit, the well-tried phrases on the regular evening visit; his enemies detested them. What fascinated me then, and fascinates me still, is the wild creature behind the well-tried

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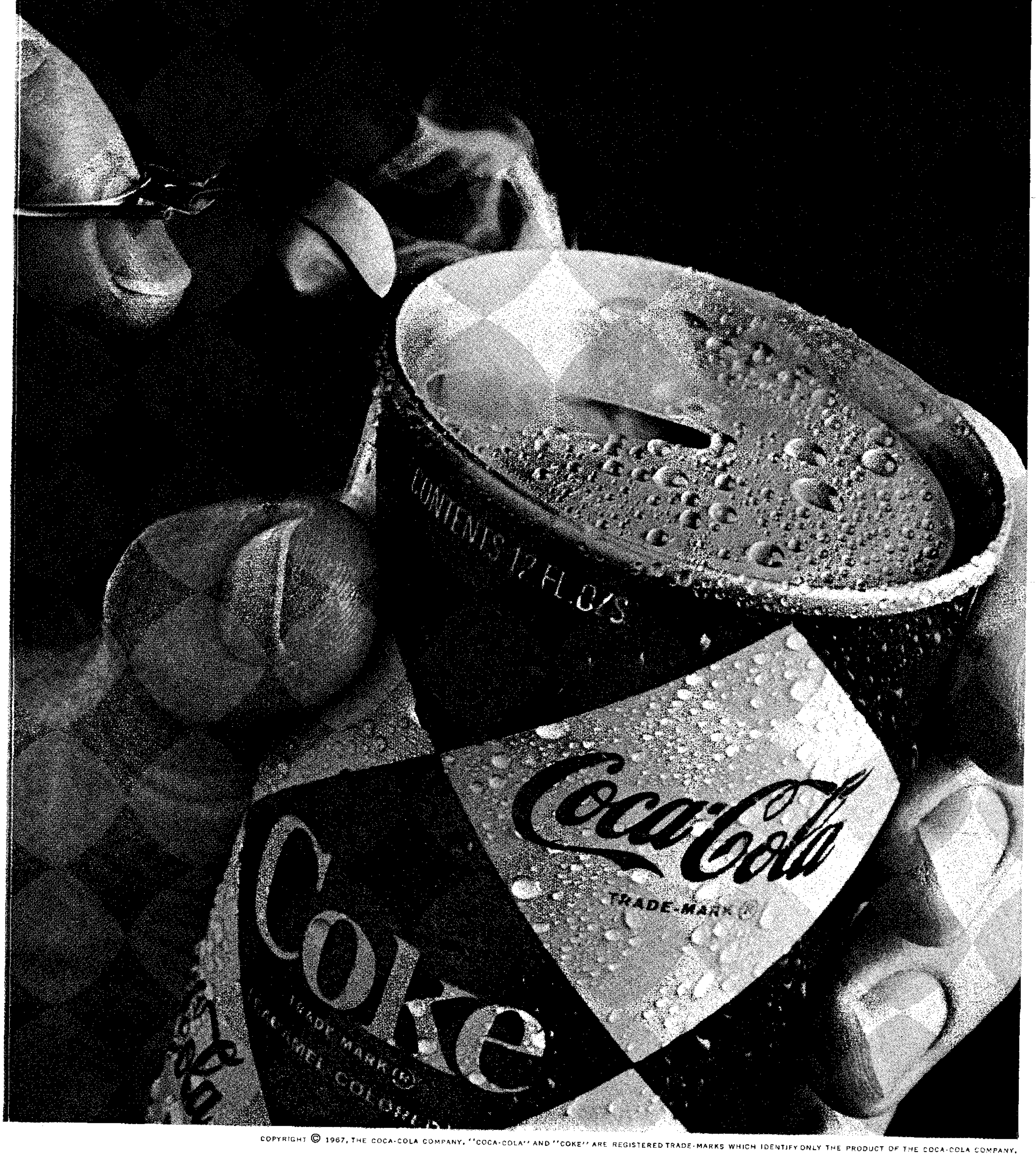
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phrases—the Portadown Presbyterian with his ingenuousness, his loneliness, his flashes of genius. And it was hard work to get at that creature: talk, pictures, poems, everything he did, was generalized into insignificance.

Once, he asked me to select one of his pictures for my flat, and I chose a painting of a tree by a lake, because it was the only picture in the room that did not contain those dreadful children who appear in almost every picture he painted and whom he had seen originally in some landscape of Corot's.

"By the way," I asked, "what *is* that tree?" I did not mean to be impertinent, but at once I knew I had been.

"Oh, no particular tree," he replied with a hurt expression. "Just a tree!"

Everything with him was "just a tree"—not an oak or an elm or ash; above all, not one with a character or pattern of its own. Habit had obliterated all distinctions.

His poems, as often as he repeated them—and he repeated them endlessly—never changed a word or an intonation. He said he knew by heart every line he had written, and this I found hard to understand, because he was the first person to point out to me that language is finite and that its beauty wears away by repetition. But even Yeats' early poems, for all the work Yeats had put in on improving them, never altered by a word or a tone on Russell's lips. He remembered them as they had been written, and though he knew perfectly when Yeats had improved them, he hated the alterations. If he is the "old school friend" whom Yeats accused of liking certain poems merely "because they reminded him of his own youth," that is an oversimplification. Russell was a fine critic, and he knew an improvement the moment he saw it. But the habit-forming complex, like a hardening of the arteries, never allowed him to see Yeats' early work as he saw mine and Fred Higgins' and Patrick Kavanagh's. Though Russell was kind to the point of fatuity, you could not take him in. However bad a poet he may have been, he was a poet and he simply knew.

BY 1932 I had begun to notice that Russell was becoming more and more emotional. This was the year of his wife's death, and he could not manage the unnecessarily large house with the aid of an old housekeeper.

I was unwell, and my doctor ordered me away for six weeks, so I took a seaside house in Glengarriffe. Russell

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and Osborn Bergin came to stay with me. The Eucharistic Congress was being held in Dublin, and Russell had got himself involved in a newspaper controversy with a Jesuit, whom he slaughtered. On the way to Glengarriffe, Russell was intercepted by a reporter from the Cork *Examiner* and he denounced the Congress to the reporter as well. After having let off all that steam he was in high spirits, and his conversation was full of mischief and invention. While Bergin and I swam, Russell sat on a rock, sketching and commenting to the Celtic god Manannán Mac Lir on the thunder that rolled promisingly in the distance: "Oh, come on, come on, Manannán. You can do better than that. All I want you to do is to wash out those damn Christian idolaters."

I rowed them to Bryce's Island, where Russell had stayed as a young man. "I gather I should encourage you with a boat song," he said. "As I can't sing, I'll recite instead." And he did. His high spirits were dampened when Mrs. Bryce took us to a corner of the island and said, "Don't you remember this, Æ? This is where you saw the vision."

"There are places like that, you know," he said curtly to me. But I saw that he was glad to escape from her, and suspected that he was just a little tired of being reminded by elderly ladies of the mystical experiences of his youth.

Each day as we went walking, we found a young painter stationed in the roadway with his easel, painting furiously and pretending that he did not know who Russell was, until Bergin and I flatly told Russell he would have to stop and talk to the young man. He was genuinely surprised. He may have seen the vision, but he did not see the painter. Next day he went straight up to the easel and gave his views with his usual frankness and kindness. "Young man, I think you've been painting in a rather dry climate?"

"Yes, sir. I've just come from Spain."

"Well, this isn't Spain, you know. This is a very damp climate. Between us and those mountains there are half a dozen planes of moisture. Those are what give it its luminousness."

Next evening another painter—a much more famous one—dropped into the hotel to see Russell, and he was in a state of intense misery. He had studied Glengarriffe closely, and except for one old wooden pier by the hotel there was nothing at all to paint.

"Nothing?" Russell said delighted-

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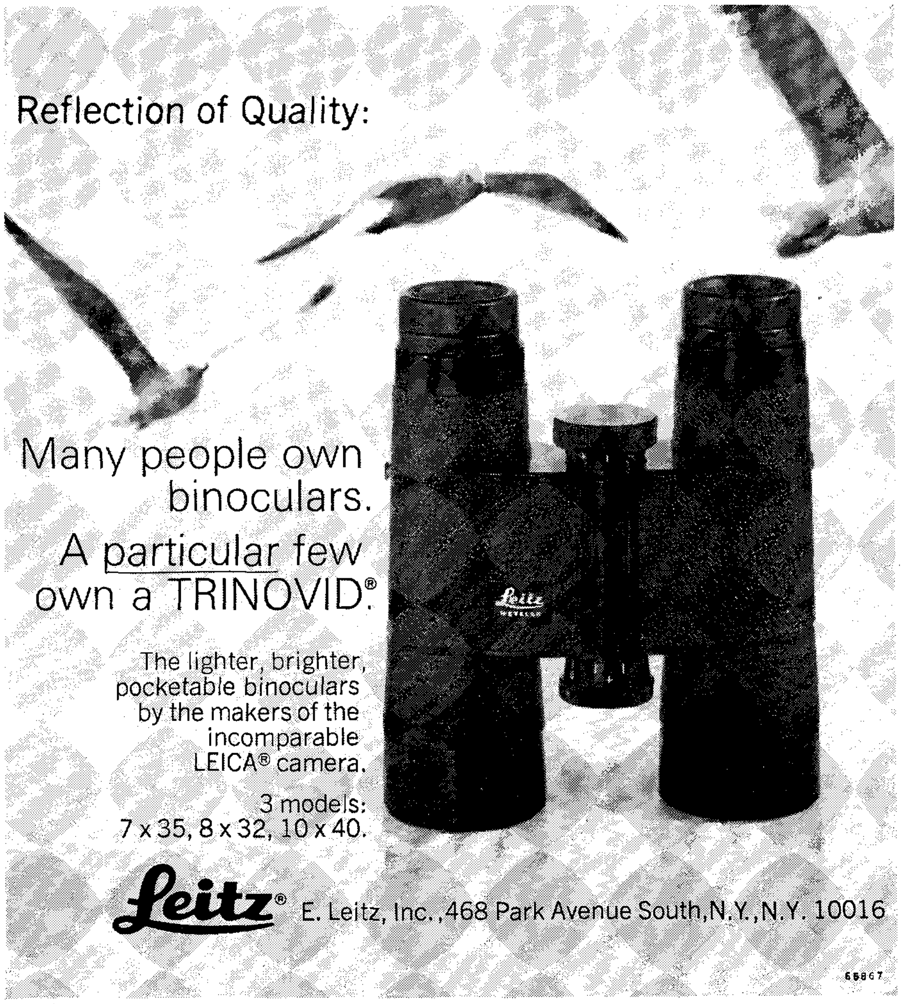

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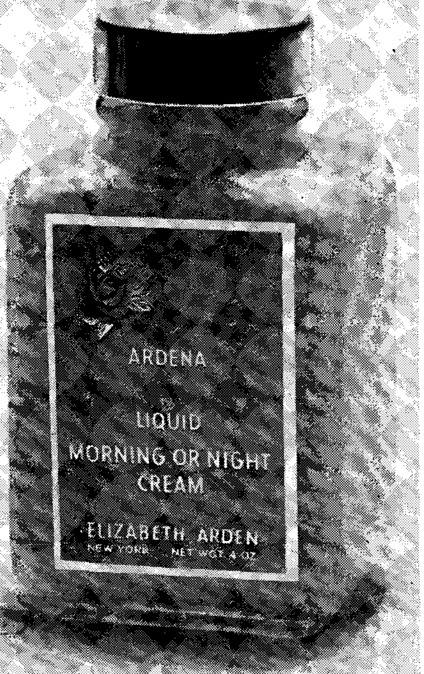

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ly. "All those mountains and woods and water?"

"Nothing," said the painter. "It is all too saturated with the essence of what it is."

It was a delightful holiday, but it was the last flash of the gay and youthful Russell. He was becoming more and more angry and afraid before the new Establishment of priests and politicians. On one occasion, he really frightened me by cursing de Valera in the way I had seen old women in Cork curse—raising his arms above his head and giving himself up entirely to his emotion. "I curse that man as generations of Irishmen to come will curse him—the man who destroyed our country!"

One night the following winter, he came to my flat, bewildered and distraught. He told me that he had just received a warning that he had only a short time to live. I knew he did not mean that he had seen a doctor; he was much too plainspoken to conceal a fact like that, and besides, when his illness really became a subject for doctors he was the first to accept their optimistic prognosis.

"I wasn't told how soon," he said. "I dare say it could be a month or a year." He was not afraid of death, but he was afraid of the pain and humiliation that would precede it.

I did my best to comfort him but I was not very successful—partly, I suppose, because I did not really believe in his premonition but largely because I had little or nothing of the genuine religious feeling of himself and Yeats. It was not for lack of good will. I knew that their search for religious truth, no matter what absurdities it had led them into, had given them an intellectual richness that I had not got; I had let them argue with me and I read the books Russell had lent me, but it hadn't affected my own way of thinking in the slightest.

"Why do you shut your eyes to those things, O'Connor?" Yeats stormed at me once when I told him the story of an old priest in Ballingeary who was supposed to have been shot by the Queen of the Fairies. "You know perfectly well that things like that were once the religion of the whole world." On another occasion, when I had to tell Russell that I had got nothing from a reading of Mme. Blavatsky, he replied angrily, "Oh, you needn't tell me! Like all Irish Catholics, you are just an atheist at heart."

That night, after we had discussed his premonition of death, Russell and I talked of the immortality of the soul,

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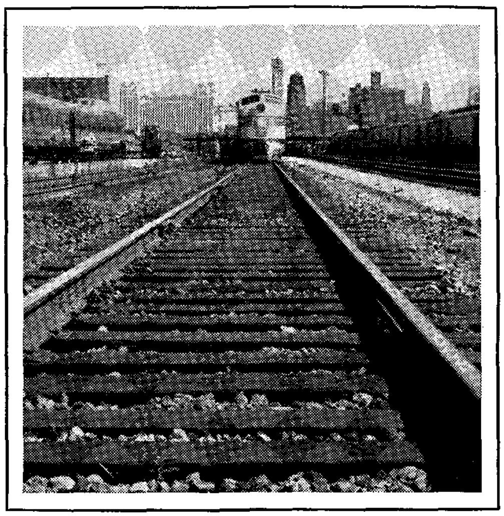

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and he gradually began to brighten up. "Socrates is the fellow I want to meet," he said, laughing. "I have lots of questions to ask him about some of the things Plato makes him say. Who do you want to meet? Tolstoy, I suppose?"

"No!" I said. "Certainly not Tolstoy."

"I couldn't stand Tolstoy either. I don't mind being told about my faults by people who like me, but Tolstoy didn't like anybody."

And curiously, when he left and I accompanied him home, he was in the highest of spirits again. He had talked himself happy.

But a week or two later I was seeing him home again, and quoted a poem I had written, which began:

> A patriot frenzy enduring too long
> Can hang like a stone on the heart
> of a man,
> And I have made Ireland too much
> of my song;
> I will now bid those foolish old
> dreams to begone.

He stopped dead at the corner of Appian Way and threw his arms in the air in frenzy. "That's exactly how I feel," he cried. "I have to get out of this country before it drives me mad."

Soon afterward he told me that he had made up his mind to give up his Dublin house and take a flat in London. He also talked of going on a world cruise and of visiting his son in America.

Yeats was puzzled and, as always when there was something that he did not understand, inclined to mockery. "Indian saints give up the world when they reach a certain age," he said to me. "Russell is a saint, but he is also a great journalist, so he's giving up the world to go on a world cruise."

Nothing could have been wider of the mark. Of all the men I have known, Russell was most a creature of habit, and for him to give up everything—his house, his books, his pictures, his friends—was already a sort of death. Unless, indeed, it was that they were the death he wished to escape from—the inextricable patterns of habit that encompassed his fiery soul. Whatever it was against which he had erected them had breached them at last. I would have done anything to comfort him, but how can you comfort a man who does not weep, who perhaps himself does not know what it is he wants to weep about?

He asked me to come to his house the week before his departure and take whatever I wanted of his things, but I could not endure the thought of taking

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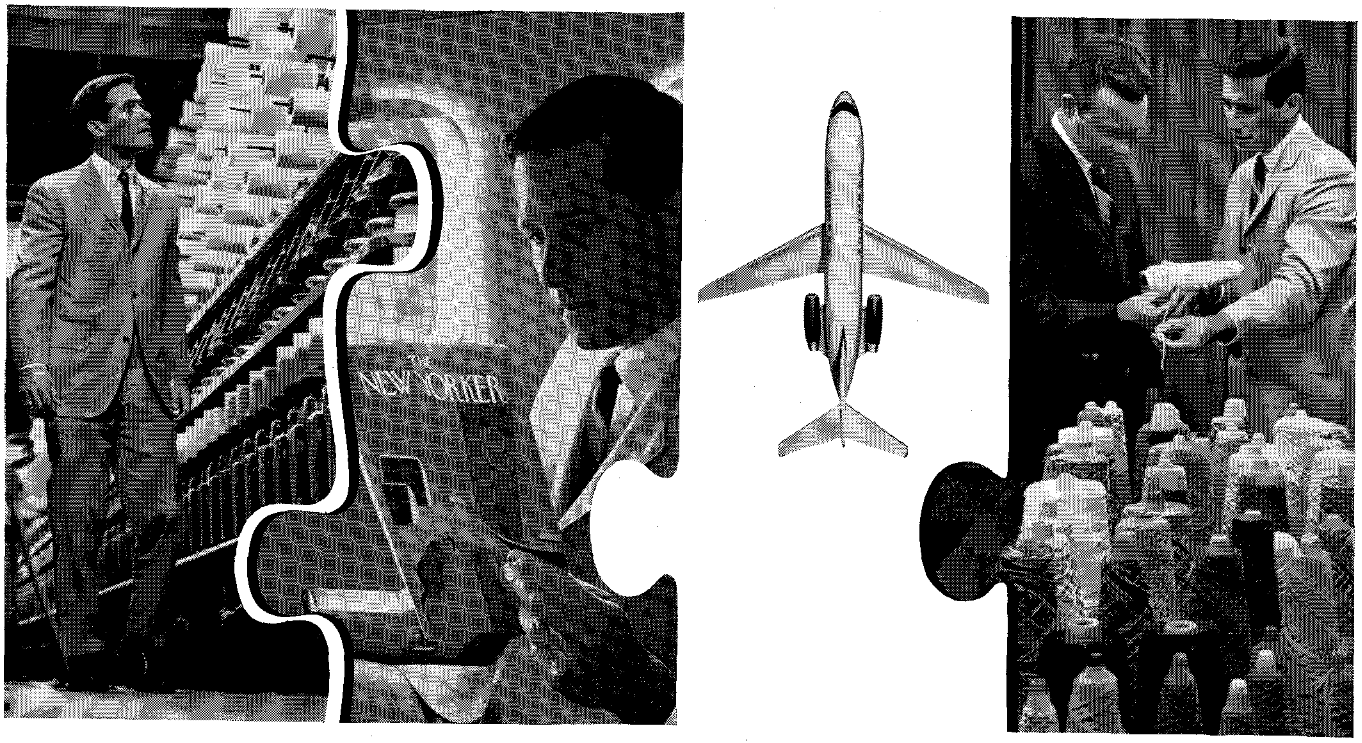

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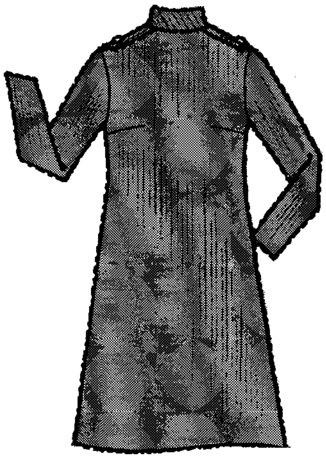

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things that had been dear to him, and I did not go.

Then one evening Higgins came to my flat. He had had peremptory instructions from Russell to bring me along with him to the house. Higgins was close to tears. "You'll have to come," he said. "Æ will be hurt if you don't come, and the man is hurt enough."

"How can I go to the house of a man who's hurt like that and take his things away?" I asked.

"How do you think *I* did it?" Higgins asked. "I've had to sit there and listen while they said, 'Oh Æ, I wonder if you could let me have that nice little drawing by So-and-So?' You should see the greed in those fellows' eyes."

I went back with him. Russell's face was like a tragic mask as he showed other friends about the rooms and let them take his little treasures. By this time I was as emotional as Higgins, and the longing to weep only made me angry. I told Russell that I did not want to take anything of his, and he said in a broken voice, "You mustn't leave without taking something. I put aside a set of the Jack Yeats broadsheets for you. I know you admire Jack Yeats. Do please take them."

I stayed on, and Higgins stayed with me, and we made casual conversation as we might have done at a wake, only that on this occasion the corpse made one of the company. When we left, the pubs were shut. Otherwise I think we should have got blind drunk.

RUSSELL left for London, and for the first few months our friendship remained as close as ever. As anyone might have predicted, London was a disappointment to him. "It is really a dead country," he wrote to me, "but there are very nice people among the dead, and if they were only alive they would be the best people in the world."

He wrote that he was unwell and that his London doctor had diagnosed colitis. That evening when I was walking on Sandymount Strand with my doctor, Richard Hayes, I showed him the letter, which described the symptoms.

"I am very sorry to say that is not colitis," he said after a moment. "That is cancer."

I did not take this any more seriously than I had taken Russell's own premonitions, but I was deeply upset by certain caustic remarks Higgins reported Russell as having made about

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me, and our friendship cooled off. It was only long after, when I got to know Higgins better, that I wondered whether those unpleasant remarks had ever been made outside the excitable, devious imagination of Higgins himself, because that Tyll Eulenspiegel of a man delighted in nothing so much as embroiling two friends and then grieving uproariously over the sufferings of both.

When Russell died, Higgins grieved louder than ever, because Yeats refused to speak over the grave. "I should have had to tell all the truth" is the excuse Higgins reported Yeats making, but what that meant I do not know—unless perhaps Higgins had made mischief between Russell and Yeats as well. I made the speech, and Yeats stood behind me, an old man who looked as though he had not long to live himself, and opposite me, at the other side of the grave, was de Valera. In those days it was still not considered a sin for a Catholic to attend a Protestant funeral. When I had finished, Yeats in his generous way stepped forward and took my hand, saying in a loud voice so as to be heard by everybody, "Very fine! Very noble!" And then, in a whisper, "Have you copies for the press?"

Of course, I hadn't, which was probably as well, because in those days I could be both pompous and silly. I had forgotten what I said. What I should say now is "This was the man who was father to three generations of Irish poets, and there is nothing more to be said." —FRANK O'CONNOR

•

The Elkhart winner will receive a $500 U.S. Savings Bond and atrophy. He will race in Akron where $30,000 in college scholarships will be on the line.—*South Bend Tribune.*

He won't stand a chance.

•

Arthur Hill plays the victim of a blackmail plot but uses his menagerie of lizards and snakes to wreak revenge on The Bob Hope Theater, Wednesday at 9 p.m.—*San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle.*

A direct-action fellow.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Picton* (*Ont.*) *Gazette*]

Mrs. MacGregor and Mrs. Edward King served a dainty lunch while the members chatted about the dryness of this season and recalled seasons that were wetter.

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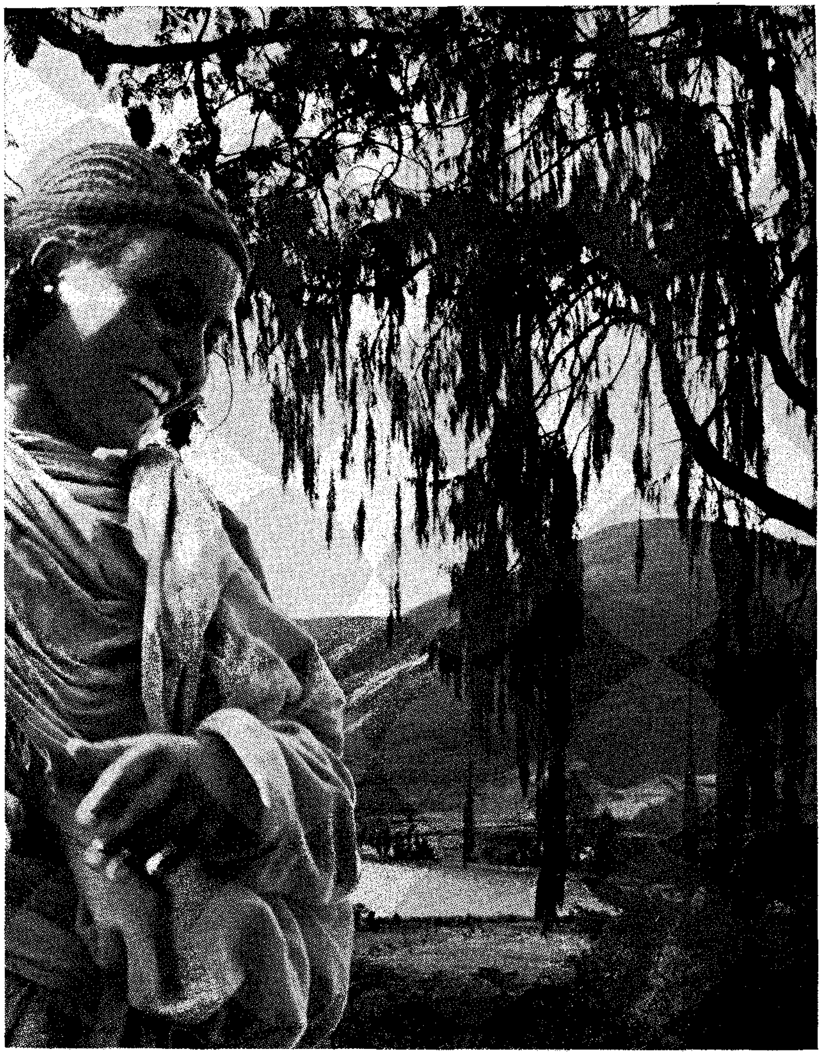

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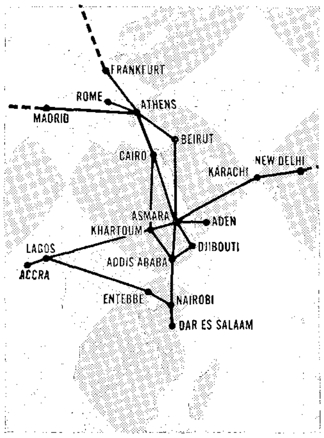

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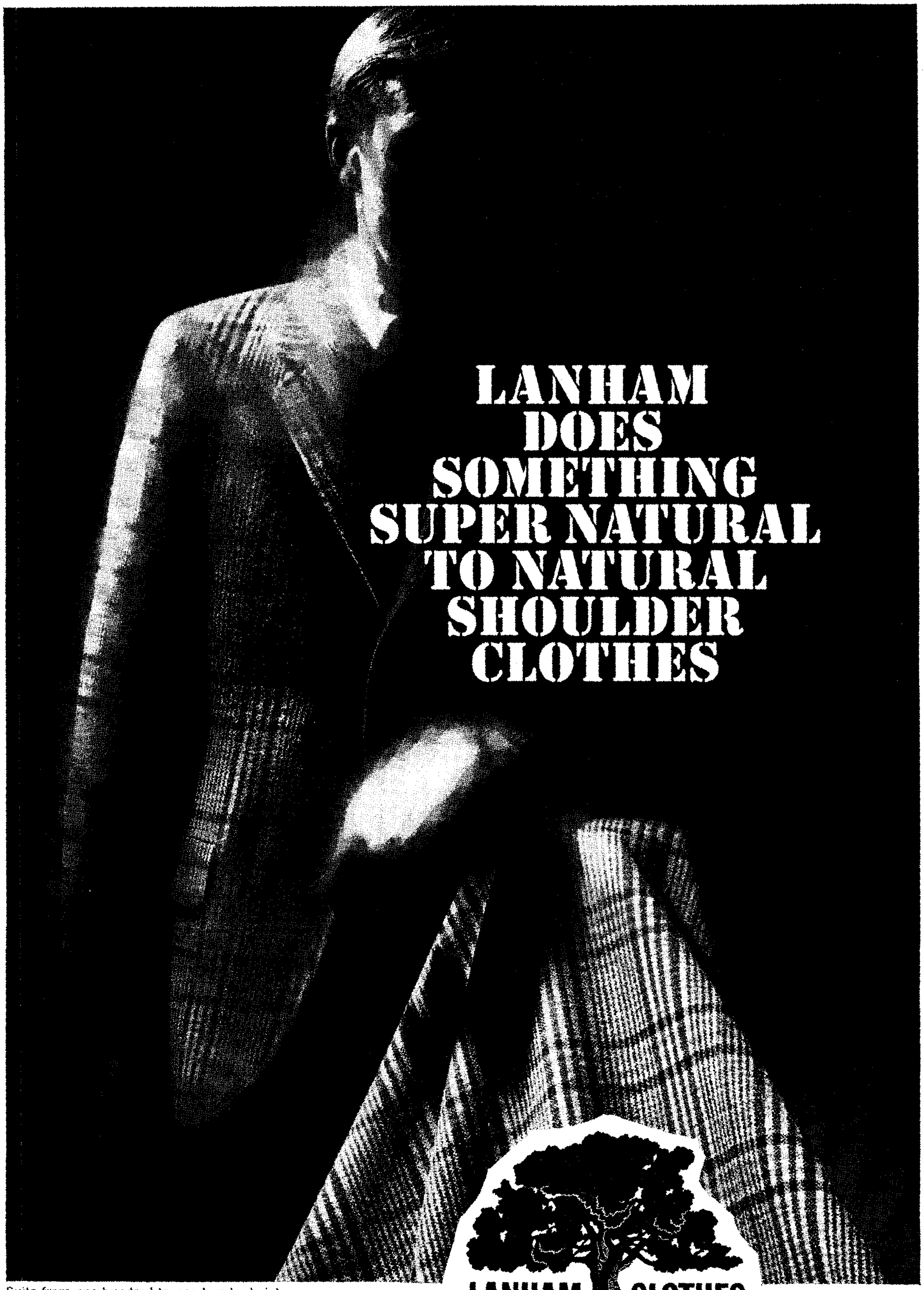
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Scrutinizing Old Age

A CUR slinks down an empty cobbled street. An old woman, alone in a cluttered room, drinks tea from a saucer and listens for unlocated enemies. We are in an English industrial town, where grime coats the buildings and suspicion corrodes the spirit: a town of factories, betting shops, tawdry nudist clubs, obdurate Victorian slums—front doorsteps scrubbed white every morning by women who would not go out without a hat—and a soup kitchen where the aged poor are given scraps in exchange for singing hymns under a sign announcing that "GOD IS LOVE." The notice has the look of an order in some charity hospital's ferocious waiting room. The sight of it is an offense in this context—hanging above the friendless faces as they mouth pieties for the sake of a meal and pretend that their lost dignity is really only secreted somewhere, like pound notes hidden in a sock under the bed. The assertion of an eternal and enveloping affection for them seems another of the many con games played by well-off Christian countries against their old. Bryan Forbes' "The Whisperers," with Dame Edith Evans, is about one of the people whom the West sweeps under the carpet. There are no euphemisms for her. She isn't a senior citizen; she isn't venerable, or a sage, or a *grande dame*. She is merely disgustingly old. She makes us sick. She is the person we are going to be, but we put that thought aside as efficiently as we discard the thought of getting cancer from smoking. We don't ask her to live with us—so distinguishing ourselves from the Indians, the Chinese, the Italians, and the Jews—because she has grown set in her ways and might upset the children. Anyway, she has got used to being on her own: chatting to herself, and imagining things, and grubbing around among her senseless mounds of old newspapers. And she has the radio, after all, and her old-age pension. Edith Evans' noble, serious face bends over a cheap tabloid; she clucks with horror at a headline, and eats a doorstep slice of bread and butter. There is another sort of life outside—Bryan Forbes inserts shots of a baby crying, of people making love—but old Mrs. Ross has forgotten the possibility of it and has retired into a hermetic edifice of private tastes and dreams which she can better control, sitting in it and contemplating human affairs from a great height. She dispenses opaque warnings of plots to an irritated girl with a colored baby, writes gracious letters about civilization and the rates to a rather sentimentalized pen-friend at the National Assistance Board, and spins tales of a grand past and fortunes in cattle, when the truth is that her only knowledge of high living comes from having worked behind the green baize door. Dame Edith's accent hides something subtle. In the presence of psychiatrists, or the National Assistance Board, or the jailed husband who quit her, she speaks like a lady of the manor unbending to the villeins, but her adored wastrel son calls out the voice of buried servility.

Bryan Forbes wrote the screenplay himself, from a novel by Robert Nicolson. The black-and-white photography is by Gerry Turpin and the editing by Anthony Harvey (who recently directed the very good film of LeRoi Jones' "Dutchman" in a six-day shooting schedule). There seems to me to be too much narrative in the film; it imposes something melodramatic on a picture that is essentially a scrutiny of native inner processes, like Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch." The plot surrounds the old woman not only with Ronald Fraser as the criminal son who uses her rooms as the hiding place for his loot, and with Avis Bunnage as a thieving acquaintance who plunders her bag with the complicity of an entire family, but also with Eric Portman as her refallen deserter husband. He is dredged up for her by welfare workers, who roughly thrust him back into her life as being better than nothing after she has had a breakdown. Eric Portman's performance is a horribly observant study of the practiced scrounger. He practically tugs his forelock to any welfare official, gives a quick kiss of a pound note and a "God bless you" to a woman helper whom he clearly despises as a genteel idiot, and whines at his humiliated wife when she withdraws behind battlements of silence. But most of the plot elements make a disfiguring bulge in the shape of the film, as if an inner tube had suddenly burst through a tire. The best of the picture is in its grieving details of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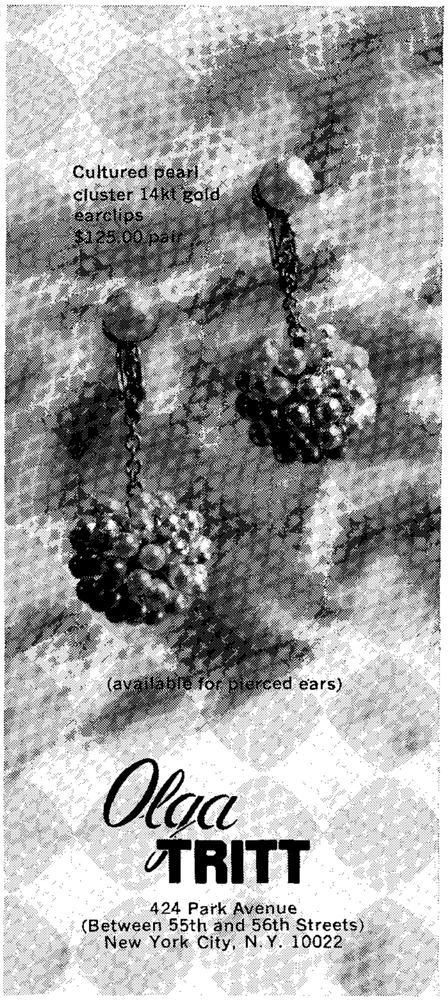
age and loneliness: the way Edith Evans fills a kettle, knocking first on the water pipe to get it to work; her bird tufts of white hair, almost like an old man's, and the whole desolate suggestion of merging genders that one sometimes catches in the senile and hopeless; and the cunning of the pensioners in the public library—one of them wearing spectacles held together with a safety pin—who pretend that *they have come to read the newspapers* but really want sanctuary and the central-heating pipes to warm their feet on. Edith Evans may be most celebrated for her battle-axe intonations as Lady Bracknell, but her authority doesn't really lie in her silencing elocution. It has more to do with her insight into people's differing and desperate maneuvers—sometimes stylishly tyrannical, often wan, dingy, or simply matter-of-fact—to sustain some permanent idea of themselves in a world where togetherness is a passing hoax, and isolation the constant to be faced. It was this shrewd buried judgment of a part of the motive for Lady Bracknell's booming and snobbery that turned the performance into something far beyond an inspired impersonation of an invigilator-minded dowager. It also made Ma Tanner an ineradicable character in the film of "Look Back in Anger," and it gives Bryan Forbes' new picture a stoic grace that movingly seems Dame Edith's own.

Pietro Germi's appealingly lugubrious "Divorce—Italian Style" arose from his country's unworkable laws and ethics on the topic of marriage. So does his new film, "Signore e Signori," which some skin-crawling jokester has renamed "The Birds, the Bees, and the Italians," but there is no spine to it. If the English title smells of coyness, the picture has a pretty strong reek of the cutes on its own account. "Divorce—Italian Style" was a rock-hard fantasy of comic revenge, dreamed in outrage at the acceptance of a social situation, but "Signore e Signori" weakens into the tone of a gagmen's conference conducted by some clan of trite-minded pros guffawing at jokes that embody nothing but received ideas. Comedy about sex generally seems to be based on characters who are the creatures of their society. They are the conditioned opposites of people in tragedy, which is drawn naturally to men and women at odds with the norm and to the hermits and dissidents who have no safe seat in their century. But this doesn't mean



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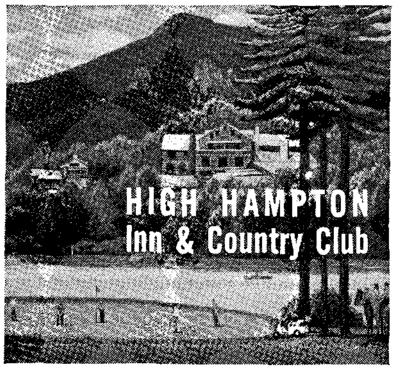

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that in the good sex comedies—from "Lysistrata" to "Lucky Jim" and "Some Like It Hot"—the Pavlov-trained characters won't suddenly revolt and spit in their education's face. The thing that makes TV marriage serials and routine movie bed romps so lily-livered and enervating is that their characters cleave to the letter of their over-annotated local mores. They have no independent life at all; they exist simply as robot demonstrations of the Pop-anthropological truisms that our Western countries like to call self-criticism.

In England, for instance, the routine sex comedy is still stuck with the poorly researched old idea that the Englishman is less happy with a girl than with a hot-water bottle. In France, the mechanical laugh-raiser is the pretense that every citizen has at least two loves going at once and that this is fine with everyone as long as it doesn't interfere with people's dinner parties. In America, the convention is to make any suspected infidelity a rib-tickling misunderstanding, and to locate passionate conflict in fights about the custody of the electric mixer. In Italy, the mechanical laughs seem to cluster mostly around housewifely prostitutes, or around men like the characters in Germi's new comedy, who juggle with the Catholic Church, lust, and husbandly honor in a hapless effort to keep three irreconcilable edicts from colliding. For some sad reason, the gifted director of this picture has drifted into a manner of not taking seriously what he is saying, and therefore not being funny. His film is bitty, with a lapdog's yap for attention, and it is full of planted joke sequences that are the visual equivalent of blackout sketches in revue at its dampest. Germi gives none of his actors here enough screen time to create anything; it is hard to believe that the same man who dug something so profoundly comic out of Marcello Mastroianni can have allowed the facetious business in this film. There is even the ancient joke of a man who demonstrates that he is besotted about a girl by absently putting sugar in his neighbor's drink and then complaining that his own coffee is bitter. I was afraid something like this was going to happen when the music started; the theme that runs through the film is a little tune that jogs up and down three semitones in two-four time, and I have never heard it signal anything but try-hard humorousness in movies about the giant subject of Sex in the West.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SOUTH OF AJO

WE had met for breakfast at the Copper Coffee Shop on the plaza in Ajo, a little copper-mining town in the Sonoran Desert of southern Arizona, and we had drunk the last of our coffee and were ready to go by eight o'clock. As we came out and crossed the covered sidewalk to the car, the trees that shaded the plaza looked dim and dusty in the glare of the bright spring sky, and the air was already warm. The car was nosed up to the curb. It was a pale-green International Scout, and lettered on the hood, in darker green, was "Park Ranger." Two sweating canvas water bags were hung just over the headlights. We took off our jackets and got in and settled down among our gear, and drove off around the plaza. The trees in the plaza were palms and oleanders, and the oleanders were ablaze with hot-pink blossoms.

There were four of us—James Carrico, Richard Cunningham, Max Edwards, and I. Carrico is chief ranger at the Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, some twenty miles south of Ajo, and Cunningham is chief naturalist there. Organ Pipe Monument is bounded on the east by the Papago Indian Reservation, on the south by Mexico, and on the west by a stretch of mountainous desert known as the Cabeza Prieta Game Range. The game in the Cabeza Prieta Range includes pronghorn antelope, mule deer, peccary, and desert bighorn sheep. Like the Monument, the Game Range is owned and administered by the federal government, but because of past concessions both are vulnerable to exploitation by cattle growers and mining interests, and the Department of the Interior is preparing to propose to Congress that the two areas be combined to form a preserve called the Sonoran Desert National Park. The Monument comprises around five hundred square miles of land, and the Game Range nearly fourteen hundred. Together, they would make a park almost the size of Delaware. Edwards is Assistant to the Secretary of the Interior and Legislative Counsel of the Department, and he and I had come out to Arizona to spend a couple of days on the Cabeza Prieta trails. Carrico and Cunningham were here to show us around.

We emerged from the plaza. Carrico was at the wheel of the Scout, and I had the seat beside him. The others sat on a wooden bench in back. Cunningham had a pair of binoculars around his neck and a bird guide in his lap. We drove past an adobe Catholic church and an adobe Methodist church and down a block of crowded houses and across the tracks of the Tucson, Cornelia & Gila Bend Railroad. Beyond the tracks was a big, fuming copper-smelting plant, and beyond the plant the street converged with a highway that ran between two big piles of green and gray and red mine tailings. They were enormous piles. They stood two or three hundred feet high, and they flanked the highway for two or three miles. Half a mile beyond the tailings, Carrico turned off the highway and onto a gravel road that led due south. There were gravelly flats on each side of the road, and big brown mountains in the distance. The flats looked as hard and dry and dead as the road, but scattered here and there were clumps of shiny green creosote bush gleaming with yellow buttercup flowers. I remembered Mary Austin's apothegm "The desert begins with the creosote." An adobe house came into view on the right. The roof had fallen in, and the dooryard was overgrown with creosote bush. An overgrown tire track ran up to the house from the road.

"There's a lonely sight," I said.

"There used to be some Indians living there," Carrico said. "I guess their well went dry. That's what usually happens."

"It happens all the time," Cunningham said. "The water table is falling everywhere in this part of the country."

The gravel road came to an end. A bumpy track led on across the creosote desert. The big brown mountains in the south had come much closer, and there were other, bigger mountains rising now to the east and west. Cacti began to appear among the creosote bush. Most of the cacti were tall, prickly, tree-trunk saguaro cactus, but there were also a few organ-pipe cactus. The organ-pipe looked a lot like organ pipes. They also looked a lot like thick, upthrusting fingers. The saguaro cactus was variously shaped. Some were merely soaring columns, and some had one or two or three or many raised or twisted or downstretched arms. One had a single pincushion knob growing out of its flank. Many of the saguaros were pierced with woodpecker holes.

Carrico sat up in his seat. "It looks like we're coming out of the flats," he said. "You can always tell by the cactus. The saguaro will rarely grow on the hard-packed desert floor. It likes the slopes, where the soil is a little looser."

"And where it gets a little runoff," Cunningham said.

"Some of those shapes are pretty weird," I said.

"They get that way with age," Carrico said. "I understand they don't even begin to grow any arms until they're forty or fifty years old. But they live to be around two hundred."

"It's probably more than just age," Cunningham said. "There's a theory now that the saguaro's arms are counterweights. The idea is they grow where they're needed for balance. I think that's an interesting explanation. Those saguaros are heavy. They're around ninety per cent water, you know. A big one will weigh several tons. So they have to be kept erect. Because once they start to lean—"

"Watch it," Carrico said.

We jolted down and across and out of a deep wash. The dry bed of the wash was ribbed with sand as fine as beach sand, and along the bank were thickets of desert broom and stands of thorny mesquite and paloverde. There were birds moving in the mesquite—little black

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phainopeplas with big black crests. The paloverde trees were big enough to cast a carpet of shade, and with their smooth green trunks and smooth green branches and smooth green leaves they looked strangely lush and cool. On the other side of the wash, the track was worse than before. We dropped from fifteen to ten to five miles an hour, and a great cloud of dust rose up and around us. Carrico coughed, and cranked up his window, and after a moment I cranked up mine. Almost at once, my skin prickled with sweat. Carrico took off his sunglasses and wiped them dry and put them on again. We sweltered on through the dust for another mile or two, and then Carrico took his foot off the accelerator. We came to a stop, and the cloud of dust subsided. Carrico pushed open his door.

"Ten o'clock," he said. "Time for a stretch and a drink of water."

I followed him out and around to the front of the car and helped him unfasten one of the canvas water bags. There was a stir of air across the creosote flats, and I could feel my shirt drying on my back, stiffening and pulling away from my skin. Cunningham and Edwards joined us, and we passed the sweating water bag around. The water had a musty, drygoods taste from the canvas, but it was cool, and I held my breath and drank three or four big swallows. I handed the bag to Edwards. He took it and raised it to his mouth, and stopped.

"Listen!" he said. "Just listen! My God, you can't hear a sound. This is a pleasure I haven't had in a long time." He drank and corked the water bag and hung it back on the car. "Where are we, anyway?"

"Well, let's see," Carrico said. "We really aren't anywhere yet. Those are the Ajo Mountains there to the east, and the Growlers off to the northwest. Those up ahead are the Bates Mountains. The mountains behind the Bates are the Puerto Blanco Mountains. If you look beyond that high peak there in the Puerto Blancos, you'll see another peak. It's kind of faint. It's forty miles away. But that's in Mexico."

"Cubabi Peak," Cunningham said.

"That's right," Carrico said. "Cubabi Peak. And this track we're on is called the Bates Well Road. We're headed for Bates Well. It's just inside the Monument. Then we'll cut through a corner of the Monument and into the Game Range. I thought we'd eat lunch at the next well—Papago Well, they call it. Not that we

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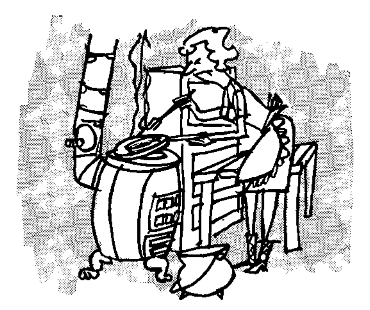

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need any water, but it makes a place to stop. There's a certain amount of shade there."

"That sounds great," Edwards said. He got out a pipe and filled it with sweet tobacco and lighted it. "But, my God," he said, "did you ever hear anything so quiet?"

"That's the thing about the desert," Carrico said.

There was a clump of flowering creosote bush at the edge of the track. I picked a blossom and smelled it. It didn't seem to have much smell. The only thing I could smell was Edwards' sweet tobacco.

"Try this," Cunningham said, and broke off a sprig of creosote leaves.

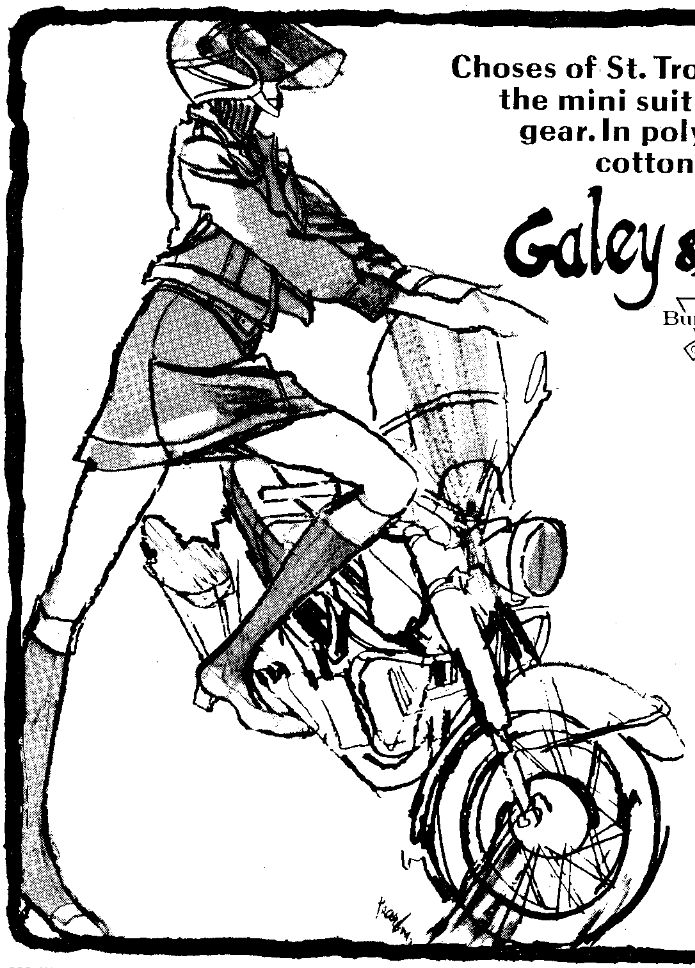
I didn't have to put it to my nose. It had a smell I could smell a foot away—the hot, bitter, smoky smell of creosote. But it had more bite than commercial creosote, and there was something repellent about it. I tossed the sprig away and wiped my hand on my pants. It had a laboratory smell.

"I see what you mean," I said.

"Yes," Cunningham said. "But, of course, it has no connection with the creosote they use to preserve wood. That's a wood-tar derivative. Creosote bush is an interesting plant. It's probably the best adapted of all the desert plants. It will grow in any desert soil and in almost any aridity. It also has a way of keeping down competition. You notice how those clumps are ten or fifteen feet apart? That's the spread of the root system, and it's a kind of free zone. The roots secrete some toxic substance that keeps most other plants away, and so the creosote gets whatever moisture there is. Also, the leaves are coated with something like a varnish that reduces evaporation. And that isn't all. The creosote is completely equipped to survive. It has the kangaroo rat and other rodents to spread its seeds, and it has no trouble with cattle or sheep. No grazing animal will touch it. They don't like that creosote smell."

"You know what they say," Carrico said. "Everything in the desert either stinks, stings, or scratches."

We drove on in another sweltering cloud of dust. There were many sandy washes now, and the going got worse and worse. We were coming off the desert floor. I watched the mountains getting closer and the smooth sides breaking into rocky cliffs and the color of the rock brightening in the sun from brown to red to pink. Landslide foothills tumbled down toward the track, and there were groves of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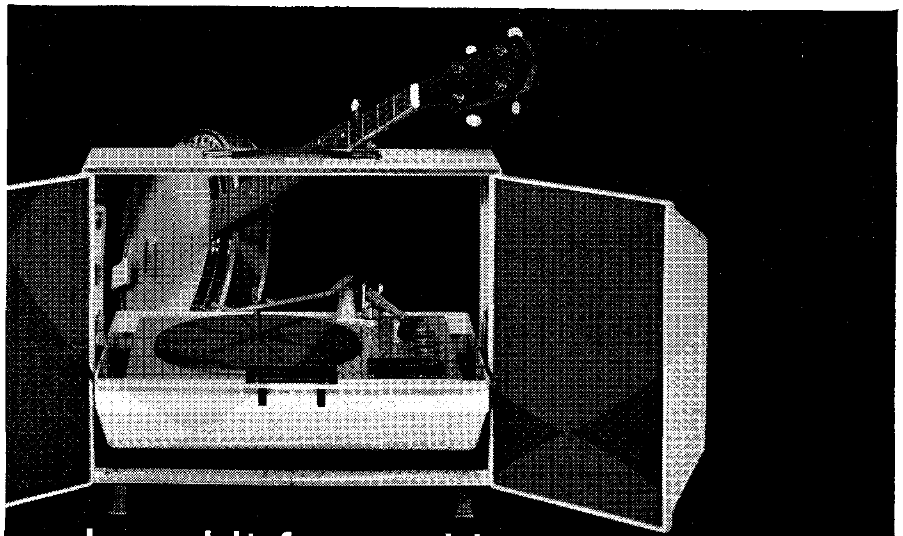

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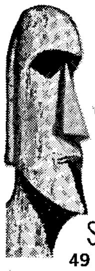

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saguaro cactus on the slopes. Mingled with the saguaros were clusters of barbed green ocotillo whips and an occasional thrust of organ-pipe cactus. Except for a feathering of leaves at the tip ends of the whips, the ocotillos looked dry and dead. The only flowers were still the creosote blossoms. Cunningham touched me on the shoulder and pointed, and I caught a glimpse of the zebra back of a Gila woodpecker perched on the side of a raised saguaro arm. The track cut around a little rise. Carrico followed it around—and stepped hard on the brake. Facing us about a dozen feet away were two big staring heifers. They were strange-looking animals. They had the white faces and the red flanks of a Hereford, but their horns were the sabre horns of a Texas longhorn. It wasn't only their looks that were strange. They had a quality of strangeness.

"Well," Carrico said. He raced the engine, and the heifers started and stepped back a step or two. But their heads stayed down and their eyes still stared. "They're not feral," he said. "They belong to somebody. They're wild, though. They're wild as hell. It's possible they've never seen a man or a car close up before. I sure wouldn't want to try and pet one of them."

"They probably belong to the Grays," Cunningham said. "That's a family that still has grazing rights in the Monument. And it's like Jim says. They let their cattle range until they're ready to sell them. In this country, you don't have to watch your cattle. They won't wander off too far. They're tied to your well and watering trough. They've got to come in every two or three days to drink. That's a certain advantage. The disadvantage is that unless you've got a lot of land you can't run many cattle. This dry country wasn't made for cattle. It takes about one square mile to maintain three or four head. Three or four is the maximum."

"In a wet year," Carrico said.

"How much rain is a wet year?" I said.

"Well," he said, and looked at the standing heifers. He raced the engine again, and the heifers stood back a few more steps. That cleared the way. We bumped on down the track. "Nine or ten inches, I guess. Ten inches of rain would make a pretty wet year in this particular area. And this around here is about the best of the desert. It gets drier further west."

"It gets a lot drier," Cunningham said. "The western third of the Game Range gets less than four inches a

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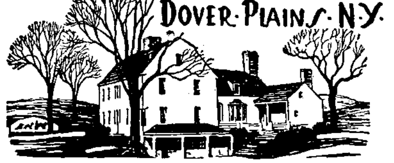

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year. That's real desert. There's nothing more arid than that anywhere in the United States."

"Not even Death Valley?" Edwards said.

"Not even Death Valley," Cunningham said.

BATES WELL was a ramshackle ranch. It was deep in the mountains. The track led us up to a barbed-wire fence, and the fence led along to a gate. Just inside the gate was the ranch house. It was a low white house, with an outer vestibule like a country church and a corrugated-iron roof, and it sat in the shade of a tamarisk tree. Beyond the house were a rickety girder windmill, a water tank on stilts, and a one-room shack, and farther on, built against a windbreak of mesquite, was a complex of corrals. The corrals were empty, and the shades in the house were drawn. Even the windmill was still.

"Civilization," Edwards said.

"We'll take a look," Carrico said.

I got out in the sun and unlatched the gate. Carrico drove through and on to the house. I closed the gate and cut across a yard of cactus and creosote bush and patches of thin yellow grass. The others had the water bag out and open. I joined them. The house was as closed as it looked.

"Nobody home," Carrico said. "I guess they're over at one of their other places. They've got a couple of others. But they won't care if we look around a little. You can see what a difference a little water makes. Like this grass, for instance, and the size of those mesquites back there."

"That tamarisk tree is the biggest difference," Cunningham said. "They brought that in from somewhere. Tamarisk doesn't grow in the desert."

A path led back to the corrals. I could hear a Gila woodpecker calling from somewhere out of sight. It was a quacking, ducklike call. The path led past the water tank, and an Indian with a big, lined face was squatting there in the shade, working with a wrench on a pipe fitting. He looked at us without expression. Carrico smiled and nodded.

"Hi, there," he said.

The Indian said nothing.

"Chico is bilingual," Carrico said. "But his languages are Papago and Spanish."

"There's a Say's phoebe in that paloverde there," Cunningham said. "A lot of them winter down here."

We walked on to the corrals. Mistletoe was growing in gray cottony clus-

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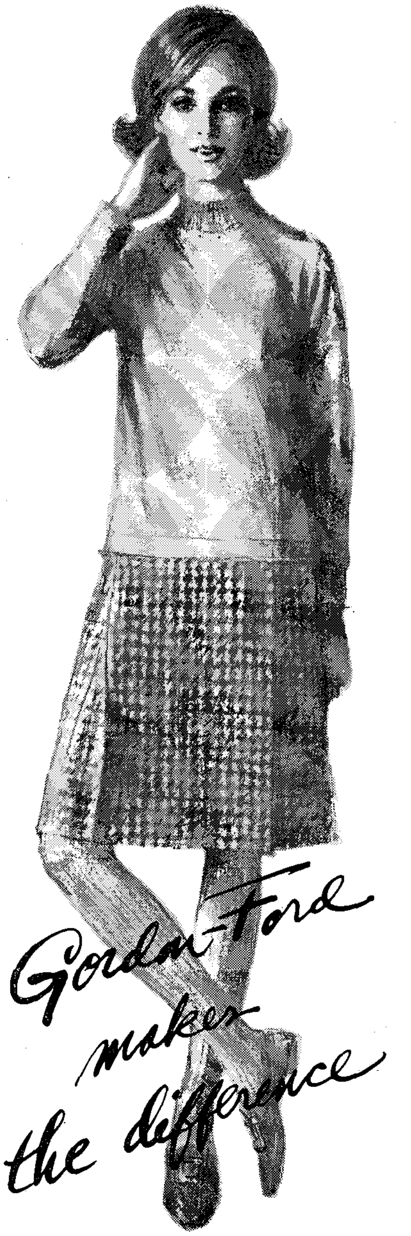

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ters in most of the trees in the mesquite windbreak. The corrals were strongly fenced, and equipped with heavy gates. A watering trough, some twenty feet long and four feet wide, was built against one side of the first corral. It was full to the brim with dusty water. A big mesquite overhung the gate, and one long, thin, bending branch was festooned with rusty little cow-pony shoes.

There was a sudden grinding creak behind us. It was the windmill moving in a sudden spring of wind. The vanes creaked into a wild, clattering spin. The wind was a freak of thermal pressures—a dust devil. It shifted away from the windmill and came twisting down the path in a gust of sandy dust. It thrashed in the big mesquite at the gate. It pulled my shirt and tousled my hair. It twisted a column of dust across the front corral, and then came twisting back. It touched the watering trough with a whirl and a splash. Then it twisted across the corral again, and off through the windbreak trees. The air was perfectly still. The windmill had stopped, and I could hear a woodpecker pecking. I looked at Carrico. He was rubbing his eyes. He laughed.

"That's another thing about the desert," he said.

CARRICO slowed the car and stopped. We were about a mile beyond Bates Well. He started up again, peering through the windshield, and then turned off the track and onto a just perceptible trace. It was no more than a print of tires in the gravel.

"This is a little detour," he said. "I understand one of the big copper companies has a prospecting crew down here in what they call the Growler Wash, and I'd like to check it out. It won't take long."

We followed the trace through creosote and cactus and tumbled stones. There were mountains close on every side, and the bare pink rock looked fiercely hot in the sun. The trace led into a steep, gullied valley. It was rough riding. We came up over the top of a rise. Just below, at the edge of a wash, were two parked trucks and a big orange core-drilling rig. Carrico pulled up and got out and walked down the slope. Three men in wide straw hats and Wellington boots came out from behind the rig, and one of them came on to meet him. We sat in the Scout and watched them talking. The prospector looked off into space. Then he dug a design in the dust with the toe of his boot. He spat, and Carrico nodded. After a moment, he

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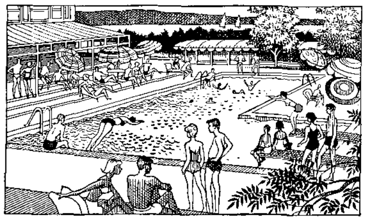

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nodded again, and then turned and came back up to the car. He had a satisfied look on his face.

"Well?" Cunningham said.

"Not too bad," Carrico said, and started the car. He swung it around and we headed back along the trace. "They don't talk much, but I gathered that they're down six hundred feet and they haven't found anything yet."

"So far so good," Cunningham said.

"Yes," Carrico said. He turned to me. "It's an awkward situation. What these people are doing is perfectly legal, you know. They have a perfectly legal claim and every right to work it. But that doesn't mean that it's good. We think it's wrong. We think it's the most adverse use of this kind of land you can find. It's exactly what the proposed Sonoran Desert National Park is intended to prevent."

"It *is* wrong," Cunningham said. "This is unspoiled, pristine desert. There's nothing quite like it anywhere else in the country. But suppose they find copper back there. You saw those mountains of tailings up in Ajo. That would be one result. The other would be a monstrous open-pit mine. The one in Ajo is a crater that covers almost five hundred acres and is almost eight hundred feet deep. This desert is fragile. A scar like that would last till the end of time."

"And erosion would make it worse," Carrico said. "But even if they don't make a find, they'll leave a mess. They always do."

IT was after one o'clock when we drove into Papago Well. The place had a long-abandoned look. There were two roofless shacks and a five-foot concrete water-storage tank on one side of the track, and the remains of a stone foundation and a padlocked shed on the other. A paloverde tree grew near the door of the shed, and behind the shed, in a tumbledown log corral, was a cement watering trough about the size of a bathtub. The trough held water. I could see the shine of it in the sun. But Papago Well was nothing like Bates Well. The paloverde was the only tree much bigger than a bush. There was still the feel of the desert.

"What happened here?" Edwards said. "It looks like a ghost town."

"I doubt if it ever was much of a town," Carrico said. "But I don't know its history. It's been like this for a good many years. About all it is now is a water hole for wildlife. The Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife has a man that comes around and keeps the

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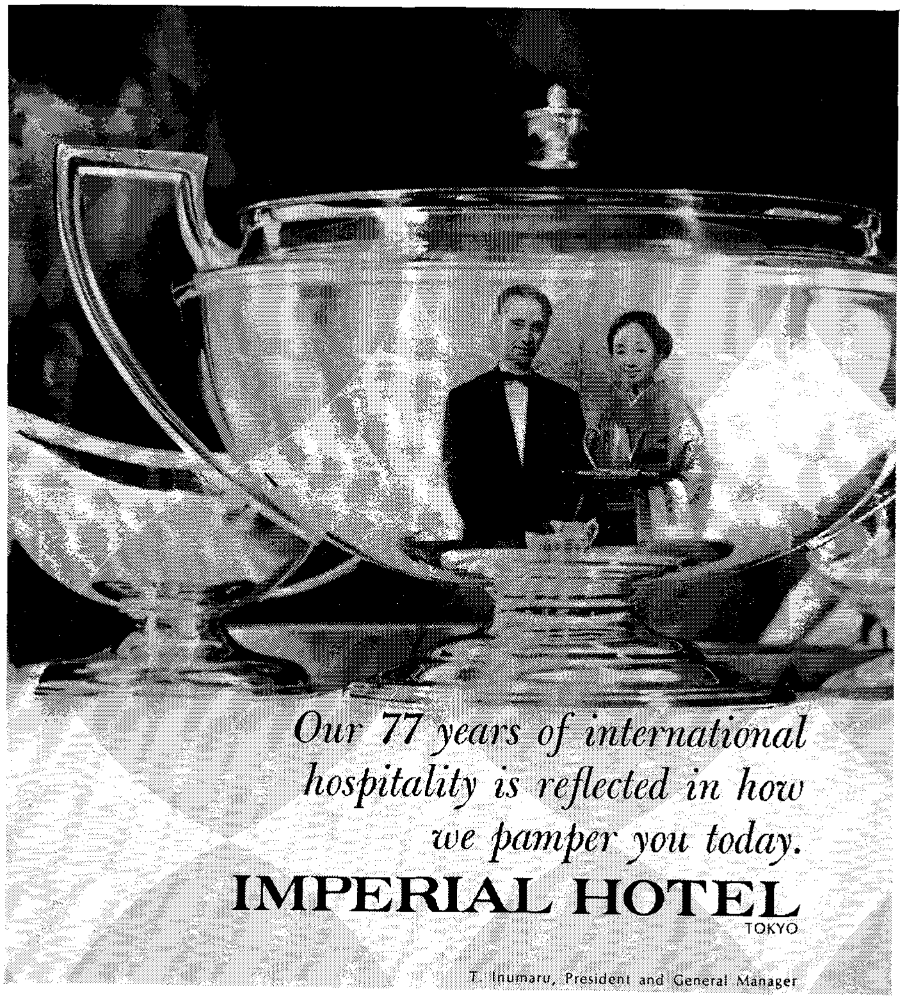
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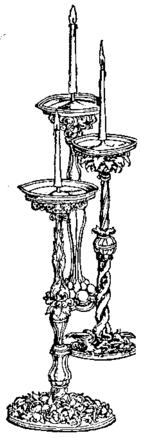

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pump and everything in order. This is the only water in this part of the Game Range." He nosed the car in under the big paloverde. A covey of six or seven Gambel's quail burst across the corral, running hard with black plumes waving, and then hopped into the air and sailed off into the creosote. We climbed out and stretched and had a drink of water from the water bag. It felt good to be out of the car and in the open air. Our lunch was packed in two cardboard boxes, and Cunningham carried them across the track to an edge of shade in front of the storage tank. We sat there comfortably out of the sun and drank tomato juice and ate hard-boiled eggs and liverwurst sandwiches and raw carrots. The carrots were crisp and cool and delicious in the heat. We finished lunch with raisin cake and coffee from a thermos. Edwards lighted up his perfumed pipe. I lay back against the wall of the tank and listened to the quail chirping and calling somewhere off across the track. The sky overhead was an empty, faded blue. It was completely empty—no planes, no vapor trails, no clouds of any kind. Carrico poured himself a second cup of coffee.

"You know," he said, "I often think about the old-timers who crossed this desert in the old days. It's rough enough in a Scout or a Jeep. But those guys did it on horseback or in wagons or on foot. You wonder how they managed about water. There is only one permanent spring in the whole Game Range, and the spring at Quito Baquito is the only reliable spring in the Monument."

"I guess a lot of them didn't manage," Cunningham said. "That's why the trail they used was called the Camino del Diablo."

"The Devil's Highway," Edwards said.

"Yes," Carrico said. "As a matter of fact, you can still get in trouble here. If your car breaks down or you run out of gas or something, you had better know what to do. Especially in the summer. We get temperatures here as high as a hundred and eighty degrees at ground level, and a temperature like that can dehydrate a man pretty fast. I know one recent instance. There was a young ranger at the Monument had his car break down in this desert. It was a day in July, but he was only about twelve miles from headquarters, so he decided to walk. He made it—but just barely. He was really sweated out. He collapsed and had to be helped in, and he lay in the bathtub soaking up water for about four hours before

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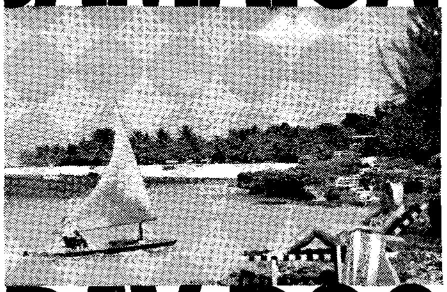

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he began to feel alive again. And it took him a couple of days to get all the way back to normal. An experienced man would never have taken a chance like that. He would at least have waited till sundown."

"Or just waited for help to come," Cunningham said. "I wouldn't want to walk across this desert on a summer night. Night is when the rattlesnakes come out. That's their time to hunt. They can't stand the daytime heat."

"Dick's right," Carrico said. "It's probably best to just sit tight and wait. Nobody goes out in the desert without telling somebody where he plans to go. When one of us goes out, we always file a route. I had to file one this morning."

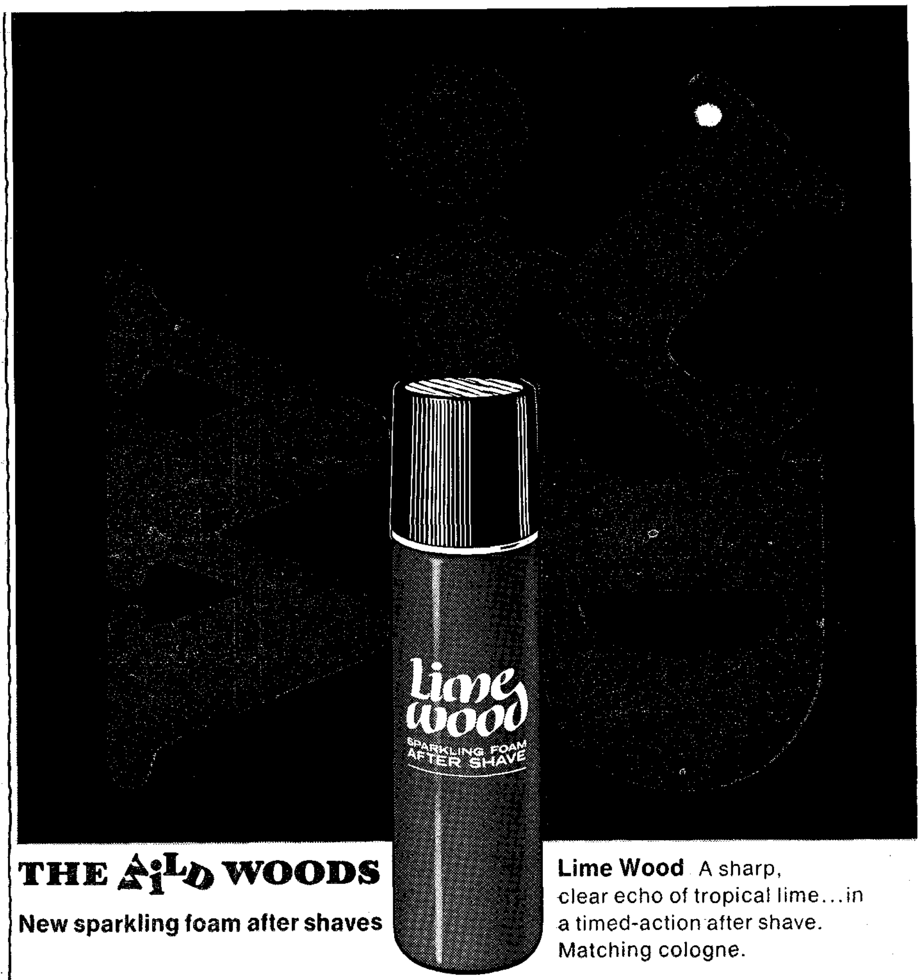
"Where are we going from here?" I said.

"I thought we'd go down to the border," he said. "Down into what they call the O'Neill Hills. Then I thought we'd head toward the Agua Dulce Mountains and spend the night somewhere up around Papago Mountain. That's good, rough country, but we've got plenty of water, so we can camp anywhere we like. And in the morning I thought we'd go back by way of Quito Baquito. That's the spring I mentioned a minute ago. Actually, it's a pond, and a pretty one. We ought to get there around noon. They expect us back at headquarters by midafternoon. If we don't show up by around that time, they'll send somebody out to find us."

Cunningham sat up. "Look!" he said. "Off there to the—" He sat back. "Never mind. It's just a redtail. For a moment, it looked like an eagle."

A FEW hundred yards from Papago Well, the track broke into a fork. One fork led northwest and the other led west. A signpost stood between them, and the sign on the northwest fork read, "Mohawk 52 m. No permanent water on this road." The other sign read, "Tule Well 31 m. Tinajas Altas 50 m." Below that was an arrow pointing back the way we had come and marked "Bates Well 23 m." We took the Tule Well fork.

It was a much better track than the one before. It soon became almost a road. Carrico shifted into high for the first time since midmorning, and we moved along at a good fifteen miles an hour. There was less dust now, and we opened the windows and the blowing air was warm but not unpleasant. The



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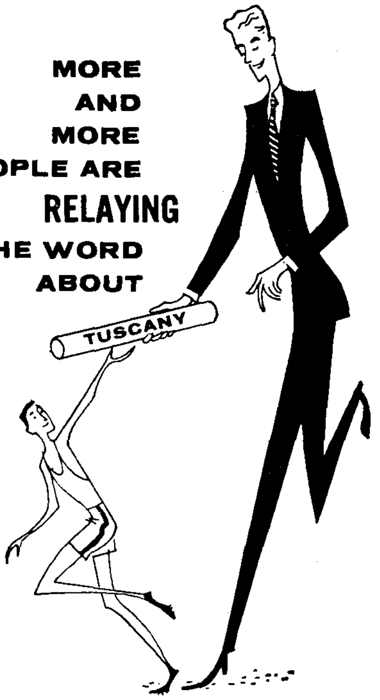

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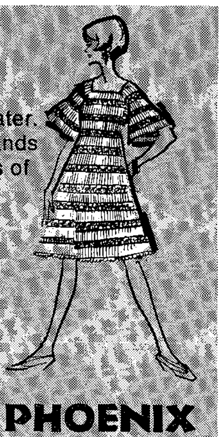

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desert also began to change. There were new green leaves on the ocotillo whips along the track, and here and there among the creosote were patches of new grass and even patches of flowers—yellow desert marigold, pink and lavender globe mallows, creeping purplemat, little desert sunflowers. The sunflowers and the globe mallows were swarming with tiny white moths.

"There must have been some rain along here," I said.

"There must have been quite a bit," Cunningham said. "Most of those flowers are annuals, and it takes a good rain to bring them up. The seeds they drop will sometimes lie dormant for years. They will germinate only after a good, hard rain. At least half an inch. That's an interesting phenomenon, and it used to be a big botanical mystery. But the explanation is simply this: The seeds of the desert annuals are covered with a water-resistant skin that will only dissolve in a rain that brings enough moisture to assure the growth of the plant. How's that for survival technique? If a shower was enough to germinate the seed, the species would never survive."

The rain had been a very local rain. After a couple of miles, the grass and the flowers began to peter out, and after another mile they were gone. We were back in the empty creosote flats. They seemed emptier than ever. I gazed across the flats at the mountains on the horizon up ahead. One of the peaks was strangely shaped and colored. It looked like a big dark brick mounted on a mound of bright white marble. I borrowed Cunningham's binoculars. The brick was brown volcanic rock and the base it stood on was granite, but it still looked like a brick.

"That's where the Game Range gets its name," Carrico said. "Those mountains are the Cabeza Prieta Mountains, and that biggest peak is Cabeza Prieta Peak. The old Spaniards gave it that name way back in the seventeenth century."

"Cabeza Prieta," Edwards said. "Oh, I get it—Dark Head."

"That's right," Carrico said. "Cabeza Prieta is one of the few good landmarks around here. And it's fairly high for the Sonoran Desert. It must be at least twenty-five hundred feet."

"It doesn't look that high," I said.

"Well," he said, "it's about thirty miles away."

That was about as close as we got to the Cabeza Prieta Mountains. The track soon took a new direction, swinging away from west to south, and first the lesser peaks and then Cabeza Prieta

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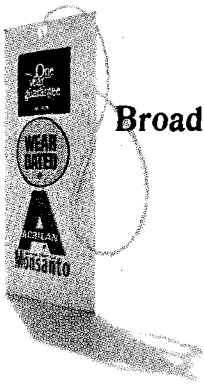

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itself sank out of sight. We passed under the loom of a rocky hill and into a narrow valley. There were many fallen rocks on the valley floor, and the flanking slopes were grown with organpipe cactus and saguaro cactus and prickly-pear and barrel cactus and chain-fruit cholla cactus. Edwards leaned forward.

"Hey," he said. He pointed to a rectangular pile of stones near the track with a rusty iron cross stuck up at one end. "That looks like a grave over there."

"It is a grave," Carrico said. "It's the grave of an old prospector named David O'Neill. He's the man they named these hills for."

"He drowned," Cunningham said.

Edwards laughed.

"No kidding," Cunningham said. "He died of drowning."

"They found him face down in a wash," Carrico said. "I guess he got caught in a flash flood."

"That happens every now and then," Cunningham said. "The desert is a very strange place."

We came to the end of the valley. Beyond the flanking hills were creosote flats that stretched far away south to a sudden rise of sawtooth mountains. The track skirted the edge of the flats and then cut sharply off to the right, heading west again. Carrico stopped the car.

"This is as far south as we go," he said. "We can't go any further. That's Mexico straight ahead. The border runs through those flats." He sat back and stretched. "If you'd like to really see it, we could climb that hill. There's a real great view from up there."

"All right," I said.

"Let's go," Edwards said. "I'd be glad to stretch my legs. How about you, Dick?"

"I think I'll just stay here," Cunningham said. "I've climbed that hill. It's higher than it looks. It's close to six hundred feet."

"That's why it's such a great view," Carrico said.

We went up the slope to the foot of the hill. From there, it looked like more than a hill. It was the same pink granite as the mountains, and it rose up from the slope at a mountainous pitch. It was almost as steep as a stepladder. Carrico led the way up the easiest face. We went on all fours, but it wasn't difficult climbing. There were plenty of toehold ledges and outcrops. A few feet from the top, I looked back. Edwards was just below me, and just below him was a bulge of rock. Below that was nothing but space on down

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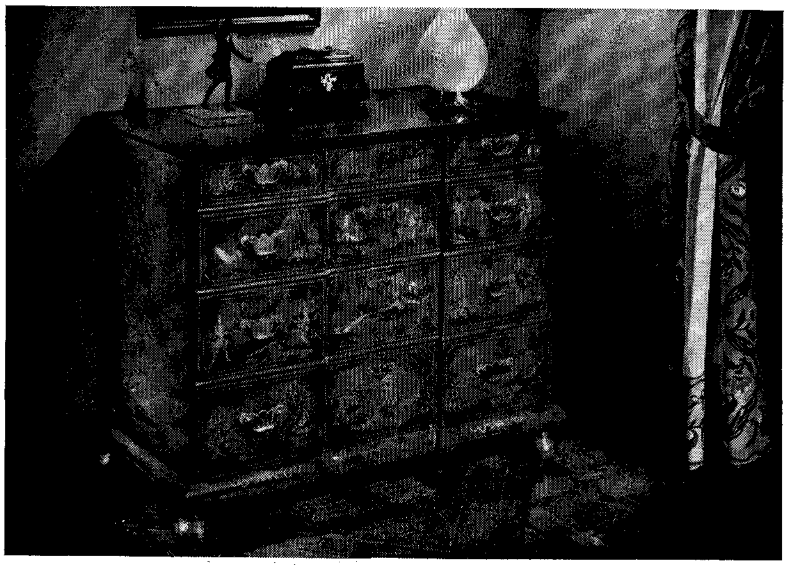

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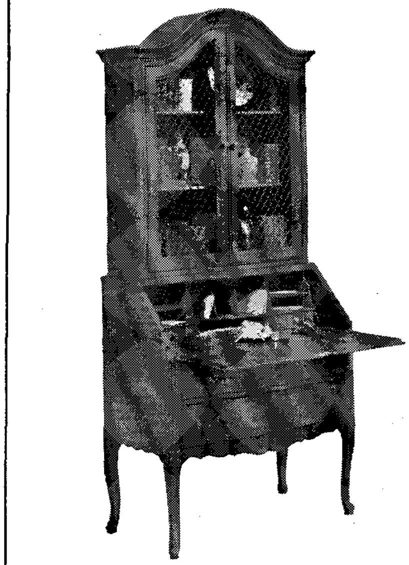

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to the valley floor and the little green lump of the car. If Cunningham was right about the height of the hill, I was looking down from the top of a forty-story building. It was a moment before I had the strength to go on.

The top of the hill was a narrow ridge. It was broken into several levels, and Carrico was waiting for us on the highest, with his hair blowing wild in the wind. The rock of the hilltop was hot to the touch. I stood carefully up well back from the edge—and Carrico was right. There was a great view. I wasn't ready to look down again, but I didn't mind looking into the distance. Edwards came scrambling up beside me. We stood there getting our breath and looked out at the spread of the desert—at an immensity of flats and hills and range after range of mountains climbing around the horizon. It was a really great view, but I couldn't really enjoy it. All I could think about was the climb back down.

We went down a different face. The first two hundred feet were the steepest and hardest, and they took us almost as long as the whole of the upward climb. Then came a tier of shelf-like ledges. And then the worst was over. Below the shelves was a long, easy gravel slide. We went sloshing down through the gravel. Edwards let out a whooping laugh.

"If I fall off this hill," he said, "I have one last request. I want to be buried up next to O'Neill."

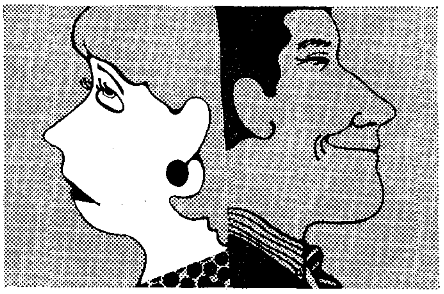
I was laughing, too. It was only a few more yards to the bottom. "All right," I said. "And we'll change the name of these hills to the Edwards-O'Neill Hills."

"I'd appreciate that," he said. "But you know, of course, what will happen. People will begin to drop the 's' in Edwards and forget the hyphen, and pretty soon it will be the Edward O'Neill Hills."

"That's a problem," I said.

"It's hopeless," Carrico said.

WE drove back up the valley. The drive down the valley seemed a long time ago. We passed O'Neill's grave and headed back across the creosote flats, and Cabeza Prieta raised its head again in the west. It was after four when we turned off the track and onto a rutted trail that led eastward toward the Agua Dulce Mountains. We dropped down to ten and then to five miles an hour. The trail crossed and recrossed a winding wash, and then turned and followed its southern bank. A big,



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humped, sunbaked mountain rose abruptly up from the desert ahead. That would be Papago Mountain. It was three or four times the height of the O'Neill hill we had climbed, and as we came under its loom it blocked the eastern sky.

We made camp in a grassy bend of the wash. It was sheltered on the south by a steep embankment and on the north and west by trees—mesquite, paloverde, and tesota ironwood. The ironwoods were the first I had seen. They were dense, black-barked trees with bluish, fernlike evergreen leaves. Cunningham, Edwards, and I unloaded the car and set up our cots and sleeping bags under the protective lip of the embankment. There was no need for a tent. It wasn't going to rain. By the time we had finished, Carrico had gathered an armload of ironwood twigs and sticks and got a cooking fire going. The ironwood smoke had a faintly cinnamon smell. I stood by the fire for a moment, feeling the satisfaction of a comfortable camp, and then walked up the wash through a panic of scattering lizards to get more wood. Tesota ironwood is among the hardest of North American woods, and it makes fine coals for cooking. There was plenty of it to be had. Dead branches hung from most of the ironwood trees. But five or six branches the size of my wrist were about all I could carry at a time. They had the weight of iron pipe. Cunningham joined me on my second trip, and Edwards got an axe and broke up the wood we brought in. The ironwood was actually too hard to cut. It could only be hacked and splintered.

When the wood was in, the camp was made. We settled down at the fire, and Edwards found some paper cups and passed around a bottle of Scotch and the water bag. The fire felt as good as the whiskey. Papago Mountain was still bright with sunlight, but the light was the blaze of sunset, and the heat was going out of the day. I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes past six. Carrico put a grill over the fire and sliced some little pink new potatoes into a frying pan, and then unwrapped four thick strip steaks and arranged them on the grill. Dinner was on the way. He sat back on his heels and held out his cup for another dollop of Scotch. The sunlight on Papago Mountain brightened and flamed as red as the fire. The shade in the wash began to deepen into twilight. Then a shadow appeared at the foot of the mountain. It moved darkly up the mountain face, and suddenly the last of the light was gone. It was suddenly

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night and suddenly almost cold. A thin new moon rose over the mountaintop.

Carrico served up our steaks and fried potatoes, and put on a pot of coffee. We ate sitting close to the fire, glad of its warmth and light and comfort, and watched the high black sky fill up with stars. The steaks were faintly flavored with the cinnamon ironwood smoke. Far out in the night, a coyote gave a doglike bark and then a banshee wail. Carrico poured the coffee and built up the fire and lighted a long cigar.

"This is my time of day," he said. "There's nothing like it. Not even breakfast."

"This is what it's all about," Edwards said.

I WOKE up once in the night. The moon had set and the wind was blowing. I looked up at the stars and listened to the wind moving in the trees. It felt strange to be lying there in the desert night, but it also felt very good. The sky was clear and the air was fresh and my sleeping bag was warm. It was even stranger to think of the daytime desert. I turned over on my side and let myself sink exquisitely back into sleep. —BERTON ROUECHÉ

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THE RACE TRACK

Simply Stupendous

Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps, who races the Wheatley Stable, and Eddie Neloy, its trainer, just missed having one wow of an afternoon last Saturday. About an hour after her Stupendous won the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga Springs, her What a Pleasure lost by two lengths to Subpet in the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth Park. As Ben Jones, who often tried for similar doubles in the heyday of Calumet Farm, once said, "You can't win 'em all."

In the Whitney, Ring Twice took the lead quickly and smoothly, and held it for most of the mile and a furlong, but Stupendous, who had been in a good position from the beginning, overtook Ring Twice in the stretch. Then they went head and head until Stupendous drew away in the last few strides to win by a neck in 1:48⅕—a new track record for the distance. Straight Deal, the five-year-old mare who had won the Delaware Handicap the previous week, and because of that was obliged to give pounds of weight to all the colts in the Whitney, finished gamely to be third. Stupendous, who frequently was the pacemaker for Buckpasser, has won six of his thirteen starts and $112,628 this year. Recently, he was bought at a private sale by a British syndicate, and he will go to England, where he will stand at the English National Stud, Newmarket.

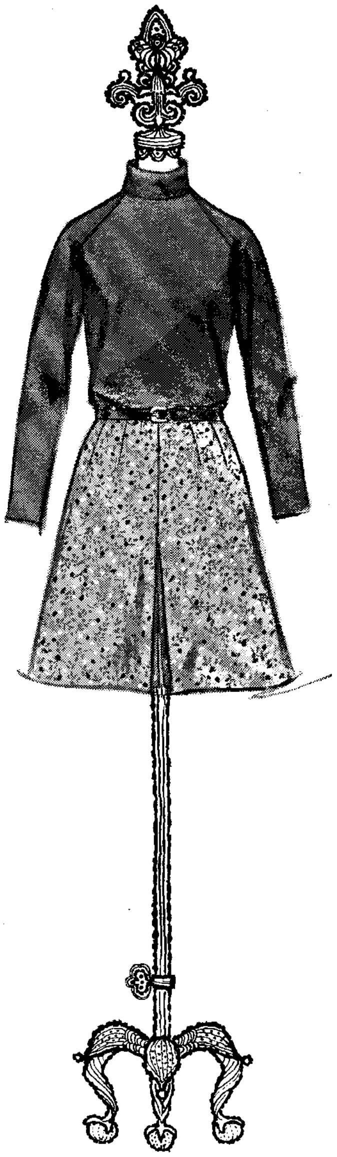
As for Buckpasser, he's been living easy at the Spa since his defeat in the Brooklyn Handicap last month. Before that, his next scheduled engagement had been the Whitney. Now he's taking the waters and light exercise, and he'll be out for the six-figure purses at Aqueduct in the autumn.

Neloy, I would guess, was keener to win the Sapling than the Whitney, for he had sent out the Sapling's last three winners—Bold Lad, Buckpasser, and Great Power. At any rate, he went down to Jersey to saddle What a Pleasure, who had won three of his four starts, including the National Stallion Stakes. Nine two-year-olds ran for the Sapling, and after a double-quick early pace—the first quarter in 0:21⅗ and the half in 0:44⅘—Subpet, whom I underestimated when he won the Great American at Aqueduct, went around the leaders and scored by two lengths. Iron Ruler was third. The Sapling closed a most successful meeting at Monmouth. The attendance last Saturday was 42,264 and the mutuel handle $4,275,182. Now, perhaps, things will pick up at Saratoga.

The first week at the Spa began with Calumet Farm's Forward Pass bringing off a 25–1 chance in the Flash Stakes, getting home a nose ahead of Pappa Steve, the favorite. Vitriolic was third. It was the first time Calumet has won this event for two-year-olds, which is almost as old as the track, having been first run in 1869. Another long shot, Mill River Stable's Idealistic, who paid off at 35–1, beat Copper Canyon and Ave Valeque by inches in the Schuylerville, for two-year-old fillies. The Test Stakes, the preliminary for the Alabama Stakes this weekend, brought out so many three-year-old fillies that it was run off in two sections. In the first, Gamely, a winner in California, rolled home six lengths ahead of Wakego, and Just Kidding was third. The second ended in a driving finish, with Treacherous leading Silver True and Green Glade under the wire. In the Beverwyck Steeplechase, Spooky Joe beat Mako, the favorite. The run-of-the-mill races aren't worth talking about.

Damascus, of course, won the American Derby at Arlington Park, and did it more easily than had been expected. Sixth of the seven starters for three-quarters of the mile and a furlong, he ran over the leaders when Shoemaker gave him his head, winning by seven lengths from In Reality. Favorable Turn was three lengths farther back. The time of 1:46⅘ set a track record and gives you an idea how much faster Arlington is than Saratoga. Damascus won't be meeting Dr. Fager in the Travers at the Spa a week from Saturday. A couple of weeks ago, Dr. Fager developed a virus infection, and although he is in training again, Johnny Nerud declared him out of the famous old classic for three-year-olds. Nerud hopes to have him ready to run in the New Hampshire Sweepstakes at Rockingham Park on September 2nd. In Reality is also skipping the Travers. Damascus is getting while the getting's good. Which is all right with

—Audax Minor



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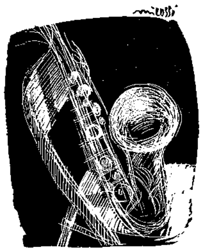
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz

NOSTALGIA is a cosmetic that enhances all but changes nothing. Thus, the assembly-line big-band days (1930-45) are longingly thought of now as a cornucopic time when the country was bathed in good jazz. On any given night, the vision goes, one could drop in at the local ballroom and hear WoodyHermanTommyDorseyGlennMiller, or else simply turn on the radio for live broadcasts of BennyGoodmanJanSavittArtie Shaw. The music, the vision continues, was glamorous and exciting and fresh. But remove the rouge and the face looks tired. Of the hundreds of big bands, only five were first-rate (Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Benny Carter, Jimmie Lunceford, Andy Kirk). The rest were imitations or imitations of imitations. Their arrangements were flat and their soloists cardboard; they approached jazz in the way a Japanese band did at Newport this year—with galumphing ardor. Their prideful ballad numbers were humid (the singers considered pitch a variable), and their novelty tunes had an almost homosexual flavor. Nonetheless, yearning magazine pieces called "Will the Big Bands Come Back?" or "The Great Days of the Big Bands" continue to be written, generally ignoring an altogether different kind of big band that began to appear obliquely ten or so years ago. These bands have been formed in their spare time by young musicians and/or studio musicians. Some of the bands have graduated from playing one night a week for kicks in someone's loft to public appearances, and some exist only in recording studios. (They are being increasingly fed by the invaluable and sometimes startling high-school and college "stage" bands, which are now ten thousand strong.) The reasons for their existence are not wholly clear. Perhaps it is safety in numbers (unemployment among jazz musicians is currently high), or a revolt against the star-dominated, small-band jazz of the past twenty years, or a response to the need for the unique benefits of a good big band—the satisfaction of playing an arrangement well, the men-from-the-boys competition among the soloists, and the priceless musical training. One thing about these bands *is* clear, though. Unlike their bland forebears, they reflect, and even magnify, the best jazz around them.



The most recent big band has been put together by Clark Terry, and it has been appearing on occasional weekends at the Half Note. (Other new bands are those led by Don Ellis, Buddy Rich, Frank Foster, Thad Jones and Mel Lewis, Herb Pomeroy, Gil Evans, Oliver Nelson, and Gerald Wilson.) The Terry band was seventeen strong the night I heard it, and on hand were such old pros as Phil Woods, Frank Wess, Danny Bank, Wayne Andre, and Julian Priester (Zoot Sims and Al Cohn were advertised, but they failed to show), together with such relatively unknown musicians as Randy Brecker (trumpet), Warren Bernhardt (piano), Jimmy Owens (flugelhorn), and Bobby Donovan (alto saxophone). The ages ranged from the late teens to the middle forties. The arrangements and a good many of the tunes were by members of the band, which played them with extraordinary polish. (The trumpet section, made up of Brecker, Owens, Ziggy Harrell, and Lloyd Michaels, was brilliant.) All the selections showed to some degree the myriad teachings of Duke Ellington, and they included a lot of blues, several pleasant ballads by Woods, an intricate six-four number by Owens, a waltz, and a fast rock-'n'-roll number. Best of all, every man in the band had a chance to solo. In "Summer '65," Priester sounded—with his off-side rhythms, unexpected swoops, and subtle dynamics—like Dickie Wells, and in a medium-tempo blues Lew Tabackin, a young tenor saxophonist, called to mind Sonny Rollins and the late John Coltrane, with the fat trimmed off. Bernhardt took two jumping choruses in "Minor Blues" that were filled with fast, surprising single-note figures, and Brecker demonstrated that he has more ideas than he knows what to do with. Joe Benjamin (bass) and Woods and Wess were given considerable space, but the high point of the evening came in an exhilarating four-trumpet duel in Woods' "Soul Berry;" Harrell's sly, funny, leisurely high-note solo won. Clark Terry, who is sometimes muscle-bound by his own facility, is an admirable leader. He doesn't hog solo space, he is genial, if long-winded, and his men obviously relish working with him. Terry's band lacks only one thing—a job.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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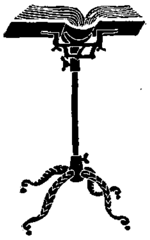
Mind Over Matter

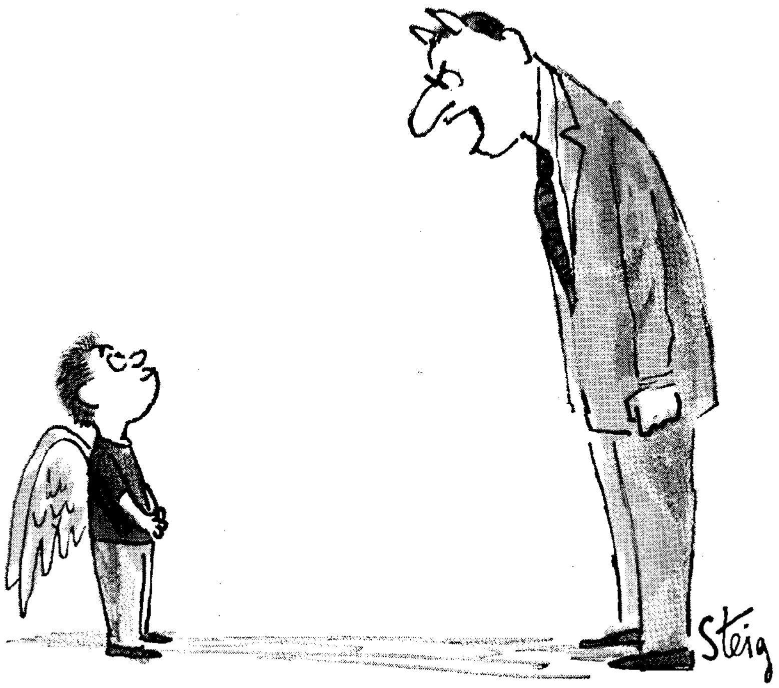


Susanne K. Langer, a philosopher known for her intense interest in the arts, has now come forth with her long-awaited magnum opus, or at least the beginnings of it. She is still concerned with the arts, but only as a jumping-off place for a vaster study—of the human mind and its evolutionary development. Ultimately, her study ("Mind: An Essay on Human Feeling," published by the Johns Hopkins Press) will fill three volumes. This is only the first of them, and it is perhaps premature to assess the whole work by it. Nevertheless, one can discern the method by which Professor Langer is to proceed and get an idea of what her conclusions are apt to be. It is obvious that she has set herself an enormous task. This first volume, which runs to four hundred and forty-four pages of text, is crammed with examples and demonstrations, the result not only of philosophical training but of many years of reading in the field of science, mostly, though by no means exclusively, biology. Professor Langer's is a very up-to-date work, in which, not content with rearranging standard philosophical concepts, she has ranged over the whole field of modern scientific research and has worked to some extent inductively, drawing generalizations from the available data. It is important to remind the reader that "mind," in her sense, is quite distinct from "brain;" it is not an object but a function. Her thesis, if one can judge by this volume, is that this function is possessed to a greater or lesser extent by all organic life, from the unicellular organism to man, and that all life is permeated with acts that are influenced by it.

It will not surprise anyone acquainted with Professor Langer's "Philosophy in a New Key" and "Feeling and Form" to learn that her concept of "feeling," a word that appears again in the subtitle of her new book, is basic to her thought in this new area. Feeling rather than intellection is to her the basic attribute of mind, and, armed with this idea, she ranges far back into the evolutionary process in search of what she regards as mental activity. Even the amoeba feels, and acts according to its reaction to feeling. Thus, according to Professor Langer, the human mind stands at the higher end of a complex evolutionary development, differing in some respects but not in essential nature from its predecessors. Her concept of "feeling" derives from her earlier work, in which she erected a rational structure to account for the nature of the arts. The human mind, to be sure, differs from the mind of the lower animals, particularly in its artistic function. Man is the only animal who creates images that project or portray a reaction to life. But these images, which constitute art, arise from his feelings rather than from his strictly analytical faculty, and so even *they* are offshoots of the same order of mind that she is busy tracing back to its origin. Often in the course of this book she compares works of art with the organic structures of nature and points out close resemblances. She speaks of "Les Sylphides" as a demonstration of the "dialectic of vital continuity"—something that is also demonstrated by the sonata form and other traditional art forms. To her, art is "felt life," and therefore an admirable field for the indirect study of life itself.

Now, just what is this "vital continuity" that "Les Sylphides" symbolizes? Life, says Professor Langer, consists of a succession of acts, and this is true for the life of all, from the smallest organism to the most complex. Darwinians of the old-fashioned type would consider these acts to be merely reactions to environmental causes. But this is not good enough for Professor Langer. She holds that (Darwin notwithstanding) organisms are not totally passive subjects upon which stimuli, or environmental influences, work. The organism, she says, already has a history; it has built up habits of reaction to previous stimuli, and it may even have inherited a pattern of action quite unrelated to its environment. Science has discovered the "encoded" character of genes; the prepatterning of butterfly wings is not a reaction to environment; the presence of useless organs, such as the vermiform appendix, is obviously the result of predetermined evolutionary acts that are no longer necessary. The concept of natural selection—of the organism as the passive recipient of environmental influences—is no longer tenable. An environmental stimulus strikes in this organism "a matrix of ongoing activity," where the effects it can have may be neutralized or accelerated, depending on the state of the organism, in which numerous inhibiting or accelerating impulses may be present. Thus, no outside stimulus may be said to "cause" an act. It may "initiate" one, but the moment it strikes the organism it is in competition with other stimuli and with impulses already present. Consequently, all acts are optional; the organism must choose which stimulus it will react to in preference to other stimuli, and here the function of mind comes into play, even on the most primitive level.

Professor Langer devotes a great deal of attention to the anatomy of acts. They are, to her, by no means abrupt responses to external and internal conditions. They have a form. To cite her, they start with incipience, pass on to acceleration, reach a consummation, and end in a cadence. They are in this respect very similar to the art forms in which artists portray the experience of life, and their form is or-



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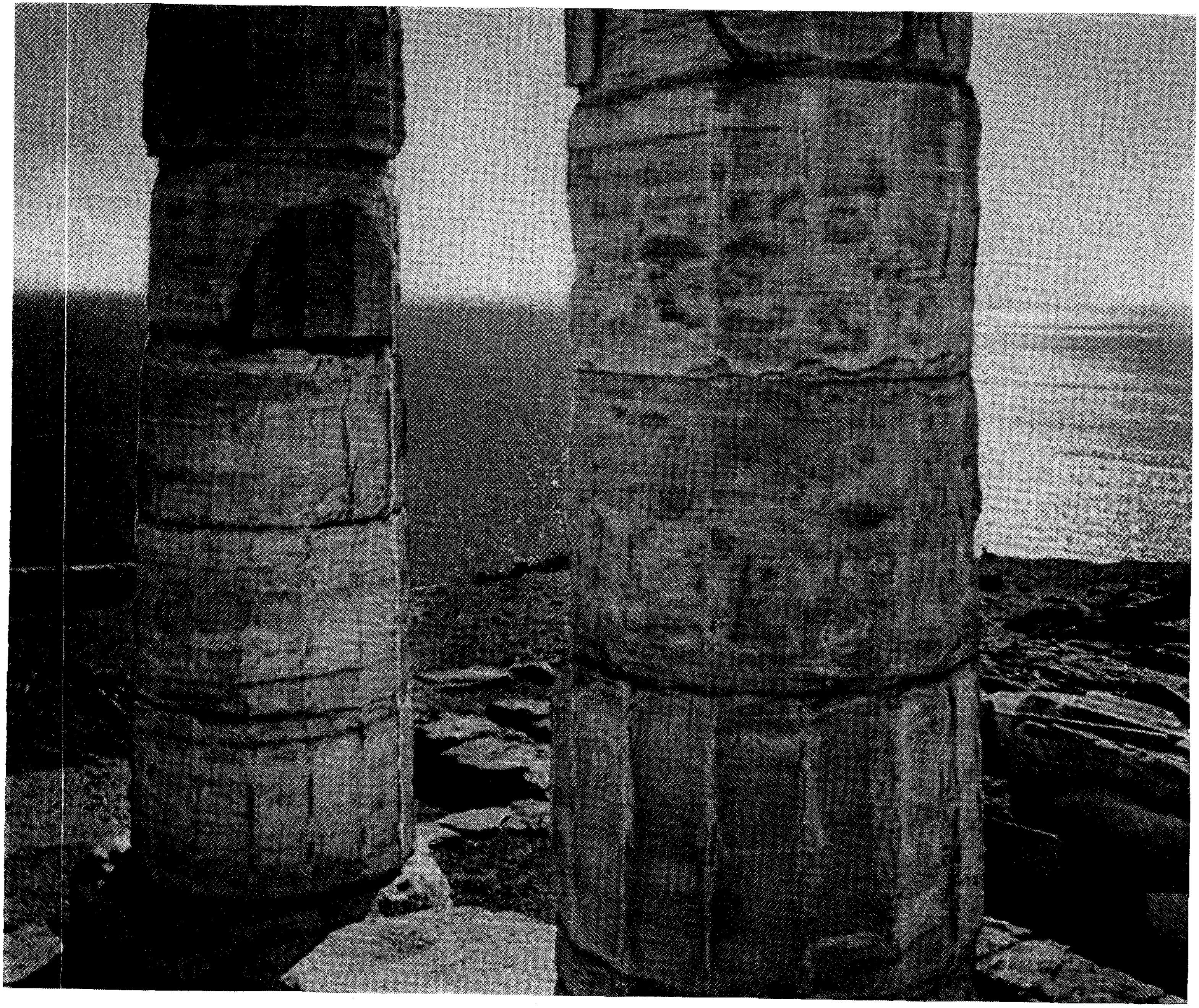

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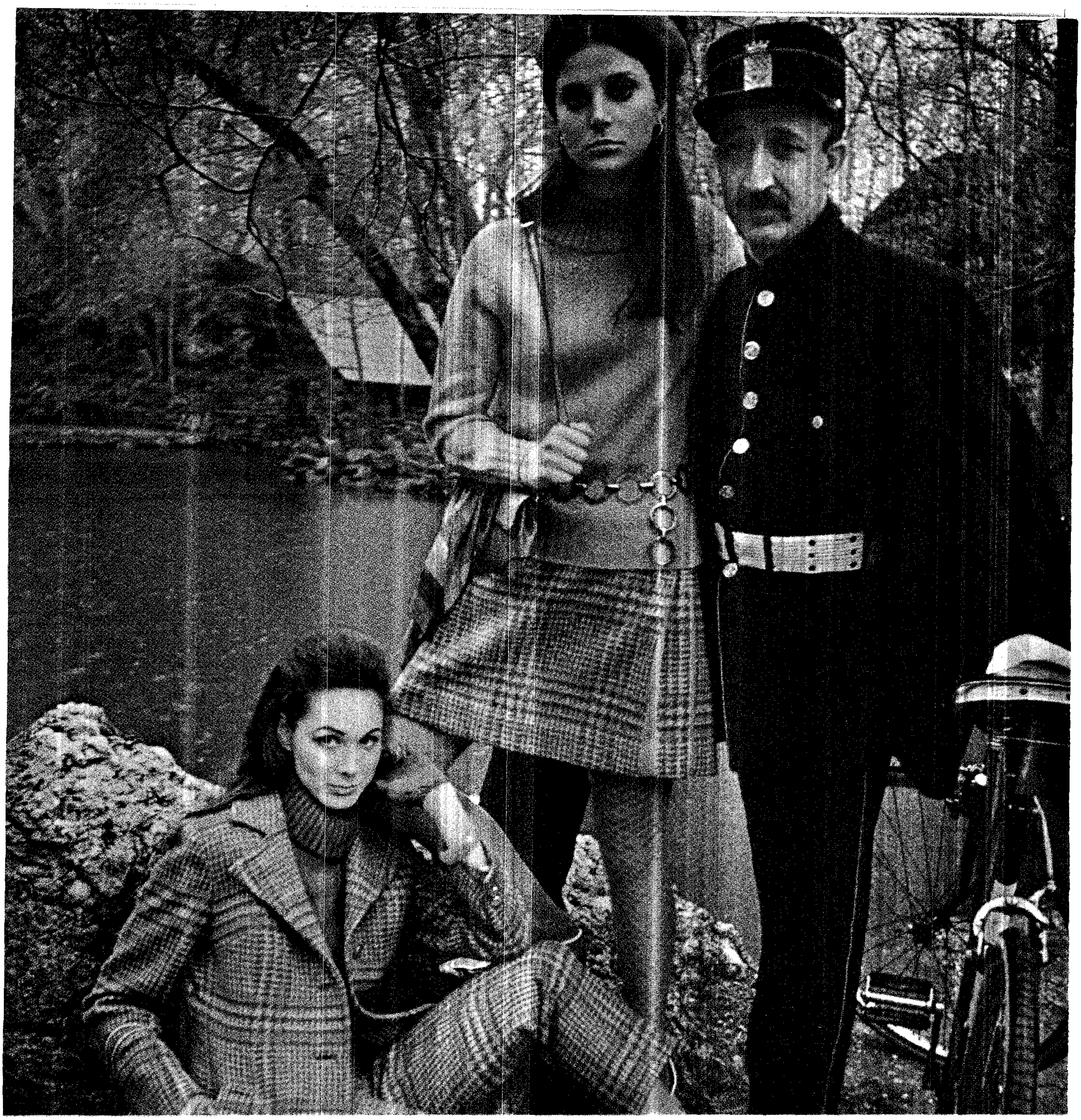

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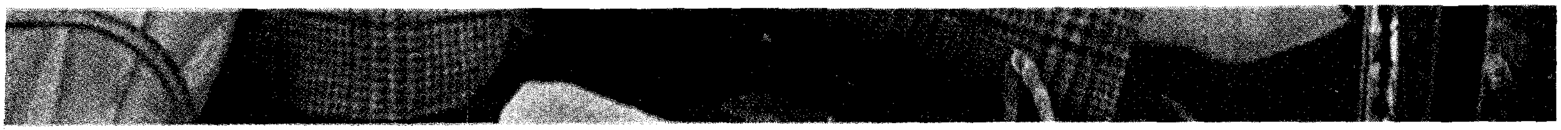

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ganic. They are peristaltic in nature, and they are processes rather than events. What causes them is a complex network of stimuli arising in part from environment but in part from the state of conflicting motives within the organism and from "preadaptation" and "hereditary impetus." Professor Langer is bent on demonstrating that mind is a purely biological phenomenon and that life can be explained as a logical system of physical, chemical, and electrical events—a view she has borrowed, with due attribution, from the Russian biochemist A. P. Oparin. The question of first causes persists, however. If the organism, prepatterned and encoded, is to some extent independent of its environment, what is it that does the prepatterning and gives the organism its counter-environmental powers? Professor Langer is impatient with mythical concepts like "God," "the Great Plan," "soul," "Nature," and even "*élan vital*." But when she reaches the philosophically irreducible problem of the life impulse, she is forced to invent a term of her own. This term is "pression," and she calls it the "inscrutable matrix of 'living matter.' " I may be cavilling, but things that are "inscrutable" are usually defined mystically, symbolically, or mythologically. Is "pression" any more explainable philosophically than "*élan vital*" (roughly translatable as "vital ardor")? Is not Professor Langer merely substituting one word for another? And, in passing, it might be remarked that while she quotes hundreds of authorities, nowhere does she mention Henri Bergson's "L'Évolution Créatrice," the work in which the term "*élan vital*" first appeared, and one that often parallels this section of her own discourse, though, to be sure, she has the advantage over Bergson of some sixty years of scientific advance.

Later in her book, Professor Langer propounds two opposed and complementary functional principles by which organic life proceeds—individuation and involvement. A cell or an organ inhibits its own growth at a certain point. This is an example of individuation. On the other hand, involvement has been present in organic life since the very beginning. Not only are cells involved with other cells but all acts are to some extent involved with other acts. And acts tend to recur, forming rhythmic patterns. Professor Langer is fascinated by rhythm—by what she refers to as "dialectical concatenation into rhythmic series," which is to be observed in the acts of organisms. She even suggests a rhythmic origin for life

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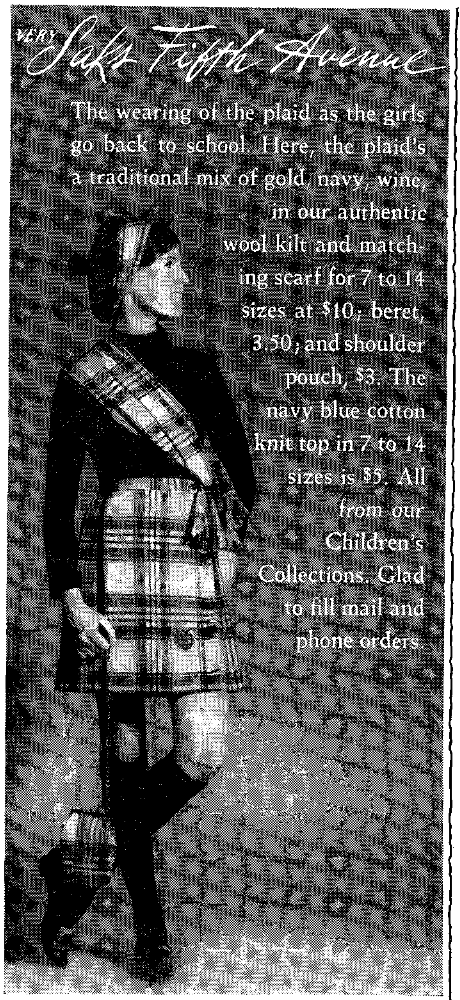

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(the beating of waves or other rhythmic movements against a small area of inanimate matter, causing it to take on its own rhythmic characteristics), though she quickly dismisses this idea as speculative. She notes that the human heart begins to beat before its actual function as a blood pumper appears, and that its beat is shown by cardiograms to be a complicated series of events. The references to scientific fact in the book are copious, and attest to her omnivorous reading in science. But references to art are also continually cropping up. Growth—the perpetual trend of life—is compared with melody, which always moves (or, rather, grows) to its point of climax and then recedes, often to gather impetus toward a succeeding climax. In our apprehension of the world around us, "feeling" is basic. "Where nothing ever is felt," Professor Langer states (and few would disagree), "nothing matters."

Being the first of a projected series of three volumes, this book is of necessity an open-ended one. In her last pages, Professor Langer promises to discuss, in the future volumes, the shift that took place when the animal became human, as well as a great many related matters. One can only await her grand conclusions with great interest, meanwhile enjoying the stimulation provided by the play of her preliminary thoughts.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

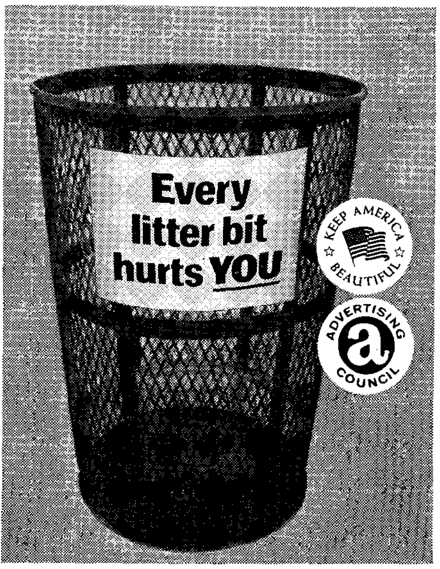
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A QUESTION OF LOVE, by Hilary March (Simon & Schuster). A plausible but not especially moving account, presented in flashbacks from the point of a nervous breakdown, of the extraordinarily disastrous love life of a young Irish girl—a talented poet and a brilliant student of archeology—whose intellectual gifts are no match for her bad luck in love. Poetry and archeology also have less effect on the tone of the novel than the author's psychoanalytical convictions, so that the book sounds like a case history. The ending is abrupt and unlikely.

GENERAL

ROAD TO MANDALAY, by Geoffrey Rawson (Harcourt, Brace & World). The road here described by Mr. Rawson is the course of events that began in 1824 with the British acquisition of the port of Rangoon and that led to the more or less reluctant military occupation and annexation



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of the entire Kingdom of Burma in 1886. ("By Command of the Queen Empress: The territories formerly governed by King Thebaw will no longer be under his rule. They have become part of Her Majesty's dominions.") The chief factor in the downfall of Burma was, of course, business expediency, as represented there by the interests of the Bombay Burma Trading Corporation, but there were others of considerable size—the threat of a French takeover from Indo-China and a state of near anarchy in Burma under the misrule of a dim-witted king. Mr. Rawson examines these varied forces with sufficient honesty to understand both that "the British 'acquisition' of Upper Burma was an act of pure colonialism, of gunboat diplomacy" and that the behavior of the British was impeccable by the morality of that time. A well-written, well-documented, well-worthwhile book. Maps and illustrations.

Set Europe Ablaze, by E. H. Cookridge (Crowell). The first detailed account of the feats and deeds of the Special Operations Executive, the English equivalent of the O.S.S. (The British government had been keeping much of the information on it secret, out of traditional British reserve and habitual bureaucratic discretion.) The S.O.E., which was set up by Churchill in July, 1940, founded and managed sabotage and espionage rings in Western Europe during the Nazi occupation. Some members were native resistants, some were Britons disguised and parachuted in, and all too many, alas, were captured, tortured, and executed. Mr. Cookridge does not pass any general judgment on the S.O.E.'s achievements; he appraises each operation as he tells about it. His heartrending history has, by accident, contemporary relevance now that guerrilla warfare has attained a sort of cachet in some circles, for nearly every story in his book demonstrates how little could be accomplished (even with outside help) toward the overthrow of a well-organized power that, like Nazi Germany, was merciless.

Along the Clipper Way, by Francis Chichester (Coward-McCann). A book about the clipper ships and the small-boat sailors who have followed their route around the world by way of Cape Horn, with liberal extracts from the classic accounts. The hazards are considerable, including collision, capsizing, sharks,

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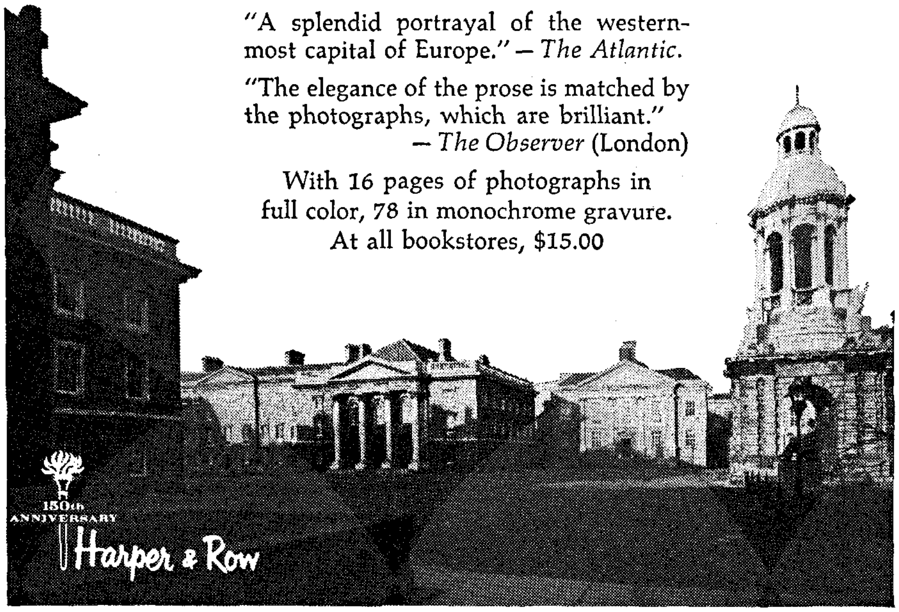

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irate sperm whales, and scurvy, but the testimony of those who have risked them, including Sir Francis himself, is that the rewards—from flying fish for breakfast to a possible knighthood—are commensurate. Highly recommended. Maps.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE UNCOMMITTED MAN, by R. E. Pickering (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Just as the jacket says, this enthralling tale, set deep in cold-spy country, tells what happens to an uncommitted man when he accidentally becomes mixed up with a crowd of desperately committed and ruthless men and women who are resolutely mysterious about their past lives and about their allegiances to one another. Nobody knows where anybody is in this story, which is set for the most part in various interesting bars in Vienna, although the high tension point is reached in Budapest. The name of the uncommitted man, an Englishman, is Dick Philip. The year is 1960.

THE KESSLER LEGACY, by Richard Martin Stern (Scribners). Mr. Stern's leisurely mystery tale is set in an enchanting Tyrolian village called Ils bei Innsbruck, and it is all questions. Who was Hermann Koenig? What game is the beautiful Marta playing, and who is she? Is the ex-Nazi, Schuster, as menacing as he seems to be? What about the enigmatic Mohler? And Willi Stolz? The first question is answered right off the bat. Hermann Koenig, who died in Ils bei Innsbruck in 1938, was Heinrich Kessler, the world-famous German writer who defied Hitler and was forced to fly for his life. This is 1965, and Walter Spence, Kessler's young American biographer, wants to know whether Kessler's death was really an accident. Spence also wants to know where Kessler's money is. All the questions are answered except the one that remains hanging in the reader's mind—*exactly* what game is the beautiful Marta playing?

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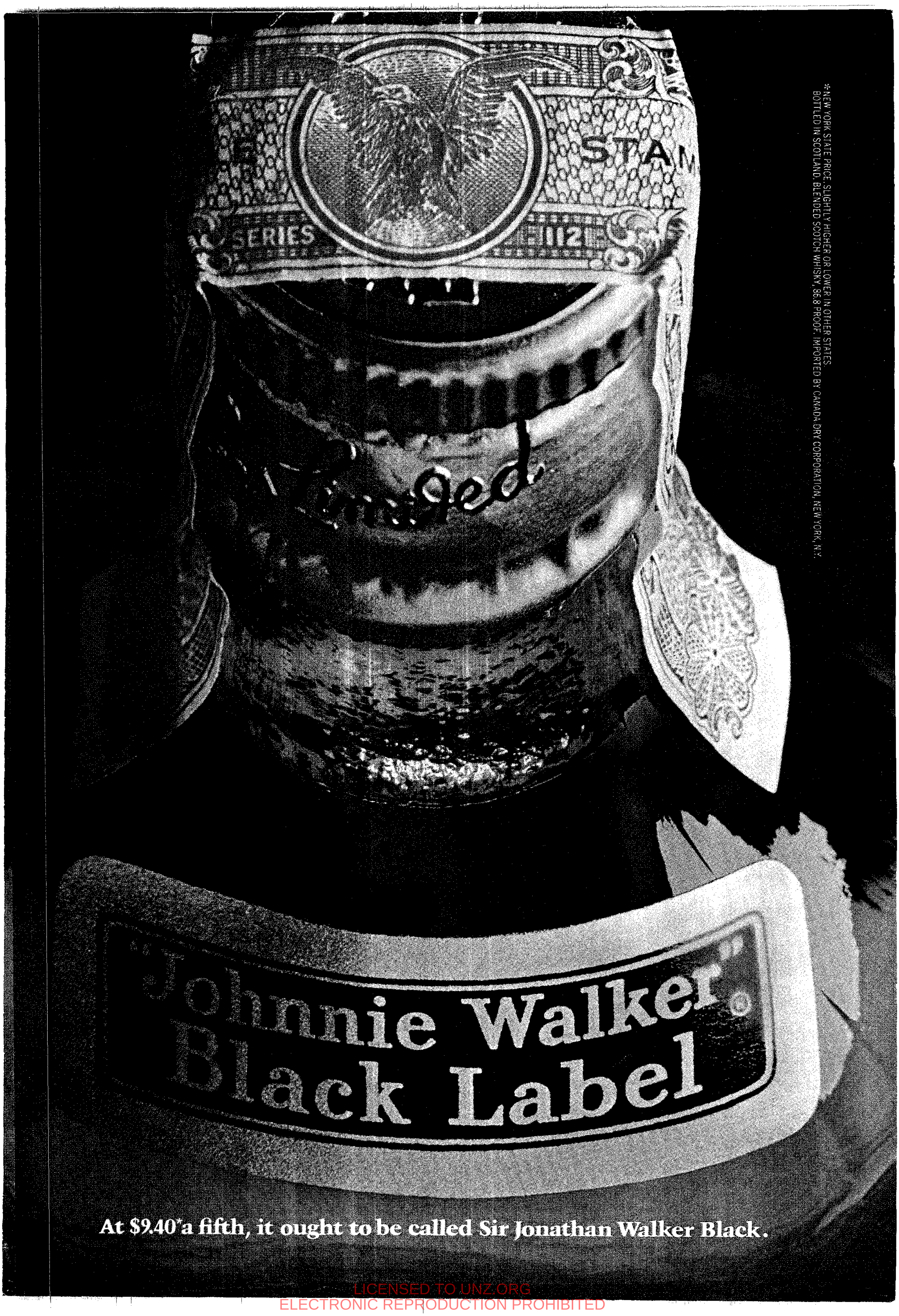
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